

Death Letter Blues Ghazal

John, 1976

You deserve to read the books in heaven.
The pages deserve your hands in heaven.

Baby, you deserve to read and drink well.
The pages desire your hands in heaven.

An anklet and a ring adorn your feet;
Now, let's see you do your dance in heaven.

*

Storefront mannequins are sad in small towns.
They look like souls put on hold for heaven.

Say, storefront mannequins pose in small towns
Like souls on line at the gates of heaven.

Grab a mink coat for your shoulders, baby,
Drag it behind, as you walk in heaven.

*

I got word from a friend; you won't be home.
It's a long track to those gates in heaven.

I got the bad word; you ain't comin' home.
It's a long track to the gates in heaven.

I can still see you playing with your hair . . .
Is this for me my last piece of heaven?

*

In my dream, you have a mole – cheek, breast, leg;
It rolls over your body in heaven.

In my dream, I am your mole – leg, breast, cheek;
I roll over your body in heaven.

Curve of your back, open mouth, scarf in hair –
With eyes closed, John still sees you in Heaven.