

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