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TERRY LOCKE
DAY IS DONE

The last post sounds
and it's been sounding awhile
for the generation you might term
the chalk and talk brigade
sages on stages
masters of the steely glint
the whiplash quip at whose
who would somehow dare
to question the unquestionable
right of these cultural Canutes
to lead from the front.

It should be an orderly dismissal -
a timely consignment to an epoch
neatly packaged by the language
of a succeeding generation . . .

. . . Except that I find myself
haunted by an inexorable wall
of images, a veritable and
unconscionable sea to stretch
the seams of any neat
discursive knot:

Those who will have it out
in their own resistant terms
and I think of one, eaten from
within by his own impending death
still stubbornly fronting up
to offer, as teacher
knowledge beyond the husk
of a love of words
unaware or uncaring
of his fashionable heresy
never a facilitator he.

Terry Locke