

Surely

But what if he died? What? Who? Him? If
he died now flying with his head all fluxed and fuddly?
“Died.” But how could he? Surely
his vitality is — is — look, he has a container of
applesauce
and he has a serious anthology of translations.
And he wrote “Frankfort Laundromat,”
don’t you remember that? He wrote it,
he did, this guy, not someone else,
“Frankfort Laundromat” with that evoking of
normal courage that carries us like a modestly strong bus
through the long washing and drying...
Well, if he wrote that, then —

but now he dozes on the plane to Dallas.
And Dallas starts with D as doses doze.

Well okay he dozed on the plane to Dallas
and did not read the George Reavey translation of Mayakovsky
“To his beloved self” and so did not get pepped up by it
but yo! Lo! When he deplanes at DFW
and is met by young Robby who feels that poetry is surely
The Way
he is so charming about his need to pee!