“*carpe diem*”

abandoned by the ebony,

the chalk dust lies unswept and

piling from the week of grammar lessons,

a blizzard of nouns and tenses

as the teacher, whose name i don’t recall,

teaches the class a new topic, which i cannot remember.

i see the snow-covered branches

parting atop the hill where

the path to the forest lies;

amidst the morning light, the forest,

in all but one spot seems to dim,

lonely speck aglow

and i can’t help but imagine myself among those seven boys

long gone now, memories faded,

surrounding a lantern, verses in hand

and on their lips,

alone in that cave, forever existing in sentences and stanzas.

i wish to let poetry drip from my tongue like honey

from midnight to daylight’s embrace, too high on

Whitman and Waldo to have any cares at all.

*carpe diem.*

i wish to seize the day, to stand and scream,

Oh Captain My Captain-

to be as loud as a gunshot’s echo in a lonely office at dawn,

to be as daring as to profess my love and kiss the girl,

to wail and cry and yawp until my voice is but a whisper-

i think of those boys who knew

midnight’s lust all too well,

the biting winds, beating drums

and off-beat rhythms coursing through their veins,

sucking the marrow from life

and living.

Oh Captain My Captain-

*carpe diem*.