

On a Bad Day for Banana Fish - March 12, 1966

Seymour, Seymour lived and died
inside a bursting vision grown
alone, alone, an epilepsy tried
to change all things the breath had known

Seymour, Seymour, so intense
immense emotions are my gift
to lift, sustain, to weep. Pretense
will never do, embraces never shift.