Poetry: The Design

Chuck Ozug
--continue to act with restraint, it seems likely that the territorial claims to Antarctica can at least be kept in abeyance. The greatest threat to the Antarctic regime is posed by conflict outside the continent. To date the signatory states have managed to isolate the region from international discord; the regime has survived the most tense moments of the Cold War as well as the eruption of fighting between Argentina and Britain over the Falklands/Malvinas. Nonetheless, the intrusion of outside conflict remains an unpredictable variable and one which will remain a constant danger to the Antarctic Treaty.

Thus, this is a critical juncture in the history of the Antarctic regime. Any solution to the challenges which confront it will necessarily be time-consuming and will involve difficult compromises. Upon the outcome of this process depends the future of Antarctica. One can only hope that this process will approximate the perfection of the constitution and government of Rome, and not the decline and fall of the Empire.

*As of October 4,1984, the Beagle Channel Dispute between Chile and Argentina is reported as being settled. (New York Times 10/5/84, p. A-5). What effects this may have on the claims of either states cannot be measured since the agreement has not been ratified.

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The Design

"...never in this world will a man live well in his body save dying—and not know himself dying; yet that is the design..."

William Carlos Williams
Paterson, Book I

1.
My father tried a garden,
In a plot, ten by three,
with vines trapped and overlapping,
he grew tomatoes, squash, cucumbers,
horseradish, and beans.
What amazed him though,
for he swore he did not plant it,
was the pumpkin, small as a fist,
cling to the chain link fence.

2.
He thought it good to save things,
so he did. The cellar was cluttered
with boxes and bureaus and uneven shelves,
all filled with things he seemed
to think he'd need some day: old calendars,
hot water bottles, sinkers, pickle jars,
and pictures of the Saints.
When he spoke, it was usually
about money, or baseball, or pills.
The pills he took made him worse,
but he didn't know what else to do.
He wondered, rarely spoke, about the pain.
Pain was the Yankees, the bums,
and he watched them, without expression,
each time he had the chance.
Chance was what he half-expected
would bring him money,
but it never did.
Only bills came.

3.
The last words he spoke
as he lay on the floor,
his brain filling with blood,
were a tired, garbled plea:

*Take my hand*

Then the ambulance men lifted him
as if they had rehearsed it.

- Chuck Ozug

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