

Daleview Can Rhyme

A Pluralistic Anthology of Contemporary Daleview Poetic Expression

Volumes 1 and 2
Summers 2008 & 2009

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Volume I

Chapter 1. The Haiku

About time
Lightning on high stuns
Satori team
-Cynthia Erville

Rain stalls pep rally
Parents seek shelter at home
Forced to write haiku

What is new is good
Chevy Chase sees and envies
Daleview new poolhouse
-Sean Tipton

Chapter 2. The Limerick

There was a swimminpool named Daleview
Whose exploits made public purview
Uncommon racing
moments erasing
Was Once Now Will Be there Whew
-Cynthia Erville

There once were some swimmers from Daleview
whose team spirit never would fail you
Against Somerset
Their times were best yet
In a dragsuit and full coat of mail, too
-Kathy Smith (Becky's mom)

Chapter 3. The Sonnet

Down the hill amidst the trees
Far from the workaday to and fro.
A place where swimmers love to go
And ply their strokes with grace and ease.

Tis true they had to raise the fees,
But we coughed up the extra dough.
A sacrifice, but worth it so
A poolhouse could our needs appease.

And who of this edifice would not be proud?
Both beauty and function on display.
And there's a balcony to boot!

So say it together and say it loud!
The Feet's new home is here to stay,
and it was surely worth the loot.

-Robert Harrelson

The legend is told, throughout the land,
Of a swim team called The Feet.
A happy and a merry band,
Whose stroking can't be beat.

Well fine, okay, from time to time,
They may not finish first.
But still, once up the hill they climb
With spirit they do burst.

From eight and under to fully grown
Both boys and girls in gold and black
They practice til the strokes they own,
Breast and fly and free and back.

So find a modern Paul Revere, and send him with this warning,
The Feet Are Coming, The Feet Are Coming to Eldwick in the morning.

-Robert Harrelson

With Robert's words I can't compete,
But yet, would you let me time our feet?

–Holly Hukill

I was so sad to see the regular timing season go that I wrote the following sonnet, inspired by Jeff's challenge. It's dedicated especially to Holly Hukill, Larry Fischel, Jan Luigard, the Mattkes, and all past, present, and future Daleview timers.

Sonnet for Daleview Timers

Artful groupings that march stalwartly forth,
Through summer's caustic relentless sizzle,
Though 'tween seasons we hide from winds of the north,
Daleview timers brave also the drizzle.
There is symmetry and beauty: DOUBLE!
Committed heroism and nerve: TRIPLE!
Surely we never cause any trouble,
Excepting when we threaten to tipple.
Engulfed by wet youthful flesh we endure
Officials' staccato admonitions,
Not to mention cheering and strobe pulse pure,
Standing firm in damp crazy conditions.
Our digits are flexible and ready;
Daleview timers are sure to be steady!

-Alice Trembour

Chapter 4. The Slam

The Waste Water (apologies to T.S. Eliot)

July is the cruelest month, tearing
Swimmers from their warm beds, bringing
Morning practice and dry lands, stirring
Dull laps with Friday donuts.
Winter kept us warm, covering
The pool in forgetful slime, feeding
The building committee's fears of overruns.
Summer surprised us, coming over the parking lot
With a shower of rain; we stopped under the colonnade
And drank Diet Coke, and delayed the B Meet for an hour.
And Sarah, settling a cell phone by her head, would say,
"That was not thunder, not at all"
"That is not it, at all"
Yet there will be time
To wonder, "Do I dare? Do I dare?"
Do I dare blow the whistle and start the second heat?
But indeed there will be time
Time yet for a hundred indecisions
And time for a hundred visions and revisions
Before we cancel the meet and go home.

I should have been a pair of ragged claws
Scuttling across the floors of silent seas...
I guess Ethan didn't clean the pool.

-John Sholar

Too Much Moonlight

Mirroring one another, dark mountains stay put, their curved
stoic edges forming a course for the Susquehanna's bed.
Too much moonlight blinds fireflies, causing them to fly instead
toward wings of phantom dragonflies, intoxicated, perturbed.
The full moon in Capricorn 's light, capriciously swerved,
Reigned o'er the circling flight, the backdrop of night having fled.
Rapturous signaling denied, the bugs just twiddled their wings instead.

Equally speck-like canoers, soaking it in, got utterly unner ved.
Light, striking the wicker basket, upon the fishknife did glance.
Off to the right of the moon, aware of mixed signals, rivalled Jupiter
could not rein in the riot of moonlight, yet sent penetrating sails
of angelic wisdom on how to catch the light and break the trance.
Canoers took knife, watched o'er by Leda and swans trumpeter,
and jagged open the sleeves of light catching plastic Holy Grails.

-Cynthia Erville

Volume II

Chapter 1. The Acrostic.

Dammit!
Another
Lengthy
Entreaty,
Vanquish
Inclement
End-week
Weather!

-Jeff Hopkins

Divers
Attack
Lanes
Explode
Vertical
Individuals
Electronic
Whistles

-Scott Mackenzie

Chapter 2. The Six Words

Disqualified Master Wanted, Blurry Toward Feet!
-Terry Healy

The quick yellow feet leap over the lazy wombats.
-Jeff Luker

Kathleen times for Daleview? Feet win!!
-Kathleen Connor

Sean can judge if needed too.
-Sean Tipton

Timers transcend into terrific unity: Triple!

–Dirksen Bauman

Of course, I'm Clerk of Course

–Nicole Salimbene

I can time, yes I can!

–Holly Hukill

Senior swimmer's ancient father: old timer.

–Bill Schwarz

Chapter 3. The Tanka

During Japan's Haien period (794-1185 AD) it was considered essential for cultured men and women to be able to compose beautiful poetry. Back then, no event was ever considered complete until a Tanka had been written about it. Let's close the loop on 50 years of Daleview swim meets this week, and finally write a Tanka about Daleview. Tanka's have 31 syllables, often in 5-7-5-7-7 syllabic units. I am told by the editors of American Tanka magazine that the 31 syllable form can be relaxed if the Tanka is appropriately suggestive, which you are free to take any way you wish.

Away to Lakeland

Back, Breast, Free, Fly poetry.

Daleview forever:

Artful swimmers' jubilee

Feet unite for victory!

–Lynette Mattke

Flash of light, blaring

horn, bodies slide smooth and slice

cleanly, stroking fast

kicking strong, hands reach blindly

touch tile, Daleview wins.

–Carol Clayton

So five and seven
Is our numerology?
As sharks we attack
As bluefish we dart and slash
As Feet we annihilate
-Addison Greenwood

No other way to
say: dookey in the pool is
uncool. We must purge
this memory forever-
all Hail Glorious Chlorine!
-Dirksen Bauman

Our Feet are fins; our
torsos, aqua torpedoes,
our necks ribbed with gills;
Our Bones made of cartilage,
Leave lumbering Sharks lonely
-Dirksen Bauman

Cameras threaten,
snap hipsters wending home at
38 miles an hour.
Daleview beckons, anger glances
off with human reckoning.
-Cynthia Erville

Lakeland sounds intriguing
It's almost to Wisconsin
Et tu, Lutefisk?
No – it's too early
Even later, I won't eat
A dried cod fish soaked in lye
-Tom Jacobson

In honor of the late Michael Jackson (to the tune of Thriller)
I'll clock the swimmers
Reachin' out FIRST for Daleview
I'll click the stopwatch
watchin' hands against the pool
Strokin' those DALEVIEW WINNERS
(fade out - winners, swimmers, winners...)
-Stephanie Fitzpatrick

Ribbon writer bored?
Not really, no, not at all.
We should change the name.
Ribbon sticker? Prize giver?
I will do it if Grant swims.
-Linda Tipton

Like snow falling on cedars,
(Oh, wait, wrong season)
Like gnats gnawing on kneecaps,
Swimmers swarm, alight, (some bite)
Stroke, kick, no DQ's.
-John Sholar

Chapter 4. The Classics, Daleview Style

I am in Amsterdam for work, but would not let a lame excuse like that keep me from entering the Daleview poetry contest. I fear I don't have time both to update this poem and translate it from Dutch. But in keeping in the Daleview spirit, I offer a stanza from 20th Century Dutch poet Ed Hoorick's poem "De Vogels"
Er waren altijd FEET in je tuin.
We keken hoe de dikke KINGS FARM kwam baden
en in de vijver DALEVIEW, steen voor steen.
-Sean Tipton

Daleview Howl

I

I saw the best swimmers of our generation, run raving hysterical into the pool, slathered in shaving cream, hollering in chicken suits, gold lame, and tuxedos

Who scorch the water in warm-ups and fuel the steam engines of early morning imagination

Who swallow screaming geese and wombats whole, who squish lionfish like grapes with their webbed Feet

Who dive aquadynamic dives, splitting the seconds in half and half again, splicing and dissecting until there is nothing left but the detritus of the past.

Who lurch with lithe backstroke backs, who ascend into the butterfly sky, and move in ancestral amphibian breaststroke, propelling post-evolutionary bodies toward the finish.

Who have spirit beyond measure and charm talent like snakes, unwinding and unfurling week by week, spiraling toward Divisionals.

II

I'm with you in Daleview

Where the Star-spangled banner plays with the heart in the horns,

I'm with you in Daleview

Where the timers muse on metaphysics and dine on existential dilemmas on 25 meter freestyle, and compose novels on 100 meter IMs

I'm with you in Daleview

Whose grill hisses with pleasure and taste, whose salads, salmon burgers, and pulled pork sandwiches pull our opponents beyond the standard fare of their standard, non-down county lives,

I'm with you in Daleview

Where dreamy Clerks of Course shepherd swimmers back into their bodies, and medusa handed ribbon-makers compile times,

I'm with you in Daleview

Where starters and stroke and turn judges serve on the supreme court of endless possibilities....

I'm with you in Daleview

Where the post-swim season sylvan setting stretches seconds into hours like August toffee, tranquilizing even the workingest workaholics in the workingest area in the world

I'm with you in Daleview

Where difference is divine and we are proud to be loud!

-Dirksen "Allen Ginsberg" Bauman

Despite the trashing Joyce Kilmer's "Trees" took in the Washington Post Magazine

last weekend, I offer the following:

I think that I shall never meet
A faster swimmer than with gold Feet.

These swimm'rs whose times are preset
They will race faster even yet.

A view of dale this Saturday
Within whose shade we hap'ly play

A pool in which our summer wear
Turns chlorinated like our hair

Shall be the place we raise our arms
As the Feet defeat team Kings Farm.

Poems are made by fools like ours
I offer myself as Clerk of Course (ouch)
-Simon Park

With apologies to Miss Ella Jenkins,
Marylanders Mack, Mack, Mack,
Some dressed in black,Speedos, black,
With silver swim lanes, swim lanes, swim lanes,
For free and back, back, back.

They asked the concessionaires, concessionaires, concessionaires,
for fifty cents, relent, cents,
to see the elephant elephant, elephant , elephant
Jump the wire fence, fence, fence.

They jumped so high, high, high,
they touched the sky, sky, sky,
and our cheer came back, back, back,
for the Fourth of July, ly, ly.

-Cynthia Erville

I Hear Daleview Cheering

from Walt Whitman, I Hear American Singing (from Leaves of Grass, 1900)

I hear Daleview cheering, the varied cheers I hear;
Those of a team—each one yelling his, not always understanding the
innuendo of sex and alcohol;
The 8 and under cheering his, as he measures the 25 meters across the pool,
The 9-10 cheering his, as he makes ready for work, and tries not to hit the
lane rope;
The 11-12 cheering what belongs to him in his lane as he realizes he has to
do a flip turn this year;
The 13-14 cheering as he sits on the lane chair, knowing he has done this so
many times before with many times to come;
The 15-18's cheer—with rights to balcony cheering in the morning, the grill
at noon cookout, or standing with his parents as a senior at sundown;
The delicious cheering of the coach—or of the concessions at work—or of
the Team Rep putting up tables—
Each cheering what belongs to them, and to none else;
The Daleview that belongs to each Foot —
At night, the greased watermelon of young swimmers robust, friendly,
Cheering, with open mouths, their strong melodious chants

-Becky Smith

With apologies to George Gershwin, sung to the tune of "Summertime"

Grillin' time,
And the cookin's easy
Donuts are comin'
And the coffee is hot

Oh, your daddy's rich
And he's feeding the cashbox
So hush little swimmer
Don't you cry

One of these mornings
You'll come volunteerin'
To serve friends and Feet
And you'll have a great time

But until that morning
There's plenty to still do
No, daddy and mamma just cannot stand by

Grillin' time
And the sign-up sheet's empty
We need salads
And plenty of ice

Your mamma's rich
And she's buyin' you pulled pork
So hush little swimmer
Don't you cry
-Jan Harp

Chapter 5. The Ode to Seniors

Come, come, ye sons and daughters of Daleview,
Come, come away.
Strap on your goggles and suit up today,
To celebrate, to celebrate,
This triumphant day.
-Lynette Mattke

Ode to 2009 Senior Feet

Acres of skin, in the briefest of Speedos,
Our Daleview athletes staggered
On many summer Saturdays, haggard,
To the pool like tired torpedos.
But once poised over the deep, awaiting the guttural order,
They flew over that chasm-like border,
Splashing gloriously down in the water,
Now stroking furiously like so many otters.
Way out in front of the competition
The senior Feet carry on the tradition;
They have literary mentors to chronicle their glory:
Thom, Rachel, Sam, and Naomi!

-Alice Trembour

...in double dactyl form:

Senior day Saturday
We say "bye" to four who
Hydrodynamically
Swim and then flee

From our Breasts, Back to school.
Naomi, Sam Howard,
Rachel and Thomas Schwartz --
Fly now you're Free!
-Simon Park

To: Naomi, Thom, Sam and Rachel ...

Some with grace rip the lane in two
While others startle our hearts with crazy bravery
Or stir our patriot spirit with sunlit brass.

But all have swum deep into our hearts
And entertained our souls for weeks on end
all the while inspiring little feet to more joyful endeavors.
-Jeff Luker

You have been Superheroes in swimming suits,
surfing the waves of the days,
flip-turning from one summer to the next,
wrestling the water like a little brother into submission
until friction itself surrenders, and you
fly-buttery by toward a two handed touch.

But all the while, there was another race
that started with the first flash of light
as you dove headlong into air, leaving
the warm water of the womb.
Like good swimmers, you never looked back,
And stroked and turned, and hooted and hollered
Like only Superheroes can.
But all the while, Time, that supple swimmer,
has been inching closer—
at first too timid to dive into the pool,
then, a lap back, then a half a lap,
then gaining like shortening shadows
until the last home meet, at high noon,
the mirage of a distant future dries up.
Now, its neck and neck, a raucous race to the touch...

Seniors, Time will edge you out at the end,
but like a good swimmer,
It will shake your hand, and congratulate you on a good race.
The final touch is only the end of the beginning
Of the next race where you will be graced
With a new starting light, and a new dive.

-Dirksen Bauman

Odin's Seniors

Back in Ninety Nine, Naomi, Rachel, Sam, and Thom
hit the May water with aplomb
afore the heater.

Cold determination, frenzied exhilaration,
matters./ matters not calibration
kept them in the swim.

Our four fleet Feet,
Horsemen of the ApoCalypso beat ,
encircled the globe in four strokes,

and came to meet, entrusted with
relaying the Torch of Daleview.

-Cynthia Erville

ALTHOUGH I shelter from the meet
Under a broken shade,
My chair was nearest to the pool
In every company
That talked of starts or turns,
Ere Timing transfigured me.

Though lads are making plans again
For some conspiracy,
And crazy rascals rage their fill
At A-meet tyranny,
My contemplations are of Timing
That has transfigured me.

-Craig Hukill

If it's an Ode Yer Wantin'
His horn will play an anthem grand,
While fellow seniors silent stand,
Ready to face foe,
At whistle's clarion blow

Once more they'll glide across the pool,
Their reign of these blue waters cool,
Coming to an end,
Their Feet will miss these friends,

As manor wild and wooden brings,
Opponent with fancies, schemes to fling,
Out with their paltry times,
And parent's awkward rhymes,

So, Naomi, Thom, Rachel, Sam,
We know when you have once more swam,
For Daleview, we'll still know,
The thing you always show,

It's grace and class you always bring,
Along with strength and brilliant swims,
It's pride you've brough your Feet,
Our memories will stay sweet,

So e're you stray from this peaceful glen,
Remember please your team and friends,
As we remember you,
A great and winning crew.

-Tom Jacobson

Chapter 6. The Cinquain.

A cinquain is a five-line poem. The first line has one word and is the title, the second line has two adjectives, the third line has three -ing words, and the fourth line is a phrase describing how you feel about it, while the fifth line is a single word synonym for the subject,

Timing
Fast, slow
starting, stopping, congratulating
It's all about timing
Click!
-Holly Hukill

Medley
Individual, Exhausting,
Stroking, Kicking, Breathing
Push yourself to win
Race
-Fred Cook

Timer
No! Grilling.
No cool feet.
Spatula in hand, hot
Concessions.
-Carol Clayton

Hippies
Rit-soused, seedy,
surfacing, splashing, passing,
Rainbow prisms kick sunlight
Synch
-Cynthia Erville

Chapter 7...The 25 Word Essay

[A 25-word essay on why they are best for the timer job...]
Why pick me? Because I am a step ahead of time, always there when it catches up, panting, wishing I wasn't always younger than it.

-Dirksen Bauman

Why pick me? I can dig to China with a toothpick, I understand Time from the inside out, and I am cool with contradictions.

-Dirksen Bauman

I want the pink parking pass. My life is made worthwhile by obtaining the trappings of prestige and status, particularly when they are undeserved.

-Sean Tipton