Go through the gatehouse
Into the celebrated modern campus,
And there they are, the would-be well known,
Pampered bellies behind buttoned suits,
The managers of the minds of others,
Men without brothers and proud of it,
Squeezing out smiles, unhandsome and unfit;
And pinched women with strident voices
Talking of pine trees and Italian wines;
And leisured men making refined choices
Between perspectives on unleisured lives;
Men of conscience saying, 'I'm not having that,'
And having it sure enough but elsewhere;
And the marble-faced men snuffing rarified air;
Mean-minded but fat enough in the purse
From being free of the taint of commerce;
And well-fed legions of the second-rate,
Pleased to have got so far and still be safe,
Who earn their leisure by implanting
In others' leisure hours the aspiration
To join the side they did not start on,
Seab shaman's preaching scab rejuvenation
Men with goods but without landscapes, ever
ready to move house for opportunity's sake,
Having no strong attachments to sever,
No friendships to unmake;
Men with address-books but no neighbours,