

## AFTER CLASS

If I could but dance you twirl this madcap,  
I'd friend a flash and encamp  
that straight tender of the possible  
we, at behest of capacity would never supplant  
with vile rancor of tit-for-tat,  
but gladden us our welcome mat  
with a million courtesies quite like that.

This, old ages would recognize  
as common civic, proven physic,  
and wish these having-come times  
mates, uncomplication;  
wizened willow respect to oak our grasses,  
the montane's other elects,  
and in that ragged trade complete our magnet.

And since, for instance, all heady for change,  
our loft cognizance proves less-well for gain,  
we'd clasp brevity to the clean of wants  
and levity would certain grasp  
the carving avidity  
that yelled fire in our crowded theatre,  
when young we were.

*Also*, as thrice the whiny end of things  
advances and is beaten back;  
when-as the habitus of empire is eased to simple,

those siring veterans align for dazzle,  
forgiven, much like us, and spoiled by new soil:  
water its spring-wear zealot,  
locate easily their memories, in eyes fresh shut.

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