

DAVID HART

*He wrote*

He wrote his dying notes, aha, aha,

    a note in the night, a note at dawn if dawn it was,  
    if dawn or lamp, if note it was, written or only thought,  
aha alone, aha, aha.

There is a door but not that door, not his door now,  
the out-of-doors not his but different now, rebuilt but not to  
celebrate his being gone, where he left his door ajar, ah ha.

*Lord for thy tender mercy's sake, lay not our sins... he'd say, ah ha,*  
*Dear God and Father of mankind, lay not our sins... ah ha,*  
God be in my head, – and would tap his bald, his well-scratched.