Wally,
Sure, you can send it if you like. I have another one for you; tell me what you think. I'm enjoying English, but to tell the truth, I'm ready for summer. Also, I didn't realize Amy Lind goes to Miami, synchronicity.

The Fall of English

It wasn't surprising;
in fact, most knew it was imminent.
They knew they were ill-fated,
but they tried with desperation,
with despondency, despair, distress,
desolation to break through that brick and wire
fortress mocking their existence.
It was the waiting--
Thou, Thine, Thy, Thee, Art, Doth--
waiting for their slow deaths
that must have been torture within itself.
They could only watch as Whom and Ere
jumped to grab the last wrung
as the chopper lifted off the embassy.
Patiently, proudly, profoundly silent--
they prayed. They prayed
to Shakespeare and Johnson
while watching the imperial soldiers of Time
march into the streets. Those fading words
didn't even shout out
when Wherefore began to run
and was shot in the back of the head.
They didn't cry when Fie and Lo
were hanged in the village square,
Betwixt, burned at the stake.
They peered . . . between the bars
of their temporary prison.
They heard the final cry of Punctuation
They didn't even gasp when Capitalization
was drug across the sanguine streets
without a head
the inside of the prison was never sanguine however
it was more of a quiet hopelessness
amidst the chaos the tumult the confusion
one turned to the other and solemnly stated
despair your charm he knew it wasn't right
but it seemed too vulgar
to speak of the deceased.