

Ryan L. Gruenewald

On an Education

Greasy prints you left
on the glass
doors, on the desk by the window,

won't be there tomorrow?

Half-full paper
cups of cold coffee,
leaves that came
in with your shoes, is it all

gone tonight?

Inching toward
the exit, the desk
left scratches on the floor, so deep—

what of those?

A man,
his silent mop
in figure
eights will leave
no streak, what power—

what power he has.