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