

## O. Wilde at Thirteen

Restive,  
to smoothe away  
the slightly knowing  
aesthetic,  
who can remember  
that stage mother  
playing Boston  
or watching the first act  
of send-off dramas  
after mulled drinks  
along with chestnuts  
and a watercress sandwich,  
hiding a helpless poem  
as a pilgrim of the ineluctable  
and lucky charm,  
in your first recital  
of Byronic domain,  
you came  
pencilled by cynical nurture  
outfoxed by history  
where you must walk  
with the addition of prodigal dignity  
to a brackish time.

B. Z. NIDITCH