

I rushed to the door tonight
to meet a lonely man in flight
asking for Jimmy
in the front room, top floor.
I said this is sixty-four.
Jimmy doesn't live here.
And I closed the door.

I've gone to the harbour many times
to watch the mythic sailors mime
resplendent on ships of adventure
and whores.

I said I've thought this thing before,
there's no reason to go with them
anymore.

Upstairs I hear Jimmy cry,
a simple fact I deny,
and in my mind a question to beware,
is horizon the magnet of dreams or despair?

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