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Briggs Helton

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TO THE GHOST OF GINSBERG

by Briggs Helton

Don't warn me about the blizzard, all winter I walked through
Akron, five months of snow, wind chill, and seeping blisters.
I swallowed the misery.

Don't tell me to get the lump checked out, it shrunk, doesn't hurt
anymore, or I've learned to ignore it. Let's find a name for it in a
book of astrological signs.

And definitely don't ask me about my blond-haired girl, with
your twinkling crotch-ward look. I love you and all your poetic
excesses, but I am no cocksman.

Tell me again about the time we drove to Berkeley. The two of us
sleeping in my car, my ear resting against your worn pages. It was
there I asked if Jewish angels play harps.

Good God where have you been? My Jonathan, my how our souls
were once knit. Go ahead, laugh at my poetic waxing. Was I welfi
or warp? What color was the yarn?

What a romp we'll have. Are those clouds really Whitman's
beard? Heaven cannot make us so self-conscious tonight. There
is no moon to haunt us.