

TORSTEN CAENERS

NELL ON CAMPUS

Your smile, when I get ready to begin,  
Attends my every action, every word,  
And every canny hint you're offering—  
Right to the point or dauntingly absurd—  
Throughout the restless slaving of the session  
Increases that sweet sparkle in your eyes,  
Increasing something faint within me (passion?),  
Something my faithless consciousness denies.  
Thus ninety minutes pass and once we're done  
Elucidating Charles's Restoration,  
With lightning speed you pack your things and run  
To hear some lecture on the Belgian nation.  
I can't be sure, but poor, laborious Nell  
Did not elude the man for whom she fell.