

Isabel
Hum Div 4
Ghazal Poem

After Class

That caramel smile that peaks through the glass,
sends me off on my way as I defog the glass.

Those weathered old feet scrape beside me.
I hear you catch up as you skip without class.

Never able to hide a secret for long
The edge of your mouth tells us where you were last.

Always patiently knowing the power you have
you clear the room with a pass of your gas.

How have fifty years passed in the span of a block?
I don't mind as long as you roll in the grass.

Your legs were once strong and springing about.
Once gentle with me, now made of glass.

This Is not the end of our partnership.
Just promise you'll wait for me after class.

comments