

My World

Fiddlehead

All you colored shirts hang just as you had left
And you office door's closed, just as you had said
All your Dylan tapes stay unplayed and go untouched
And your poetry books are closed and collecting dust

"Throw it away", so they tell me, "to help with the hurt"
Not for my world
Their grass dries, and moons rise, and clocks tick, and sun's l
it
On this earth, not my world