

Keats and I

Ah, Keats!

You are two hundred years older than me,

Though you died so young.

I wish –

We could wink at each other

Through beaded bubbles brimming between us.

Why were you born so full a poet,

And me, none at all?

Despite all these years of reading you,

And wondering – if –if

Antibiotics cured me of the muse.