

Emma Lew

DON'T BE MISERABLE

Don't be miserable,
for I leave
a French word to watch over you.
A coin is swallowed by a child,
the hot weather will pass.

Aloes still abound, the earth bears
flowers and fruits, sap traverses
the pith, the bark, the wood.

You can easily make yourself afraid,
but now you must ask
whether the shivering is of any use to you.

When the world cries out for two moons
and Hell comes in threatening Thursdays
and an army of undergraduates goes into battle
and good prose writers miss their way,

collect your mail,
keep your strange name,
feed your true fever.

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