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Alex Torrey

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Danny Cook is a junior English major from Van Wert, Ohio. After graduation, he hopes to write for magazines and newspapers while finishing his graduate degree in fiction writing.

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Alex Torrey

Whenever Alex Torrey swam the pool,
We people on the deck looked at him:
He divined the water, slick as drool,
Clean shaven, except for his mohaired chin.

And he was always loudly arrayed,
And squeaked that rubber cap on tight;
But it didn't reach his mouth that wrinkled
When he said, "Shut up and butterfly right!"

His towel snapped—yes, Yogi on the front—
And admirably bludgeoned John in the privates:
In fine, we thought that Al was good. We? Runts
Who thought chlorine water had remarkable taste.

So on we swam, and paddled for Trainer Maurice,
And went without whipped cream and cursed fudge;
And Alex Torrey, one winter practice,
Backstroked too far, and his head hit the ledge.

-- Danny Cook