

POETRY LESSONS

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'Your lessons leave me numb,' she said.
Her coral red hair caught the sunlight
and I flinched away as if she were on fire.
The disgrace of not being the inspiring teacher
I had imagined myself to be as I expounded
on the words etched into the folds of my brain.
I had wanted to free them from houses without mirrors,
set them loose in cathedrals of light.
I had brought poems to class thinking
they'd sneak them away and stash them
in the crevices of their lives, to feed on them
in moments of beauty, sorrow, depravity.
'I have poems I'd like to share too,' she added.
How could I have been so blind?