

## **My Mentor's Last Poem**

Vin Santo del Chianti Classico  
aah, aromas of roasted chestnut  
on a plate an apple sliced thin  
one sees most by candlelight  
when one sees so little  
I saved his poem  
to be the last  
this evening  
open  
pour

as  
his mind  
was slipping  
his pen refused  
to spell correctly  
and he apologized  
for his wretched handwriting  
and for the length of his poem  
explaining that he did not have time  
to commit his verse to fewer pages

**Neal Whitman**