

## **Michael My Dear**

On the Link train south  
the news comes via text  
from Elisha:

*Cookie died 6:52PM this evening. There he goes.*

& my reflection in the  
link train west window  
broken by city lights, the Starbucks logo  
the arches of stadiums  
a head floating  
in space as surely he is now  
jiwa fixed in eternal latihan  
6:52pm, Tuesday, October 2, 2025.

Surrounded by millennials, all  
glued to their screens  
giving me a private moment  
on the public link to Angel Lake.

I mean Angle Lake. So I stew myself  
in the sad angles of Thelonious Sphere Monk  
as Michael surely wd.

No better soundtrack for the  
reunification with the rabbani  
which Michael now is quite capable of  
conceiving at 6:52 on a Tuesday evening.

Where is... Michael?

Where is Michael's true inner 'I'?

Where is Michael's head?

How slow was the suicide  
after burying Arthur?

How is failure to thrive  
recognized by the slow turn  
away from the piano?

*Pannonica* plays  
& Sonny Rollins can say it better  
than I can with his tenor as my teary face  
reflection floats past Sodo.

*Sports!* He'd  
sometimes like to say, answering the phone  
as his Dad did — our once weekly phone calls,  
kvetching about Subud members  
exchanging incorrect  
jokes, crying about Arthur.

There he goes.

*Pannonica, Ruby My Dear, I Surrender Dear.*

No better soundtrack for the  
reunification with the divine life force  
on the way to Angel Lake.  
Reunification with the buried son.

Michael My Dear, what I'd give to hear you  
do Peter Lorre one more time  
jiwa fixed in eternal latihan.  
Sonny Rollins can say it better  
than I can, but let me try

on the way to Angel Lake

there he goes

10:19pm  
2-OCT-2025  
Casa del Colibrí