

A SALUTE TO RALPH WALDO

Richard Moore

He loved mystical gents,
dead Hindus on his shelf.
That makes wonderful sense,
now that he's dead himself.
Now that he's reached life's goal,
drink to his oversoul!

Moribund essayists
and dull commonplace rhymers
veiled in oblivion's mists—
in Waldo's case, Alzheimer's.
Dotty myself, I frolic,
finding his end symbolic.

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