

For Jerry

Rhyming words don't make a poem

Just as a dog don't make a day

Ceiling fans don't cool

They just blow the heat away

No more than breath on lips

A song don't make a gathering

Even though the fire burning

Don't teach a man any fathering

The clock doesn't make its way

Through the spiral and the squawk

The dark star may pierce your heart

Dance or get up and walk

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Ride the serpentine words

and look inside for the rule

Or dream and get out of the way.

Neither of them so cruel

Listen inside to the voice

A glimpse of the other side

A moment of time caught

In time even after he died.

How big is the heart that talks to Jupiter?