

**FIRST DRAFT: POET LAUREATE  
OATH OF OFFICE**

*for all poets everywhere*

It is the poem I serve  
luminous, through time  
that celebration  
of human breath, of *melos*

it is and always has been  
the muse androgynous and ruthless  
as any angel scattering words that need no  
radio frequency no broadband

it is the light on the ocean here and  
the sky in all its moods  
luminous fog that wakes me up  
to write, and something I call the  
"Imp of the Short Poem"

it is the people of San Francisco  
in their beauty  
Bright luminous eyes looking out  
from homeless faces

looking up  
from gardening skateboarding singing  
playing cards playing ball  
barbecuing in their backyards

the folks in the Mission  
the Excelsior in Bayview  
Hunters Point  
Japantown  
North Beach  
folks in the Sunset  
working & idle

passionate angry silent  
powerful in their silence

my friends and neighbors  
parked at Ocean Beach, at Twin Peaks  
in their cars  
watching the sun go  
down

my vow is:

to remind us all  
to celebrate  
*there is no time*  
*too desperate*  
no season  
that is not  
a Season of Song

