For Brother JT

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is pocket, and hurried away.

This head down, and couldn't

rush away to get. I had

brushed any thoughts of what

in my bike, and pedaled like

The bike rattled and clanged

they did arrive at my door, I was


This is animal-like in his "self-

must be a name out there that

put something human back

I have a name, just a crumpled

in the daylight, cushioned by

corner of the room is no longer

nothing I can do about what

And the bike works fine.

me, bringing back unpleas-

as; it's nothing that weird or

more. In a way, that bike was

across as over dramatic or

into it any longer.

the bike, to let it go. I'll just

the water, as it sinks

second thought.


For Brother JT

MICHAEI WALTER

Ah, Jay—

Six months later when I saw you hunched over single beer writing

in yr notebook

at Gardella's, I knew

America would never be the same again because of yr spontaneous

excited talk & written words

Yr big truck rumbling down my way, turning heads

Yr madcap jazz hand moving bouncing one foot to the other,

Crazy "yeses" and "that's rights"

Who is that Jay Thompson character?—questions asked. He thinks he's

NC reborn,

Quel Deluge, I sigh,

Angel of small town America, angel of back alleys in
cities, angel of

Life.

When the sun goes down on another day & memories fade,

Pull out yr notebook again, brother,

And write forever,

They'll understand soon 'nuff.