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we miss you,jack—tactfully you(with one cocked
eyebrow)subtracting clichés un by un
till the god's truth stands art-naked:you and the fact

that rotgut never was brewed which could knock you down

(while scotch was your breakfast every night all day)
a 3ringbrain you had and a circusheart
and we miss them more than any bright word may cry
—even the crackling spark of(hung in a)“fert

ig”

(tent-sky wholly wallendas)

ready were all

erect your vous to cross the chasm of time
lessness;but two dim disks of stare are still
wondering if the stunt was really a dream—

here's,wherever you aren't or are,good luck!
aberdeen plato-rabelais peter jack