

Extolling the *Merits of Nothing* + 2

By

Gerry Fabian

Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... There is simply nothing to be done about it, R. Gerry Fabian makes me smile. And I can't help wondering if the corners of his mouth raise as he writes. I just picture him penning and grinning whenever something comes to mind that just might--must be put on paper. Take his tract on 'Extolling The Merits Of Nothing,' it puts the treat back in treatise, a study at play--can't be quoted, must be read, it's too well woven. Fabian completely changes gears with 'Legendary Apparition' "And in the street gossip, they say the crazy man is back." "So a lady walks into his pulse and he asks." "They fuse close using words and pain." "...from days to hours to minutes to empty promises ...that confuse sunrise and sunset with fine wine and flat beer." And Gerry's third entry is once again as in as it is out of character, 'Canadian Frostbite,' is delightfully quixotic, perhaps, less complex.(Spacing is poet's own.) HS Five stars!

Extolling The Merits Of *Nothing*

Most times,
nothing is routine.
Some feel *nothing* is bad;
others *nothing* is good.
There are times when
nothing will help
and moments
when *nothing* will remain.
When *nothing* is over
can *nothing* be saved?
And if,
nothing can be salvaged
does *nothing* remain?
And is *nothing* worse
than *nothing* at all.

Legendary Apparition

And in the street gossip, they say the crazy man is back.
He of the so sad song and the late, yes late hour
has come to devour their passion and real lost hope.
A child among them, real skinny and all teeth,
just an arrival to their cosmic brownstone.
He asks cocky questions in the fashion of a dumb punk.
He's to be set straight and quick for all sake
so the trombone man now of the bad lip
straightens him to the wall and talks real low.
The crazy man is life to himself and pulse to others.
He ain't never exchanged no woman for lies
and he can see a man and know the truth of his breath.
So a lady walks into his pulse and he asks.
Is this lady a false Marie or a willow step child?
All he speaks to her is air and space and potential.
Does he take her beyond the self. It's a guess.
They fuse close using words and pain.
He eyes flashes at our suggestion and the fire sears
'til we huddle within and wish for the last calendar.
The older ones denounce him and banish themselves
to an unhappy time for their own punishment loss.
But he cats on with that stroll and smile and glance.
It turns heavy with him and her as fate reduces them
from days to hours to minutes to empty promises.
Still he will not give her to us in any form but music.
When she is gone, he prowls and rambles and haunts
until we hide from him as if the magic is sour.
His only sound revolves in phrases of songs
that confuse sunrise and sunset with fine wine and flat beer.
But slowly, yes ever slowly, he catches the dew
and lays back on us with that "Well what happenin" style.
Yeah but the lady. We all know that he carries her.
With that snakeskin bracelet on his wrist,
scar on his upper lip and blood in his pocket
that old fire in his eyes is more mysterious
than the time it takes for oxygen to make your brain know
how crazy that sweet ghost man really is.

Canadian Frostbite

When I was 13 years old,
I delivered
'The Ottawa Citizen'
seven days a week
in sub-zero weather.

I would carry a green sack
of 52 papers back and forth
across four square city blocks.
Every two weeks,
I would get paid.
Then I would treat myself
to hot fries and warm gravy
in the Sears cafeteria.

I invited the first girl
I ever had a crush on
to meet me there
as our first date.

I bought fries and gravy
for two
and we found a table.
When I tried to hold her hand,
she saw two of her girlfriends
at another table,
picked up her plate
and joined them.

That was the coldest,
I have ever been.

THE POET SPEAKS:

The poem, "Extolling The Merits Of Nothing" was written after a friend of mine who was going through a rough patch in life told me that nothing matters anymore. I was inspired to play around with the concept of nothing.

The basic idea for the poem, "Legendary Apparition"

was inspired by a fellow I know who the general population views as crazy as a loon. Still in most cases, there is a grudging admiration for his loose and free lifestyle. Whenever our paths cross, I enjoy his slanted perspective on life.

“Canadian Frostbite” describes my first love interest. As a boy, I did live in Ottawa and I did have a paper route. The girl in the poem was the very first girl I was smitten with and the very first girl I ever asked out on a date. The result was a disaster and set my love life back a peg or two.

AUTHOR BIO: R. Gerry Fabian is a published poet and novelist. He has published four books of his published poems, *Parallels*, *Coming Out Of The Atlantic*, *Electronic Forecasts* and *Ball On The Mound*. In addition, he has published four novels : *Getting Lucky (The Story)*, *Memphis Masquerade*, *Seventh Sense* and *Ghost Girl*. His web page is <https://rgerryfabian.wordpress.com>
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