

Not to Worry

Teaching poetry at Lansing Prison
I started out as “Mr. Arlin.”
After several sessions
I progressed to “Arlin.”

Then one night,
thunder in the hall:
“You son-of-a-bitch,
you gonna pay.”
Thud, bump, groans, door slammed,
running feet. Quickly I’m surrounded—
by poets.

And something more:
“Don’t you worry one-damn minute Bro.
Ain’t nothing happening in here
over my dead-fuckin’ body.”

With thanks for Psalm 91

*“For he shall give his angels charge over thee,
to keep thee in all thy ways.”*

by Arlin Buyert