

# The New Criterion

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## In a brand new Buick passing the reputed area of my grandfather's grave

by Edward Case

My grandfather oscillant in a grave  
Neither he nor I have seen,  
Rocked, perhaps, by what I am  
And what he might have been  
Had he been the son of his son  
And not my father's sire,  
To what ease of body, cease of toil  
He might then aspire,  
Taking at first my common lot  
Of property and possession  
As miracle and bounty of the Lord  
Blessing his succession,  
Yet would he not, at six feet seventy years  
And millennial mind's remove,  
Seeing my yieldless discontent,  
Tear his cerements, reprove  
And mourn me dead as he below,  
I having but exchanged his God for goods  
And traded woe for woe?

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