

Saying Goodbye to the Senior English Teacher

(i.m. Lewis Bardenhagen)

Tomorrow you will be told.
Today I find you sunk
in the hospital bed.

I stir you, ask advice:
Wyatt, Surrey, Sidney?
“Civility in cruel times.”

Mutability we discuss—
But not yours. Outside trees lose
last leaves. Day declines.

“Keep well,” you tell me
I walk out. Someone moans.
Outside the light is red.

SELWYN PRITCHARD