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.