

Poem for Humphrey Bogart

HERMAN BUSH

You always said the world
was three drinks behind,
but it was easier for you,
knowing how to grasp
the horns of this hallowed life,
riding for its worth.
Expelled from prep school,
you became the most famous
of Manhattan's surgeons' sons.
The Petrified Forest brought arrival
and thanks to George Raft's refusal
to work with a first time director,
The Maltese Falcon was also yours,
launching pad of your career
despite hits plays at twenty-one.
There are ways in which I am sure
you are still here, sailing
the sea's froth on Santana,
still showing us how to enter
the gaping mouth of life
while extracting and giving our all
before we're forever sequestered away.