

**Classic Poetry Series**

**Aaron Fogel**

**- poems -**

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## **The Man Who Never Heard of Frank Sinatra**

The man who had never heard of Frank Sinatra: he lived  
A perfectly ordinary life in America. Born in 1915,  
He followed all the fads, read the newspapers, listened

To Television, knew who Dean Martin and Sammy whathisname  
Were (Sinatra's friends), but somehow, by a one in a  
Zillion fluke, whenever Sinatra came up, he was out of the room.

Or his attention was diverted by something else, and  
(You will say this is impossible, that it cannot be), never  
Heard him sing, like a man in my generation who somehow

Missed the Beatles though he had heard everything else.  
Once, just as he was about to hear the name Frank Sinatra  
A plane flew overhead--he was fifty-five years old--his hearing

A little more impaired. He had heard of Humphrey Bogart,  
Of Elizabeth Taylor, of Walter Cronkite, and of perhaps a hundred  
Forty thousand other celebrities names by the time he died,

And yet he had never heard of Frank Sinatra. The Greeks had  
That famous saying, "The luckiest man is he who was never born."  
Which is kind of gloomy, but I think they were wrong.

The luckiest man is he who never heard of Frank Sinatra.

Aaron Fogel

## The Printer's Error

Fellow compositors  
and pressworkers!

I, Chief Printer  
Frank Steinman,  
having worked fifty-  
seven years at my trade,  
and served five years  
as president  
of the Holliston  
Printer's Council,  
being of sound mind  
though near death,  
leave this testimonial  
concerning the nature  
of printers' errors.

First: I hold that all books  
and all printed  
matter have  
errors, obvious or no,  
and that these are their  
most significant moments,  
not to be tampered with  
by the vanity and folly  
of ignorant, academic  
textual editors.

Second: I hold that there are  
three types of errors, in ascending  
order of importance:

One: chance errors  
of the printer's trembling hand  
not to be corrected incautiously  
by foolish professors  
and other such rabble  
because trembling is part  
of divine creation itself.

Two: silent, cool sabotage  
by the printer,  
the manual laborer  
whose protests  
have at times taken this  
historical form,  
covert interferences  
not to be corrected  
ensoriously by the hand  
of the second and far  
more ignorant saboteur,  
the textual editor.

Three: errors  
from the touch of God,

divine and often  
obscure corrections  
of whole books by  
nearly unnoticed changes  
of single letters  
sometimes meaningful but  
about which the less said  
by preemptive commentary  
the better.

Third: I hold that all three  
sorts of error,  
errors by chance,  
errors by workers' protest,  
and errors by  
God's touch,  
are in practice the  
same and indistinguishable.

Therefore I,  
Frank Steinman,  
typographer  
for thirty-seven years,  
and cooperative Master  
of the Holliston Guild  
eight years,  
being of sound mind and body  
though near death  
urge the abolition  
of all editorial work  
whatsoever  
and manumission  
from all textual editing  
to leave what was  
as it was, and  
as it became,  
except insofar as editing  
is itself an error, and

therefore also divine.

Aaron Fogel