



Forever Young

A man in blue said once to me
that he loved Optima, his type of type and then
he said he read of books in ancient times
but not for him in Mexico

*Only as painted images in your books
have we come to be alive in this place*

and then he said as he held in his hand not some thing
about blue or the Blues or even that painting which
he knew of Vermeer's Woman in Blue Reading a Letter
by a window which is open to us all because of him
and his Mexican friends from centuries past and
centuries, if we be lucky, to come and we too forever
young even though when I type those words I think of
the song by that Nobel Prize plagiarist it is words
written by this man unread though not dead or
forgotten and the images that will last forever