The Scholar · *Stuart Dischell*

Boston is an old city
with many students.
Each carries a book.
Their lights burn all hours
and some never sleep, but drift
awhile over coffee, imagining
their futures in court or at the ledger.
When these students undress,
their shoulders are round from reading.
Once I went to bed with a woman like this.
She told me I reminded her
Of someone in a book.

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