



...november 18, 2016...

dear leonard – as in cohen –  
singer – poet – mystic –  
friend of my seclusion  
although we've never met –

it feels like a hundred years  
since i first heard your name  
singing tales of suzanne's  
and almost marianne's –

another century for sure  
that birthed you – black and white  
into my world on the edge  
of taking adult flight –

my first glimpse of you was in  
a sixties video –  
a poet living rented rooms  
in downtown montreal –

you sang me out of mayhem  
and eased the ice of rain  
summoning orion's change  
into my skies again –

a poet wanderer of songs  
with wine and endless cigarettes –  
now the media writes you dead  
at eighty-two – my loss –

yet eight plus two adds up to ten  
the wheel of fortune – tarot style –  
your gravelled voice spins ever onward  
murmuring the haunted songs –

now a new dawn pales without you –  
thank you for the poetries –  
yours truly – from a believer –  
you are part of me forever.