
Ode on an Examination

Ashley Caveda

O'er Milton's pains my eyes do strain,
 As day's last light is spent,
And darkness falls while Knowledge calls
 To hasten man's descent.

Words blur the mind and idlers find
 An eager diligence:
Poor Johnson's shame plays sober games-
 His bantering defense.

Sweet Jollity strays far from me
 And far off stray my thoughts;
My happiness is quite hard-pressed-
 In vanity it's sought.

Though rays dance in and warm my skin
 While Art and Genius weep,
I shoo away the break of day
 That did not witness sleep.

But robed in flames, the Sun's will reigns,
 And bids Morn from its bed-
As Lycidas is sorely missed,
 My pillow lacks a head.