

FOR HARRY

Older now than you ever were
I sit in the orchard and wish you back again:
From the deep well of the self
Once more your raw soul rises-

I'm in my 20s; you in a threadbare coat
Are as ancient as ever. Ah, Harry!
Dear weaver of those conspiracies
I chose to never understand,

You chew on air, wince,
Baffled by the day's normality.
Only time conspired against you-
Ted, Allen, weavers of your matrix, dust now.

Dear teeth-grinding magus,
A time's conscience, let's simply
Be here awhile, sharing that peace
You so seldom encountered.

The encoded message of bird-song
Drifts from the deep wood,
Rinses out the clogged up world.

Brian Patten