

**For Mrs. H**  
**David Spicer**

My first muse, you were the prototype  
for my desirable inhabitants of this dark planet  
of guns and money, rage and drugs: gentle ones  
whom wisdom permeates, wafting its way  
to the sensitive. Blonde and beautiful,  
you encouraged my poems, commented  
on the best lines. I believed you. The next year,  
looking into the door of your English class,  
I noticed a younger version of myself writing  
as you discussed Iago and Othello, betrayal  
and lust. During the class change, you frowned  
at my long hair. I told you about my college.  
You said, *Sorry, I have some freshmen to teach.*  
*Nice seeing you.* The hurt I held walking home  
transcended your smile. You welcomed dozens  
returning for hellos to their favorite teacher  
and I learned that day certain pupils  
had a gift only you knew about. Previously,  
you wrote with your fluid script in my yearbook,  
*Once in a while, a rare student like you*  
*graces my class with a unique presence.*  
So many rare students, yes, Mrs. H? And you  
adored your husband, the coach you ran  
to on football Fridays, wrapped your long arms  
around that small bear who won your heart  
not by writing poems, but for loving his players.  
And you. All these decades later, do you sit  
across from him in an Ethan Allan chair, grading  
papers or gazing out the window into a November  
night and think of your rare pupils, those forgotten  
faces: your lovely doppelgänger or that younger  
student writing sonnets? No, I want you  
wondering about me on that cold autumn  
night, if my hair's long, if I still write poems.  
It is. I do.

David Spicer has published poems in *Santa Clara Review*, *Synaeresis*, *Chiron Review*, *Remington Review*, *Steam Ticket*, *Third Wednesday*, *CircleStreet*, *The Bookends Review*, *The American Poetry Review*, *Ploughshares*, *Moria*, *Oyster River Pages*, and elsewhere. Nominated for a Best of the Net three times and a Pushcart twice, he is author of six chapbooks, the latest being *Tribe*

*of Two* (Seven CirclePress). His second full-length collection, *Waiting for the Needle Rain*, is now available from Hekate Publishing.