

DOCTOR LOCKLIN AND MR. HYDE

are a couple of friends of mine,  
one a writer, the other  
a bartender and, nowadays,  
a real estate agent.  
Mr. Hyde, the agent,  
told me the other night,  
him drunk and leaning on the  
jukebox that played  
Willie Nelson ballads,  
that Locklin should be  
a millionaire.

"If that queer Capote  
can be on TV, Locklin can,"  
Hyde told me.  
And I agreed.

"And that sonofabitch  
should be rich; all of my friends  
should be rich."  
And I agreed again,  
not thinking that being  
a starving writer is that necessary,  
or desirable.

Hyde knows how, nowadays,  
to become rich.

"I feel seventeen," he says.  
"My eyes pop open at seven,  
because I'm afraid that I'll  
miss something, someone.  
Something's happening."

I hope that he gets rich,  
I hope that Locklin gets rich,  
I even hope that I get rich,  
but I doubt it.  
Yet I respect that which Mr. Hyde,  
Locklin's fan, and Locklin's friend,  
and my friend, too,  
has found.

He has found that he likes something,  
and I told him then, that night,  
"Paul, you do your stuff,  
in your own way. Get rich.  
And we'll do our stuff  
in our own way,  
probably not getting rich.  
But at least we try, Paul.  
We try to do what we feel  
we can do."

-- Rafael Zepeda

Long Beach CA