an art student at a certain stage

by Gerald Locklin, from The Modigliani/Montpamasse Poems (dOOm-AH Books).

she hisses at her elders,
"he is not considered major nowadays."

i want to ask her why she cares
what he's considered,
why she cares what her guests
think of him,
how highly she herself feels
he should be esteemed,
and whether she does not find often
that she disagrees with those who drive
her to the passive (though aggressive)
voice.

but we have all been students once,
and it's a terrifying thing to be,
so impressed by the glib self-assurance
of the arbiters of fashion,
and as such so easily enlisted into the
(temporary) ranks of the cultural terrorists.