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Dylan's Lost Years

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Dylan's Lost Years

Abstract
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and New York, the red rust streets

of the iron range and the shipping yards

of the Atlantic, somewhere between...

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Dylan’s Lost Years

Somewhere between Hibbing
and New York, the red rust streets
of the iron range and the shipping yards
of the Atlantic, somewhere between

Zimmerman and Dylan was a pit stop
in Fargo, a superman-in-the-phone-booth
interlude, recalled by no one but
the Danforth Brothers who hired

the young musician, fresh in town
with his beat-up six string and his
small town twang, to play shake,
rattle, and roll, to play good golly,

along with Wayne on keys and Dirk
on the bass—two musical brothers
whom you might still find playing
the baby grand, happy hours

at the Southside Holiday Inn.
And if you slip the snifter a five,
Wayne might talk, between how high
the moon, and embraceable you, about

Dylan’s lost years, about the Elvis sneer,
the James-Dean leather collar pulled
tight around his neck, about the late night
motorcycle rides, kicking over the city’s

garbage cans, and how they finally
had to let him go, seeing how he was
more trouble than he was worth,
and with everyone in full agreement

that the new boy just could not sing.