

Unlike The Best Minds

By G. Louis Heath

of my generation, I never smoked
marijuana. So, it took a long time
for my muse to grow up. I ate
scrambled eggs while other young
men wrote great poems, potted out
of their minds.

Scrambled eggs do not grow a muse
any more than those tuna sandwiches
I ate for lunch throughout college. But
living those safe square years did elongate
my life till, suddenly, I turned 55 and
drew a pension. The fear draped
over my life lifted an important inch and enough
light found me so I could write poems.

The aesthetic miracle has happened.
The poetical beams pattern themselves
over my gray matter where little flowers have
begun to grow. These are not strange little,
weird little flowers. They are just little flowers,
mostly peonies and alyssum, neatly tended in a
bed of potting soil along the side of my home.

G. Louis Heath bio: G. Louis Heath teaches at Ashford University, Clinton, Iowa. He holds a Ph.D. from the University of California, Berkeley. His books include *Mutiny Does Not Happen Lightly*, *The New Teacher*, and *The Hot Campus*. He has published articles in such magazines as *The Nation* and *The Progressive*.