

Another Gen-X Icon Dead

ACE BOGGESS

Why are we the waning crowd,
grayest cloud, shattered vase
that once held crocuses & hope?

We went to school, ambitious to learn
so much that by our graduation
already had fallen out of fashion.

We strolled beaches collecting syringes.
We poured whiskey down one rat hole
after another. We sighed too often.

See again how little understood
we were & are, even to ourselves,
except in our music which defines us

like no age since the Beatles first
smoked weed. Our music promised us
we could be better, swore we'd fail,

each of us a new Meursault
stuck in the glue trap of meaninglessness.
Our music recognized us

for our weaknesses. It lived in us, &
now we've lost
one more piece of it.

Where do songs go when they die?
Must be a graveyard for broken notes;
heaven, too; rebirth.