Hold onto the sweet
(on the campus evacuations of COVID-19)

Hold onto the sweet.
The crocuses bow in confusion;
purple thespians survey their
sudden lonely theater.

Hold onto the sweet.
Turbulent youth unsprung;
their muddy playground cratered
like war, wounds, and lacunae
ripped from this fecund volume.

Now bewildered negation frets
where gossamer hair
and giddy arrogance lately bubbled,
evanescing in these wild winds.

Yet still hold onto the sweet;
nursing milky dewdrops --
an image, a chord, a theorem --
from this barren landscape.

Please, beloved scholar,
chase wisdom with me yet.
Hold onto the sweet:
your hand in mine.