Song of Oneself

CAROL ANN SCHREIER

Polo-coated dreamer,
Do not cry
That they cannot understand.
You are of them
But not among them.

Thinker in saddle shoes,
Laugh with them.
Yes, laugh, but keep
That of yourself they cannot touch
Or hurt.

Love him, starry-eyed coed,
Let him know your heart, your body.
And at last,
If it is love,
Let him know your mind.

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