DARTMOUTH ALTERNATIVES! SOCIETY



Christmas, 1983

Look into your hearts, my friends, as another year recedes;
Have you essayed at least a single alternative deed?
Do you recall those frosty nights, when th'electricity would freeze,
And six lads, almost men, would sit and solve life's mysteries?
Have you kept true to solemn pacts, struck many years ago,
That life's a steady swim upstream, not a going with the flow?
Or surrendered to exigencies, like spaghetti topped with Prego,
And stopped your mind from wandering to Tierra del Fuego?
Do you yet, at odd moments, become a little lyrical,
and whisper to yourself, "I think I still expect a miracle"?
I do. Now and then,
  Though it's often when
    I've had a drink or two.
It's late at night, a little tight, that I think of all of you.
How 'bout you, you Talley-Smiths, you brace of lawyers you,
Do you make time to do the things you've always wanted to?
Can you resist the forceful pull of power and success?
Do you know your friends love you for that which you do best?
  Expect a miracle.
And you, the Gilliatts, who've disappeared from sight.
When the plaster dust has settled, do you hold each other tight,
And know that when all's said and done, you make each other right?
  Expect a miracle.
And what of you Italianates, way out in western Mass.?
Do you, Vinnie, still at times put matches to your gas?
Do you know that we all, if you would only hire us,
Would work our asses off to kill that motherfucking virus?
  Expect a miracle.
And Healey-Bopps, way up on top of a mountain up in Maine,
You plow and hoe and can and grow, and check the skies for rain,
And screw and screw and screw and screw, and then just sit and wait.
Christ! The Virgin May did it. Just trust yourselves to fate.
  Expect a miracle.
This Christmas I exhort us all to stop being empirical,
And ponder pictures of true friends:
  Expect a miracle.