## Enzo Silon Surin

## HIGH SCHOOL ENGLISH

After Charles Wright

Byron escorted from the pages, ambulance siren falling away through the frost window. Peer at the clock, alter your route home—long poem. What carries you, a lonely ascent for which the objective's clear: regard both time and reason. The streets pole toward hue and cry, the trek becomes infinite. Better to mean what you say than to say what you mean. Conceal your syntax, bid no explanations.

Tomorrow's a standard deviation. Where we live, the weight of which

depends on small silences we fit ourselves into.