

## THERE, IN ETERNITY

In the great beyond, that other world  
where we must all begin  
another life  
I hope to meet Georges Simenon  
and also Oscar Wilde.

It would be odd to see them both  
in the same place, at the same time,  
these men, so different  
in manner and attire.

Georges, with his pipe,  
like his Inspector Maigret,  
in suit and tie, or open collar,  
always honest, and direct.  
And Oscar, ever-elegant,  
the ready wit,  
the cigarette  
perfectly held, his wrist bent.

Gentlemen, I will say, welcome,  
welcome to my table. Please, take a chair.  
There's bread and cheese,  
there's fruit and cake,  
and refreshment  
I thought you each might like.

For you, Monsieur Simenon, some calvados  
and, of course, champagne for Mister Wilde.  
As for me, I'll light this slender joint,  
the best maui zowie green,  
and in this crystal glass, I'll mix  
calvados and champagne.

What grace, this pleasure,  
to while away the hours  
with Simenon and Wilde, you,  
who filled me to the brim,  
my mind and heart and soul;  
you left me awed and always glad  
to have known you in your work.

Let's drink to writers,  
to women, men,

to love and life,  
then let us hear that chime once more  
and drink to language, music,  
poets, poetry  
and this poem  
that brought you, and you, and me  
together, here  
in this circle of infinity.