

DANIEL KARASIK
YOUNG

Oh to be a young man
free of the perverse frenzy
to know everything; who recognizes
the ends of life,
that life will end: that many books
will be left unread, that myriad kisses
will go unsampled, and the wild striving
must turn, sooner or later,
we should all be so lucky,
to gladness
at just surviving, partaking
of breath and sense and chance
for a few days longer.

Oh to be a young man
who knows that,
and is able to live as though he does.