

Inaugural Ode for President Kean

The question arises: Is Kean also able?
And we of this dear and forested spot,
Met to affix the presidential label,
Respond with a question: Who is, if he is not?

The auguries are bright: he was a teacher
Hence plied the noble trade that we so cherish;
And in our eyes a validating feature:
He wrote a book, has published, will not perish.

He is a hale Columbia ABD,
And learned the graduate student's bag of tricks
Before he found another cup of tea,
And deviated into politics.

He's governed our state and left it in a state
Of fitness and of much enhanced repute;
He walks with sure funambulistic gait;
His honesty and care are absolute.

We deed to his aware solicitude
This venue as vulnerable as Venice,
And our peculiarness, our Drewitude,
Our blend of arts and ologies and tennis.

As governor on our complex machine,
We pray him practice on old *ipse dixit*,
To keep us running lean and clean and green,
Which goes: "If it ain't broke you must not fix it."

May he be our pacifier, sugar cane,
To harmonize all jarring quirks and biases;
And be our stern physician, to contain
Administrational elephantiasis.

And help reclaim our footing, our bedrock:
Mind, altruism were never the Big Lie;
And lead us to combat the curse of greedlock,
What Einstein called the ethic of the pigsty.

We want to close with him a fruitful bond,
As varied and as interestingly stable
As the fickle ebbs and floods of Tipple Pond;
He can, the question is will *we* be able?

So, at this pleasant rite of installation,
Convinced that he is one whose view commands
The highest arcs of higher education,
We offer him our school with both our hands!

~~ Robert L. Chapman, *Professor of English, Emeritus*