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## Dylan's Lost Years

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# Dylan's Lost Years

## **Abstract**

Somewhere between Hibbing

and New York, the red rust streets

of the iron range and the shipping yards

of the Atlantic, somewhere between...

## **Disciplines**

Poetry

## **Comments**

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## Dylan's Lost Years

Somewhere between Hibbing  
and New York, the red rust streets  
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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.