

*Elegy for Leonard Cohen*

(à la manière d'Allen Ginsberg)

This terrible, irritable dawn--  
This morning of Mourning--  
His obituary crowbars apart  
Prophecy and Nostalgia....

Always native to Heaven,  
Minting gleaming melodies,  
Freeing a nailed-down Christ,  
Obeying the mating-calls

Of mandolins and guitars, he  
Never abstained from Liberty,  
Never lost the Intelligence  
Of Dylan-dark sunglasses

And light making masterpieces  
Of shambles, or lighting up  
Cages where lovers loll,  
Lousy with tears and sighs....

Poet of Everything,  
He transcended conclaves  
Of critics, the murders  
Of poets, all those copycats--

Sordid franchisees of blues--  
Every presidency serving up  
Immaculate Corruption, the stale,  
white bread circulated with grease....

His insatiable suitcase,  
Portaging Gog and Magog  
(In eastern Quebec), Hydra,  
Rue Main, Manhattan, Havana,

Pursued the ghosts of Glory--  
Parliaments of movie screens--  
Fiestas of butterflies, and secret  
Eros, Eros, everywhere....

After auditing the News,  
I suffered the insomnia  
Of steel nails, heads battered  
Until drowsy, woozy in wood.

Eternity expires as eyes close--  
Or we succumb to sobbing....  
But the honest poet voids  
The dirty mind of Grief,

Knows the poet's grave  
Is his deathless poems--  
Dark, remorseless Beauty--  
Light that scalpels eyes open.

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Parliamentary Poet Laureate  
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