

POETRY WORKSHOP, 1589

Lee Slonimsky

(STUDENT:)

“The first time that I held you in my arms,
I had my full of earthly Paradise.
Elation thrilled me, like some wizard’s charm;
I thought I’d swoon were I to hold you twice.”

(INSTRUCTOR:)

“Though heartfelt and detailed, with much to say,
I fear your quatrain awkward in its rhyme.
Walk long, think slow, and find another way:
then hope for greater praise from me next time!”

This favorite student, Guy de Villiers
did not come back again to our small class.
His love said “no” to all of his demands,
and only poison made his sorrow pass.

Guy’s art had been a deep response to pain;
his heart was not assuaged—he went insane.

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