

THE SHAKESPEAREAN SCHOLAR IN THE PARK

Linda Rahm

Not a man to whom
the first few falling leaves
are negligible, he indulges
after lunch in fifteen minutes'
idleness, a truant from
the British Museum.

Dressed too warmly
against the September sun
he watches curiously,
without lust, a woman
in a see-through blouse, something
in its thinness prompting him
to touch his hairline
and acknowledge in the autumn
of his sabbatical year
a certain
personal allusion.