

A Day at the Library

I cannot read the poems
for scribbled footnotes —

Professor, please:
find another subject for your wit.

Erasers worn, fingers numb —
I'm tired of rescuing poetry

from the pencils of your students.
You teach contempt not Art.

Here's nothing
you can argue into shape,

only the heart reaching
for worlds it envisions, thus creates.

And nothing to de-code —
not spies but freedom fighters

aiding flight of language
from tomb of intellect.

Close the classrooms,
break the pencils.

Take the books and find a chapel
meadow, madhouse, gutter —

any place that doesn't beg an answer.

MARY E. CSAMER