

The First Days of Innocence

Jonathan Doram

Dear Mama,
My days are filled with art,
Out from my cup flow
Wriggling letters, trumpeting notes,
And bemused sketches.
I am a scholar of curiosity,
A guest visiting foreign realms of joy,
I get to play with the sun again.
I feel calmer and more respected
Posing naked with thirty
Pairs of artists' eyes scrutinizing
Every inch of my skin than
I ever did standing
At the front of my classroom.
And to think, only two months ago
I was having a very different
conversation with myself,
One involving a rope or a knife:
If life can be this hard, why live it?
This morning provided the answer.