

Junior College

J. TARWOOD

All my friends had gone off
As if each had found a fate.
Word-wolf, I studied Ethics
At night in bright rooms
With nurses and funeral directors,
The everlastingly solvent,
Blessed by the sick and the dead.

Best with books, worst with folks,
I mopped up slush and drove junk.
Everybody knew I'd be poor forever.
Sky-struck still, I'd hymn freedom,
The breath we ride,
Like an Eskimo kayaking up the Amazon.