

THE DAY DYLAN DIED

He gain'd from Heav'n

('twas all he wish'd) a friend

THOMAS GRAY

Nobody knows when lightning might strike
Or when the heavy metallic ring of a voice
Will end in a gurgling sound

The day Dylan died
I was not there –
I was sleeping at the Central Railway Station
In Warsaw
It was snowing
Or maybe not ...

I woke up from my dream
And everything was as it was
I was still talking to this bypassing poet
Or was it our shadows that spoke in secret
You know, a bit *sous le manteau* ?
The cherries and the mirrors, so many –
All gone, all gone at one fell swoop ...

As if distance lurked to close
As if every face
Belonged to someone else

As if every object

On the outskirts of town

Were blurred by theological thought

*

What to make of blood

That turns into stone?

(For Bob Dylan)