

Leonard Cohen Sings All Night

JOHN TUSTIN

Leonard Cohen sings all night
on my miserable wet black drive
to Pennsylvania,
and as he does
I wonder:
How does he know so much about you
when he wrote those songs
before you were even born?

And
he's got you pegged:
your mysticism,
your outworldliness,
your ocean half-empty,
your cacophony of forest sounds,
your sky full of tears and stars.

The jealousy I feel.
A man you've never met
could know you so well.

And I, who love you,
studied in your halls,
memorized your face,
cannot begin
to fathom
or articulate
or
comprehend you.