

AUBREY HART

Museum Shop Man

I saw you, Aubrey Hart  
in the shape of a homemade fiddle  
and the smile of a poet.

I heard you in the tick-tock of a grandfather clock  
and the ring of a banjo.

I sense your soul in the souls of the kids  
who never stop dreaming their dreams.

I feel your touch in the touches of fingers  
of satisfied makers of things.

Aubrey, your crooked grin and your company  
are mine on the autumn days when I take honey  
from bees and like them for it.

I still see your bowed legs and squat frame  
in the hallway now and then.

I listen for the lop-sided thump of your limp,  
remembering that it cannot pass my  
door without exchange.

I blink to realize that some day  
memory of your genius might be  
discovered only inside of me.

