

## Leonard Cohen Is Dead

She and her guitar, the other of the door.  
I can hear her left hand the strings.  
She sings out a song by  
poet who died ago. It could—  
but it breaks. Know it.  
Right out the window, the night,  
the voices young men joust. Cars and sigh. Her

footing. The melody true. Her voice lifts.  
Begin to sing along: Artbreak Hotel  
is settling, by limb, into sleep.  
Am I a wall, a veil? She plaints.  
I a tourist in this gee-whiz busted china excelsior.

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