

## Teaching Poems I've Never Read

The night before  
you said to me,  
*spend some time with us.*  
I think *yes.*  
I want to  
and I must,  
family man  
that I am

The next day  
I find the page  
where I said,  
the day before,  
read these tonight.  
These,  
for tomorrow.

*I am a hollow man  
With a dream deferred.  
I am a stuffed man  
Stopping by the woods  
To get with child a mandrake root  
And eat a peach.*

As I read the lines  
to my students  
I make them make sense.  
I connect things  
with my logical glue  
that doesn't stick  
very  
good.

*Well,*  
I was not an English major.  
I think,  
I, *myself*, am a stumbling student.  
I don't know Emily Dickinson  
from Adam.

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