

as the sun judges the flower

i speak
with a young writer,
younger than me

he is all passion
and no technique

his writings
are ramblings
about
love and art
and lonesomeness

he asks me to read
something of his

i tell him it
doesn't matter what i think

but he is young,
younger than me

i read it
and did my best
to *critique* it
although
i've never been
very good at that

i string together
some fancy words
and make a few
fancy sentences

he doesn't know the difference
for he is young,
younger than me

it was a poem about judgment
about how he is judged
by lovers and artists

and his own lonesomeness

and yet he seeks
me out to judge him

i tell him,
judgment has been
around since the beginning
of time
before there were humans
to judge one another
the sun judged the flower

and he says,
and to this day
the moon judges
the tide

very good,
i say,
very good

he's young,
younger than me
and he's already
figured that out.