

NOTES

1. See F. W. Dupee's discussion of this point in *Henry James* (New York: Doubleday Anchor Books, 1956), pp. 41-42.
2. If it is accurate, the story of the first stroke presaging his own death is both impressive and in keeping. He is said to have related that as he sank to the floor he heard a voice exclaim, "So here it is at last, the distinguished thing!"

THE ARIZONA MEMORIAL

Sanford Sternlicht

They have built a ship's bridge atop your tomb
but it is no bridge of sighs.
You, whose salt-laundered bones long since
have revolted one from another,
cannot see the repellent boarders—

Old schoolmarms pricked by the presence
of the long out-lived death of their first progeny—
College girls slight-bosomed with shorts taut
over thick thighs and tittering,
slyly scouted by boot cruisers who but
for a Sunday morning massacre might have been
the sons of your dissolved flesh and your diluted blood—
Shutterbugs shooting with new Cannons, Yashikas and Contafflexes,
happy to be safe in the wash of history—

But one could do worse than man battle stations
to Armageddon when even the old *Arizona*
may sound from the sea like a wounded whale.
And as for me—my sea-garland for you
on the ship's shadow has only a simple saying:
Why, in a hundred years
shall we not all be the same age?