They pass at a pace that intimidates
The underclass. Their eyes engaging
Only those that also brave
The courts and halls. I sense the raging
Youth and brilliance. In their unyielding
Gaits, as with the dancer at the barre,
Are practiced moves which consumate
In elegance perfected. Who are
These swiftly moving? What currents pull
Or instincts channel salmoning students
Down a sluice of learning, breeding
A harbouring genious with marching impudence?

Tim Ayers

Manuscripts