

SECOND PLACE

Josh Ferg

THE EBBS OF YOUTH

Now that my youth has ebbed
And the great swell of my innocence
Gone;
I am left with a great sense of emptiness which
I cannot escape.
Alas, the issues of my youth,
The bitter constraints which I
Once could not elude
Are now nowhere to be found,
And they are slowly replaced with
Visions of Democracy to which
I am compelled to attend.
O, what glorious hours I have spent
In noble discourse with men of intrepid grace
And candid wit,
What glorious hours with men much
greater than I,
Who taught me of the wealth in the American dream.
And you, Walt Whitman, you who haunt me
Invisibly,
O, gentle pioneer,
You stand with me in my Dreams of conquest.
O, Whitman you stand with me
When I lament for an unknown Uncle who rots in Viet-Nam,
When I pity the ignorant fool who slanders his mother.
O, Whitman you stand with me
When I hear the voices of America singing
The songs of freedom.
And I have dreamt of America
In her majesty,
And of you, Walt Whitman.
I dream of you
Standing on her beaches.