

He Had Some Students

He had students with long, wild manes of hair.
He had students who had lost their ships and were floating
alone in outer space.
He had students who had never floated alone in outer
space.
He had some students.

He had students who longed to live in cabins of clay and
wattles made,
and students who loved horses that had
skins of ocean waters.
He had students who couldn't bear to leave their houses.
He had some students.

He had students who had lost their hands.
He had students who gave themselves up to the light.
He had students who were bound and tied and couldn't free
themselves when their rapists came.
He had some students

He had students with OCD who couldn't bear to touch
anybody.
He had students who had been cast out of love.
He had students who recovered love again, and some who
didn't.
He had some students.

He had students who hurt so bad their characters scalded
themselves in hot showers to lessen the pain.
He had students who couldn't bear to read their poems they
were so painful.
He had students who could only hear a ringing in their ears.
He had some students

He had students whose grandmothers had good wiggles.
He had students who loved metal core.
He had students who played music with the devil.
He had some students.

He had wonderful students, some with ink-stained fingers,
and some whose wrists that hurt from typing.
He had students who laughed, that would be most of them,
but one who never smiled, not once.
He had students.

He had some students.

Stuart Lishan