

# Influence

*Abby Edele*

Let us sit on your lawn, Miss O'Connor,  
Sipping tea in the shade,  
Away from the harsh Georgia heat,  
While your peacocks strut and roam,  
And you'll tell me how folks are never  
what they seem to be.

Shall we stroll down to Bath's spas, Miss Austen,  
With arms linked as sisters,  
Sharing gossip from our letters,  
While ladies flirt and men boast,  
And you'll tell me about romance, wit,  
and independence.

Dance with me at a rich ball, Mr. Wilde,  
With the utmost lavish  
Trimmings in all of Londontown,  
Gaily eschewing decorum,  
And you'll tell me the importance  
of study and dress.

Come, Mr. Twain, we'll hop aboard a boat,  
River rippling below,  
Laughing mercilessly as we  
Observe humans and their quirks,  
And you'll tell me about adventure  
and opening eyes.

