

that the spirits leave us—
they must not be moved by our bodies.

When the lights appear at last we discover
that he is nowhere to be seen, he is gone
and with him went the reluctant dead.
We rise and walk
away—
it is all over.

A SONG FOR NEW ORLEANS

Oh the wine's fine
but listen you drink too
damn much, I drink too damn

much fine wine eating
salty fish, we have to
get out of this place

I can't whistle
you can't kiss
eating salty fish.