



The University of
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There Will Be Time Enough For Laughter

There will be time enough for laughter
when this long night is over
and daylight is forever.

There will be time to be the child
you never were, when play is for fields –
not always concealed.

Believe me: there will come a time
your screams will be pure pleasure –
a bounty flowing over.

There will be rest with magical dreams,
not terror, and you will walk,
as you imagined, on sunbeams.

Yes, I believe, there will come a time
for rejoicing, for you with the sad eyes
and tongue always tied.

There is a day you will stand next
to a stranger and point out yourself
circa nineteen whatever and say,

“I wasn’t bright, but I was so happy
as a child.” And both will smile
and shout, “Yippy.”

Believe me: Akiel, Sean, Amy
(of names too many), there are those
who survive and remember only

to learn to speak,
no matter how imperfectly,
of your dream and theirs

to be first mere children.

For now, we, the unbright, mourn
for the dawn of right.