

The sudden death of John Coltrane sent
 random: "Black Pearls",
 I do not remember
 a pain
 That reedy violent
 insolent latter-day
 turgid
 wilful
 hideous distortion
 squeals, squeaks
 throttled
 modern.
 "modern"
 incomprehension
 anger
 boredom
 laughter
 this melancholy tendency
 among our duties
 to dervish-like heights
 of hysteria

 of more excruciating
 associates and admirers
 stature
 if he was boring
 enormously boring.
 If he was ugly
 massively ugly
 squeak and gibber
 hypnotic
 I regret Coltrane's death but
 a vast, a blessed silence.