

Robert West

Then

or, A Florentine Taking Fluoxetine

He used to think about her all the time
and almost wished he thought about her still.
She'd made it so much fun to find a rhyme,
he used to think about her all the time.
But when she died, light song turned heavy chime,
dark music muted only by a pill.
He used to think about her all the time
and almost wished he thought about her still.

A Shadow

Since college taught him Burke's sublime
and how to read "When I Have Fears,"

he's elegized himself in rhyme
and outlived Keats by fifty years.

Robert West

Exhaustion

He wakes to one more day he ought to seize —
and would, had life not drunk him to the lees.