Classic Poetry Series

Wesley McNair

- poems -

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Goodbye To The Old Life

Goodbye to the old life, to the sadness of rooms where my family slept as I sat

late at night on my island of light among papers. Goodbye to the papers

and to the school for the rich where I drove them, dressed up in a tie to declare who I was.

Goodbye to all the ties and to the life I lost by declaring, and a fond goodbye

to the two junk cars that lurched and banged through the campus making it sure I would never fit in.

Goodbye to the finest campus money could buy, and one final goodbye to the paycheck

that was always gone before I got it home. Farewell to the home

and a heartfelt goodbye to all the tenants who rented the upstairs apartment,

particularly Mrs. Doucette, whose washer overflowed down the walls of our bathroom

every other week, and Mr. Green, determined in spite of the evidence to learn the electric guitar.

And to you there, the young man on the roof turning the antenna and trying not to look down

on how far love has taken you, and to the faithful wife in the downstairs window

shouting, "That's as good as we're going to get it," and to the four hopeful children staying with the whole program despite the rolling picture and the snow - goodbye,

wealth and joy to us all in the new life, goodbye!

Wesley McNair