

ADELLE, YAHRZEIT: JUNE 27, 2020

Dear Love,

Nancy showed me a flower
at the top of your tree
growing behind the plaque
with your poem about hope.
“I am now calling it a tree again,”
writes Nancy,
“because it seems to be growing into a tree
with multiple trunks
like the olive trees down
at our redesigned traffic circle.”
Community activism
of a sort you practiced.
Your presence is never stronger
than when I am driving by
the park that has your poem.
You are suddenly with me again
in the car for a moment
then gone.
My life has changed
but not radically.
Much of what was
is still there.
Our years
are in a room
next to wherever I am.
I cannot thank Nancy enough
for this reminder
of so much of my life
and the thought
that it is blossoming still
though in a different way.
The Dellwackians
still live
as does The Monster,
whom my love Sangye loves.
It has been four years
and I have failed
to bring your clothes
out of the closet.
There are other
failings as well, I'm sure,
but you should know

that the way you touched my life
remains.

Il y a longtemps

que je t'aime.

Jamais je

ne t'oublierai.

The years fall
as they say goodbye.

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Do you remember
when we played the jazz club
in Oakland?

There was a microphone
and several poets
but the bar was open
and people were talking
and there was a pool table
and people were talking there too.
No one was listening to the poetry.

What'll we do?

you asked me.

I said, Two choruses

back to back with

no explanation:

the hummingbird piece

and Chorus: SON(G).

As we spoke

the entire room quieted.

Jesse Beagle

recorded it.

I have the cassette tape
somewhere.

There was a life.

There was the power of words.

Jack Foley