

Geoffrey C. Hazard, Jr.: Ave atque Vale

Having had the privilege and pleasure of celebrating Geoff's extraordinary accomplishments as a scholar, lawyer, and citizen in prose while he was alive, now that he is no longer, I turn to poetry – alas, not my own. Those of you who are members of The Century Association, as Geoff was for fifteen years, may recognize the poem as William Johnson Cory's version of Callimachus' elegy for Heraclitus, slightly altered for my purposes. Those of you who are classicists will recognize the Heraclitus in question as the poet from Halicarnassus, not the philosopher from Ephesus.

They told me, my dear Geoffrey, they told me you were dead,
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.
I wept as I remembered how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old eloquent guest,
A handful of grey ashes, just now, just now at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake;
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

Stephen B. Burbank
January 27, 2018