

Culhane, Brian
For one who first showed me Scipio's Dream
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Professor Alan S. Fisher, d. 2003

Alan, it is late.
This bar is closing
And all your fine talk
Won't buy us a drink.
No, I haven't forgotten
You are lately dead-
Walking, mid-step, fallen.
So like you to leave
Walking and thinking:
Your fighter's squint
Unable to make out
The final stroke.
Alan, the bar is closing
And I'm for the cold.
It's grown dark,
But you're still laughing,
Quoting: And that one talent
Which is death to hide. . .
I'd laugh with you
But all my money's spent.
Your faded corduroy
Jacket's off the hook.
No more literature tonight.
Not even a last look.

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