

CAROL POTTER

Roger on Guitar, 1969

I didn't mean to walk out of the apartment without a word.
Roger was playing his guitar and it was raining outside.
I was in the alcove on acid. Roger playing his guitar.
It was treble. It was three notes and it was the same three notes

and it was going to go on being those three notes.
I couldn't speak. I walked past the secret service
in the hallway looking for Dave gone AWOL.
He had narcolepsy. What did they want with a sleeping

GI? Asleep on the jeep and the mines going off
around him. I stood in the rain over the black water—
traffic at my back and Coca Cola sign on the surface of the
Charles breaking apart in the rain. I saw I was in the world now.
Not in my parents' domain. It seemed easy to go beyond them.

To walk away from Roger's apartment. To have no idea
where Dave went.