An M.A. Candidate

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Abstract

I’ll be an old professor flopping into my favorite chair, paging through a well-worn anthology. Flipping past Eliot, knowing all too well the nag of wasted chances and the gagging bitter taste of fantasy hope, I’ll stop and settle down . . .
I’ll be an old professor
flopping into my favorite chair,
paging through
a well-worn anthology.
Flipping past Eliot,
knowing all too well
the nag of wasted chances
and the gagging bitter taste
of fantasy hope,
I’ll stop and settle down . . .
   Safely secluded in
   Dickinson’s alienation,
   the recurring dream will
   creep in with the fog . . .
   Hand in hand with Emily
   I’ll walk the twilight beach.
   Then the mermaids all will mock,
   “You’re growing old—it’s time you
   wore your trousers rolled” . . .

Alone—I’ll silently
amble on, the moist sand
squishing between my toes
leaving footprints
the sea will soon erase.