

T H E W O R M W O O D R E V I E W

V O L U M E 2 9 , N U M B E R 1 , I S S U E 1 1 3

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TO THE GIRLS AT THE UNIVERSITY, TO THE SOFT ONES

john keats is dead
john keats our fair-haired boy
whose apple-red car cruised the thames river
jack, jack keats is dead
jack our poet's poet
he of the golf course green, green song
who curved odes off the deep deep woods
of wm shakespeare
johnnie
ode-to-a-nightingale-half-in-love-with-easeful-death
keats
got a handsome trip to xanadu
in a black oldsmobile
driven by a dark lady named persephone
johnnie johnnie keats is good and happy dead-dead
long live john keats!

— Robert L. Greenfield