

Advocacy Poem

It was one fluster of a hurry that the kid left left in,
but luckily enough the kid had heard this was best for him.
He was attentive, hardworking, and inventive;
a true forward-thinker unconcerned with retrospectives.

The cover letter and resume hit her desk on day negative two.
He thought he'd impress the man with professionalism and following through.
Instincts were on point– the kid got the room, the job, and some friends, too.
But intuition also convinced him that the man was unconditional.
Some ham-fisted bargaining with the man was indicative of his own
superstitions.

No bones about it, the man was the worst kind of invested.
The man was hard-pressed to present a worthwhile impression.
Modeled a thoroughly distressed being with an admirable profession.
Concerned with respectability and built a traditional household with all the
hostility.

The kid persuaded me to aid him as he made for treatise.
The man couldn't dissuade us if we came together and showed him reality.
It turned out to be an untactful strategy, and when it ended badly, it was me
who made the hasty retreat.
Flattery or pageantry couldn't make the man gladly have me in his vicinity any
longer–
and his condition's chronicity only grew stronger.

Then the kid thought it prudent to leave again
His time as a student ought to end and far away he certainly could still
contend– *he turned in his resume on day negative two.*
But it was the communicating that was ill-fated, and his reaction was uncouth.
Bereft of my interrogating he situated into unfamiliar habitation in search of
some lost youth.
In agitation or inebriation I was eschewed. I remember something about
“friends”, a hand-flick, and missing tooth.