

## FOR SHIRLEY AND CHRISTA

A couple of years ago I  
dreamed Marvin Malone died.  
The dream was vivid & frightening.  
He almost single-handedly kept  
my work alive since 1965.  
I'd be lost without him.  
Deeply troubled, I phoned his  
home. Of course he was OK,  
& when I reluctantly told  
him why I called, we briefly  
discussed our mortality.  
Later he would write: "I'd like  
to survive into the 20s with  
reasonable health & relatively  
clear brain (genetically very  
probable)." Late November message  
from Christa was a sledgehammer  
blow to my chest. We'd lost him . . .  
I'll do my best to carry your  
spirit into the 20s, Marvin,  
but if I can't, those fine  
younger poets you've nurtured  
will, & I'll join you where  
there ain't no roads, trusted friend.

—Phil Weidman

North Highlands, CA