

LARRY SMITH

Oberlin

How many worlds fit within
this old liberal college town
where brick shops and arched facades
flood the square with sculpted light—
a Florence of the Midwest?

September's bright elite
will walk beneath these elms
thinking hard of quiet protest,
righting wrongs with old folk songs
and measured chamber music.

In the summer
they hire the townies to
be museum guards, sell bagels
in coffeeshops, scrub
the dormitory walls.

Before the Co-op Bookstore a basket
of books and sandals bake in August sun.