

RIP PVT

1944-2021

We used to listen to that midnight jazz
together, apart
to the airwaves; bebop, cool,
Love Supreme into our rooms
into the words, sounds, poems
each of us at our desks
messy, neat
round about midnight.

We used to sit on my couch
watching Barney Miller:
Wojo, Nick, Fish, Dietrich and the rest
solve the petty crimes of our lives
with lines of laughter-touching truths,
the sad moments that somehow
soothed our souls
round about midnight.

We used to toke and talk poetry:
ride the vrooms of metaphors
wash with splashes of images
kick the rhythms of licks
zip zap meanness
wheelbarrow joy
up mountains of loneliness
till one of us had to take a piss.
And then again, continue
way past midnight.

Too much for a straight life
you spilled your heart
your exuberance, your life
so precisely all over the page.
And still, after all that
the bitch that you loved
with such meticulous passion
left you.

I don't know if it was round about midnight
but she did.

And now, after years of staring into the dust
listening to the silence of the darkening walls
ranting to the empty bottles and butts of smoke
waiting for her return,
you left her.

A weeping widow plays Round About Midnight.