

Poetry & Education

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Advice to Young Poets: Rereading The Little Prince

No such thing as fame.
They have taught us this too.
No one hears *from* Monet or Mozart,
Manet or Maur. *How did you
get here? How long have you been lost?*
We have merely heard of them.

We are all solitary planets on the verge
of extinction. The gatekeeper lifts the glass cage
and some snake's venom initiates
our disappearance, and we'll be lucky, very lucky
in the end (stars: there is no pattern we gazers
can decipher) if one equally lonely bastard
is impertinent enough to remember us.