

## BEWARE THE IDES OF MARCH

They taught us history at school,  
Latin and English, too,  
The Roman calendar was cool,  
We learned it through and through .  
We studied Kalends, Nones and ides,  
The first two were so easy,  
But when we knew that Caesar died  
On the Ides, we felt quite queasy.  
You see, it was the month of March,  
The days were creeping by,  
When I went through the college arch  
Each time I heaved a sigh;  
For some few years, through age and rain ,  
The stones were seen to crumble,  
And from my face the blood would drain  
As I heard a distinct rumble.  
“Beware the ides of March, my child !”  
Our teacher wagged his finger  
And looked at me with eyes so wild  
I did not want to linger.  
The fifteenth day dawned bright and fair,  
I rose up from my bed;  
“Mum, I’ve no clean shirt to wear,  
May I stay at home?” I said.  
Of course not, dear, don’t think of it!”  
Retorted mum quite sadly,  
“The grey one’s ready, and will fit,  
So don’t react so badly”.

I walked along the dreaded road  
To the place where I was certain  
That evil emanations flowed,  
And fate would draw the curtain..  
But what was this? – a growing crowd  
Was forming by the gate

An ambulance, with sirens loud  
Was stopping, just too late.  
That arch had crashed, alas, to earth  
And underneath was spread  
The Latin master, wide of girth  
And very, very dead.  
So let this be a warning  
To all the superstitious,  
The Ides of March, especially morning,  
Will never be propitious.

*Sylvia Herbert*