

Candice Warne

A STUDENT APOLOGIZES

It is the end of the week, and all day
I have had things my way;
and it's spring --
the sky flies open over everything!
The air is humming, my cat pines
by the open window: how, then, turn my mind
to sober thought, when my song so
wants to be sung, but it's yours I'll need to
know
come Monday--

the hell with you, Walt Whitman!

No--forgive me, old mother, old man--
it's work my wildness curses. Blessed old
bard, I'll set
my vagrant song aside a while, and rest
in the wilderness of your beard, learn your song
instead.
My own can be nothing but the better for it.