

JAMES POLLOCK

## The Poet at Seven

If only he could watch his teacher read,  
If only he could lean there at his desk  
In the winter light of Hillcrest Public School  
And listen as she speaks the curious words,  
With her shining face and braided hair  
And dark eyes like a cosmopolitan  
Angel's, if only he could gaze like that  
Forever while Miss Harmon reads *The Odyssey*,  
His bright young teacher with the ringing voice  
He loves so much he lets the story fall  
Into his heart, she would peal out at last,  
Swinging above him like a slender bell,  
The breaking changes of his life to come.