

In that room there were candles  
In everyone's eyes, long pauses  
Between breaths in the flame, sighs  
Too inaudible to make much difference  
But denoted in the posture of a chair.  
Desks were littered with genetics  
And sociological implications  
Of ground transport theory, but  
Important were the letters and the dust  
Settling on the speakers. Music  
Was something no one took for granted;  
Large epics of sound released  
And always heard, attention  
Given to the trills that meant loneliness  
And the sudden drumrolls of joy.  
Shoes on the floor stood as bastions  
Of exertion and the walk to classes,  
Books on the beds, the heat of tea-cups  
Rising in the room, poetry scattered  
Beneath phone bills, these things  
Were silent heralds emptying into the air  
Their cargoes of light and haze, the fury  
Of discovery and the relief of waste.  
We met there on occasion to renew the hopes,  
The old hopes, of praise and detestation.  
Flickers continued to hold  
The long slow peace fought for in the bathroom.  
Later, low on the coals, the minds would resemble  
An orchestra of reminders, memoranda  
Of the dance, the pushcarts  
We never had to push. And in the nights  
Through the open windows we shared our revelations,  
Bequeathed to the darkness our flame,  
Followed the harmonies and phrases  
Through the dull dimness beyond the screen  
To deposit at the last a breath, a sigh,  
A total gift of enlightening boredom  
Made hallowed by its own demise.  
We were kings in the kingdom of posters  
And pencils, monarchs over the low coffee-table  
By the beds, sitting on the thrones  
Of a mattress and a desk-chair, surveying  
The realm of a year, a mighty and small place  
To us the outrageous home of cribbage boards  
And dice and peasantry of beer-caps.  
The candles burned low, the wicks  
Sufficed to suffocate, yet they burn still,  
In the stiller night of memory,  
And in their light the eyes still shine,  
The poems and the songs still reign,  
The room, unknown now but as a distant window,  
Retains its exinece and serves for itself  
As a residence.