

Death of A Philosopher

i.m. DR

I was drinking coffee when I heard the news.
An email from someone else who hardly writes.
Cancer, they said. You'd been ill for a while.
And my mind went back to listening to your views
at the end of those autumn afternoons,
it must be years ago now, pitched with your fag

on the edge of a table as we talked of Plato,
his theory that each has an immortal soul,
existing before birth and after death,
and how you thought this total nonsense, drawing a breath
of smoke, coughing slightly, forcing a smile,
looking outside at a faint daylight moon.

Stubborn empiricist, have you been proved right?
Sleeping at last in preferred oblivion?
Or have you woken next to Socrates
in drunken company, and if that's true,
are you pissed-off for being alive and wrong?
I am unsure what I wish you with this song.