

In these columns, with the Author's permission, the Whispering Oak reproduces the soon-to-be famous poem of Clyde Shakespere Stallings.

### LOVER'S LAMENT

Cupid's darts last have "got me";  
That darn brat has up and shot  
me"!

I feel all tingly down inside  
As goose bumps tricle or'er my  
hide.

My appetite has long since fled;  
I restlessly toss in my bed  
While, through my mind, thoughts  
of her seep;

I count the hours instead of  
sheep  
Until I'll see her face again;  
Till then, I suffer pain!

Alas, 'til all hopeless and  
futile;  
How'n heck can she be so brutal;  
Encouragement I do not get;  
I'll join the Foreign Legion yet,  
And there I'll nurse my grief  
alone,

Since naught can my crushed  
heart atone.  
O, whence can I a sure cure find  
To help restore my peace of mind  
And heal my throbbing, tortured  
heart,  
Wherein yet lies Love's pois'nous  
dart,

I used to rid my body ills  
With Carter's Little Liver Pills,  
But heart and soul disintegration  
Cannot be cured like disgesti-  
pation.

I am the acme of all woe,  
while o'er my freckles, teardrops

flow;  
When, in my locking glass, I  
peer,  
My face seems queer from ear to  
ear;  
While my reflection I would see,  
A dying calf stares back at me!  
O Love, how can'st thou be so  
cruel,  
My passion burneth without fuel!  
O Love, my tortured soul release!  
Please let the trickling tear-  
drops cease;  
Take from my heart the seething  
lust  
That fills me so I almost bust!  
Show me no more the misty moon  
That makes me yearn to smooch and  
spoon;

Ah--nothing more like that for me  
If only I my heart could free!  
Matinees and boat rides, too;  
Strolls and sodas are now taboo.  
When from this, I recuperate,  
I'll ne'er again be Cupid's bait!  
To a confirmed bachelor's home,  
I'll fly,  
And thence I'll nope until I die.  
To all youngsters who feel the  
urge  
To let Love's passion through  
them surge,  
I'll tell what was not told to me  
Love ain't what it's cracked up  
to be!

Nita had better be careful with  
whom she leaves her kid sister  
in the library; Doris is awfully  
cute, and she might go for  
blonde-brunettes, too.

THREE CHEERS FOR MISSES PEYATT  
AND WELTY !!