

A Funny Little Man I Knew

Death is an unhappy happening
coming after decay

as it sometimes does
or suddenly.

A funny little man I knew, with bifocals,
bright blue eyes and silver hair

could play the mandolin.
My God, but he could play

with fingers that for more than 60 years
had memorized their lightning way

across the frets and up and down
the fingerboard, and then one day

he died.