

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?

Nov. 69