

Nine months have past; nine first days, with the length
Of nine last days! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from out the toilet tank
With a hard and painful laughter. — Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty steps,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more cosmic intrusion;
And connect the first floor with the party on the second.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, on this stupid old stump, and view
This plot of city-ground, this battered lawn,
Which at this season, with its just-ripe dogshit,
Is clad in one drab hue, and loses itself
'Mid dorms and bottles. Once again I see
These white walls, hardly white walls, little lines
Of cracked plaster run wild: these ~~inner~~-campus dorms,
Damaged to the very doors; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from the President's house!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of flagrant killers in the house of Howard,
Or of some drunkard's beer can, where by his coma
The drunkard sleeps alone.

most probably

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