

A Teacher, the last day

'Well...' he began, then stopped,
Aware that the words dropped
Into an ocean of meanings and drowned
There; symbol dissolving into symbol sound.

The hunched grey fact of the rumouring class,
The bleached and blu-tacked walls, the sightless glass

Bled from him a final insight:
Girls whose innocence would wilt
In the first embrace of a loveless night,
Boys with reputations built

On lies; the young are quick to learn
Brutality can conquer doubt,
And finding candlelight can burn
Reach out, just once, and snuff the candle out.

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