

## *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.