Death of a poet

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1.

Time drips by like morphine through an I. V.
it is sweet, ice cold lemonade in August
but winter is a bully without any lunch money
so Mr. Mojo Risin’ sits in a lonely bar
and kills himself every day
a Paris steel sunset can’t take him away from his national pastime
he drinks whiskey with me and Bobby McGee
and has tequila neat the fourth
so forth comes his heartaching end
the death of a poet

2.

All his inspiration watches from stage left
a shaman dances with him and the night goes away
the night changes into a Miami day
the police and the papers do not see an expression of faith
and this high life begins to descend the final staircase
to a blues sound so deep
deep as the city where the Hollywood people sleep