

6--in the end was the word

It was hard for me to believe a person
any person
especially those I knew
would end a life, their's, as immortal as Burns, Lovelace--
Statues of them; stamps of them; streets named after them!
The famed dead had my complete devotion,
whereas the supposedly famous living
their presence brought queequey voices; they'd belch!
I hated their egos, the smell of their flesh;
I'd rather adore a dead lousy poet than a good living one
Poets should live as phantoms, reclusive like Emily D.

Nobody feels real worry for
It was his spot from the get-go
The self-chosen kiss-off

At night when he walks solo
He's the lame
They wait in the shadows for

If he hears "Hey, Pops" whispered behind him
The icy-ness of fear
melts for a man who would've
joined the Crusades

He can ill-afford to lose himself though
He's one
like the last Civil War vet
marching in his last Memorial Day parade

He looks at photos of himself
The young shots of him look old
The most recent ones look new
Something Dorian Grayish here

Those who would were long gone
One of the goner had no more of life
Because he was
Instead of himself
he drank himself to death
Is to die of drink suicide

He never went hunting
and he was a better writer than the hunter
but all the bars were named after him
none for the non-hunter
Funny, they honored the suicide man
not the drinking one

There was another recent goner
A mystery lingers
Something happened in his apt
The Greek had his place sealed off
...with the lake drawing inside
When they unsealed the place
...the Blake was gone