



MY LARRY WATERBURY COLLECTION

2018-2025

RANDY BARKER

**POEMS AWAKENED WHEN LARRY WAS PRESENT....IN
OUR FAMILY, WITH HIS WONDERFUL CIRCLES OF FRIENDS,
INCLUDING HIS VERY SPECIAL CATS AND ALL BARKER
DOGS....AND MORE**



MAN AND BEAST

**It's something
To watch
Those signs of affection
Moisten up
Starting out with
A man who sounds kind
A hound who's all barky
Moving along
To friendship so sweet
Saliva-snouting wins the day
As he and she s'approvoiser.**

*Awakened watching Larry and Nala
fall for each other August 29 2018*



A WOOLEN CAP IN WINTER

*Caminante hay camino
Que es doblamente bueno
Cuando se trata de una
Gorra de lana en el invierno*
A man who knits his own
Wears it well
Stays cozy in artic cold
Mixes pride and joy in his look
Rolls from story to story
Savours Stabucks grinds
Friends felines with amour
And does so too with friends
Merits that Machado-Neruda salute
That says
*The way we travel
Is doubly good
When it's about
A woolen cap in winter.*

*For Larry Waterbury, admiring woolen cap
he knitted, Starbucks January 2018*



THE HAT I CAME IN ON

**The hat I came in on
about right
For your eighty-six years.
So much to keep safe and sound
As four of us
Journeyed around doctor stuff
This time wearing the other hat—
Or shoe
To keep our onychomycosis safe and sound.
That hat out of Arequipa
Liked it up there
And when it started home on you
My “Stop thief!”
Felt like betrayal
Of the therapeutic nihilism
You had voiced
Moments earlier.**

Awakened after Starbucks coffee w. Archie Golden George Kim, and Larry May 25 2018



SO MUCH HAS DEPENDED

(ON ENTERING MY EIGHTIES)

**So much has depended
upon
longtime sagesse at
ninety-four
touched up with savvy at
eighty-three
Beside the mirth-souling
midfifties.**

Awakened by Jerry Downs, Larry, and Jeffs' goodness at my 79th fete Dec. 1 2018



PARAPARASITOLOGISTS

"Clinorchis sinensis"

Is all it took

A warm-croissant lust

Summoning salivation and gustation

To pause

And permit a florid flow of papaparasitology

Sustained in one of us

By visions of missionary medicine in Africca

And in the other

Visions of Gaughin-ing in faraway parasitized places.

Then came Latin Linneaus would like:

If *Clinorchis sinensis* sat well

What of *Schistosoma* H J and M

(*haematobium*, *japonicum*, *mansoni*)

Plasmodium F O and V

(*falciparum*, *ovale*, *vivax*)

And *Paragonimus westermanni*?

The show-off paraparasitologist,

Satisfied with minimal microscopic science,

Cited paralyzing flukes with cholinergic drugs

And salivary-gland gleaning from mean biting bugs.

To get us back to our waiting well-milked café,

He chose to leave off with foot-eating cercariae

And to top off that with skin-biting filariae.

Awakened at Starbucks chat w. Larry about our early- on fondness for parasites in exotic places 12/21/18.



FIREBIRDING LUNCH

**Auspicious
I could ask,
Zesty as our alcove table
Seems today,
That she presides over us
And fans the fortunes of her people?
Today we her people
Discover and Delight
Fanning out
To New York City's vital
To Montauk Point's remote
To druggists' very long
To clarinet and pianos' then and now
All the while
Having what minutes and smiles and voices
Conjure best...
A getting to know that nests well in each
And says that hatching more is in our reach.**

Awakened by the firebird at Villagio Café over Hillary, Peter, Larry, Marie Claire, me at lunch 2/15/19.



LARRY WATERBURY

By Carmen Villena

Larry Waterbury

Quite a nifty name

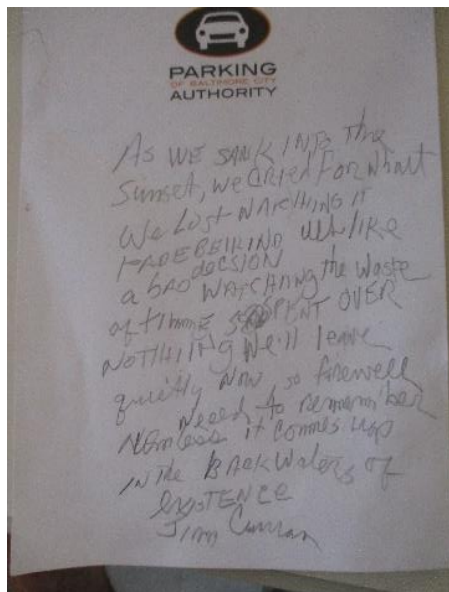
7 parts

Very long

In all, Waterbury

A bone or a berry

The End

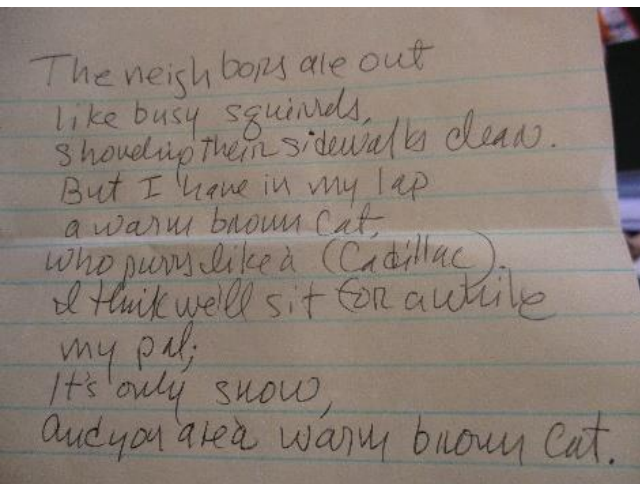


He said, Do you know Red River Valley?
I said, Actually No
He exclaims, You don't?
He started singing
in the hallway
with an aged voice
in his wheelchair
I heard his voice
But what I really heard
was the sentiment
behind the words
He sings of "True Love"

POETS

They help words
To
Go the places they go
Beget a mix of story music and mystery
Take readers mind-dancing
Recall joyful finding for their finders
Mingle readers and finders in ways
That let each have their own last says.

*Awakened when Jim, Billy, Cedric, and Carmen
sent me new poems February-March 2019.*



LARRY WATERBURY
By Carmen Villena
Larry Waterbury
Quite a nifty name
7 parts
Very long
In all, Waterbury
A bone or a berry
The End I



ANTIQUER ROSES ON A CITY STREET

**Antiques
Are the roses
Almost over-petalled
Abundant in a bunchy way
And
Full of fragrance
Reminiscent of bowlsfull
In grandparent's parlors
Is how I see it.
What I don't see
Till now
Is the likelihood I would ever scent or meet
Antique roses in the dark on a city street.**

Awakened when Larry MC and I saw antique roses On Park avenue Friday night Sept 20 2019.



CANE AND HOUND

**A comely wooden cane
Near to those three
Implies that
Each in their way
Touches our ears or eyes
In instrumental manners
The mellow looks
You have for each other
Mirror well.
A bright brass trombone
In slides and lip attacks
A multi-keyed clarinet
In mouth and finger finesses
A collection of pens and papers
In lines and shadow showings
Reach us as your emissaries
With artful offerings you have for us,
Oh so happy that like that hound that like that cane
You bring to mind we'll hear and see your stuff again.**

Awakened by the Solly Larry and Natalie's looks, on the day of Natalie's MICA show and preceding Solly and Larry's planned Christmas day concert.(4 "that's" broke my vow to avoid "that's") Dec 7 2019.



TWO

The occasion beckoned
The visitation of
One wooden stick to another
Followed by musing on two:
"Tea for..."
"One for the money...for the show"
"...timin' no good..."
"One...three strikes and..."
"...birds of a feather"
"Jamais ...sans trois"
"like as ...peas in a pod"

Back there where the two sticks stand
My take on two
Is easy and sweet
And all about where we two go
Any time we make the time
Assured from the time before
There's so much much more
To traverse
Where we'll go when we settle and start into talk
Bound together
More than ever by two sticks whenever we walk.

Awakened when my wooden walking stick met Larry's at Osher October 2019



GEMUTLICHEIT

**Chewy
Succulent
Awash in warm dark sauce
Vinegary to the palate,
Two dumplings
Bursting forth with potato breath
Reigning royally in silky satin
Summoning soft hunks of boiled beef
Acquainting beef and beer and wine....
Offered these four gerunded beaux gestes**

**So four of five assembled for this mid-day meal,
Either from fond fidelity from past repast
Or from first ever feasting on this teutonic platter,
Would utter guttural utterances
To denote the Gemutlichkeit
These dumplings and sauer beer, beer and wine
Had brought to light.**

Awakened by Bill Rowles' joy-filled utterance "EUGHH!" over sauer beef & dumplings at the Silver Spring Mining Company to denote his Gemutlichkeit for Marianne Larry Marie Claire and Randy. 12/18/19.



A MEMOIRISTS' POTPOURRI

**"The chemistry is so good!
Becomes "Ah quel bouquet!"
If the perfume we savour
Is gustatory
So the after-taste lingers
Releasing longing for a pousse-café
On another day
Au Bistro du Village.
My aromatic memory
Mixes
Champignons, Curried Bush-Meats, Soupe á L'oignon,
Escargots, et Crème Brulée
With palates pampered by Sauvignon Blanc
Airing fables and facts all around our table
About Smokey Dingos, Aunts Gertrude galore, lacrosse lore, and war.
Till we do it all over again,
No matter the matter I keep
From our nine-memoirist pot pourri
This well-fed memoirist will not worry.**

Awakened by a 9-memoirist lunch: Betty, Marie Claire, Sam, Randy, Sandy, Larry, Peter, Bill Stu 12/19/19



A GENTLE AND SWEET DANCE

Two Gentles.

Two Sweets.

Hard with what words I know

To say what I want to say

But

How sweet the sound

Around this living room of ours

When each muscles an embrace

Onto what's wrapped up in his lips

For the sake of sounds

Surprisingly soft and lofty.

Each is bright all on his own

But

The duet way they dance

Each reaching over

To lead or follow notes

One offers the other

Fills up the air with celebration

More than Gentle

More than Sweet

But

They need that Gentle and they need that Sweet

To meet there in the middle so each of us here hears

Music made with both within and without for our ears.

*Awakened watching and hearing Solly and Larry rehearse for their Christmas clarinet-trombone concert
December 21 2019.*



HABÍAMOS HABLADO DE ESE POLLO

Anticipation.

In their mutual looks
 In their gait
 In his sure-stick stride
 In his always affable aura,
 That is what I see.
 What I know
 Of the satisfaction
 The sensual in savouring something
 Heretofore unsavoured
 Brings to one
 And
 Of the satisfaction

The sensual in acquainting someone
 Nonetheless readied
 Brings the other
 And
 Of how talk of Pollo a la Brasa
 Bandied about
 About a week before
 Gave birth to a plan
 Makes the aforementioned
 No mystery to me.
 And
 I surmise the eyes of another, unaware,
 Would also see, in each, *Anticipation* there.

Awakened regarding Larry and Oswaldo as we embarked for a Pollo a la Brasa lunch January 3 2020.



PORTRAIT OF A PAMPERED PUSS

**This Portrait of a Pampered Puss
Owes its brush strokes
To an ardent Felinophilia
Decades in development
About which I cannot claim a critic's expertise,
Just my chance acquaintance
With past and present parts
Of the aesthetic terrains
That animate the master's master strokes:
The daily odyssey his outdoor cat
Accomplished from house to house.
The self-assigned vigil
another now nightly lays upon his chest.
The adoration those feline actions evoke
Help explain the love I see in every pamper-stroke.**

Awakened watching Larry and Alexander, in the context of two of his cat anecdotes I have heard 1/3/20.



MY MOTHER'S CONCERT HALL

A gentle smile
 Digits nine decades at it
 And
 His mother
 Embraced and enraptured us
 One hour
 In the thrall of
 The Moonlight Sonata
 All three movements
 An Impromptu from Chopin
 Then Franz Schubert
 Warm dry and cozy
 Indoors
 Where the cool wet and shivery
 Outdoors
 Had no claim on us

Whence our host and celebrant
 Came through
 In what he played and what he said:
 Piano passion
 A maternal bequest at nine
 Moreso, perhaps,
 Grandmotherly
 From her who played that Sonata too.
 The joy of creative abundance
 Visible while we lusted on listening
 Deepened the depth of our pleasures
 Arrayed upon his mother's framed art
 And
 Declared he must give his music its all
 Because he's playing in *her* concert hall.

Awakened by the concert offered by Bob Levy to Larry, Jerry, Marie Claire, and me in his apartment in the presence of the extraordinary framed paintings of his mother 2/6/20.

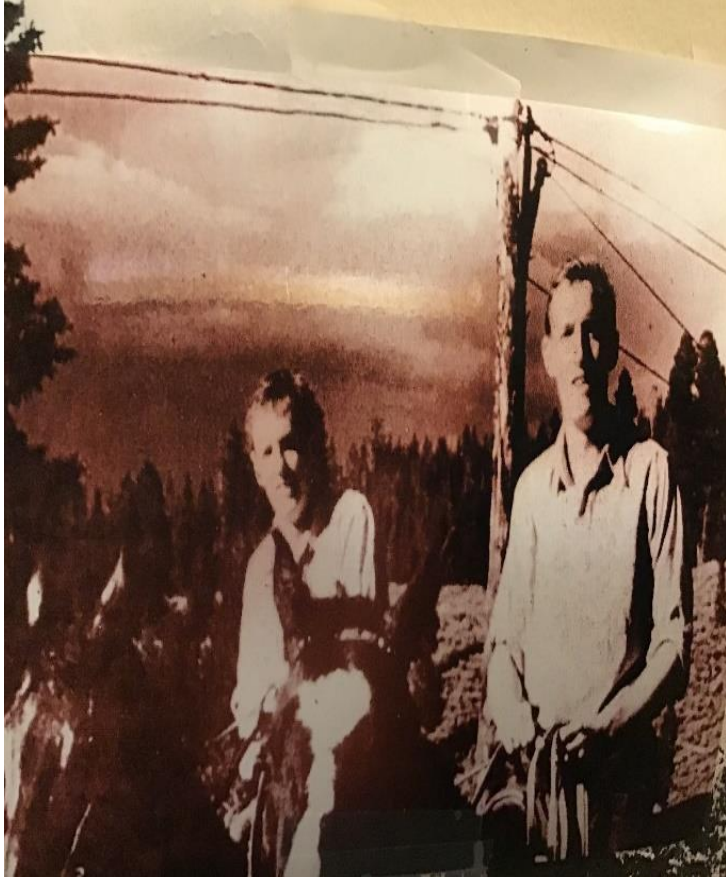


LOS COLORES DE LA TARDE

The idea there are colors
That live together so well
Almost audible fragrant and palpable
After they have saturated mere gazing
Came to us today
When
A beige-yellow cap
Shading soft-bronze facial features
An orange-ochre scarf
Framing off-green wool fibers

And
A wood-colored wood cane
Nesting on linden-tint trousers
Were what a dear friend
Sitting in the afternoon sun
Seemed to put in our way:
Los Colores de la Tarde.

*Awakened by the colors of the afternoon Larry
brought on our Notre Dame walk. 3/21/20.*



A MORNING AT THE FIVE-GAIT CAFÉ

**We settled in The horses:
Saddled up on fresh mounts His named Fox
And covered a lot, In Waco
As usual,
Said to be a five-gaiter
Stoked on hazelnut coffee Mine named a slew of names
With butter-baked French pastry. In Montana
The best of the lot From lope-alongs to Belgian teamsters.
(there's always a best I find) Fox got combed and caressed each day
Came along The way I caressed brother horsemanship.
In our walks our ambles here our ambles there Like any outdoor trek .
Our trots then our canters to gallops With a mate made for the long haul
Reincarnating our horses. Ours, from easy-paced openers to galloping stuff
He, around twelve and older. Found us once more finding more than enough.
Me, more like twenty.**

Awakened enjoying a long morning breakfast on Larry's new deck chairs, where our times with Horses (Larry's was Fox) took first place among the day's reminiscences June 12 2020.



WHITE CAP CHAP

Midday warm sunshine
Meets a gent all over
Unless
He shirts up and belts up
And
Covers the globe atop his hedge-row of hair.
Today the chap I saw
Did that....

Flanneur,
In equilibrium with the heat of the day
Looking off
At what came his way,
Left-arm making an angle on his hip
Right leaning lightly on a stick,
All this assuring when he gets home to nap
Clarity may follow, owing to his nice white cap.

Awakened by the look of Larry in his dapper new white cap, at Lake Roland May 23 2020.



NEWBORN RED ROADSTER

**Rouge Gorge
Or red throat
Tells anyone what to expect
Of a bird by that name.
Newborn Red Roadster
Before it flies by
Brings up cute, small
Wheels that do not hide their stuff,
And spiffy all over.
Yesterday, two hours into life out and about,
One flew by,
Scooped up a trombonist
And blew out of here bright and brassy
Doing its best to keep things classy.**

Awakened by Larry's new Mini Cooper that gave Solly a ride home to his trombone lesson 8/11/20



A CAT MEMOIR

Fur, off gold and swirly,
Seems right for a head held just so
For the right reason:
His master went to fetch what is over there
And he recounts the story,
Once again.
Details that tell the reader more
In a piece intended to celebrate a speck of a life?
This memoir has plenty.
A white tissue stands where he pulled its antecedent out.
The piano lid is up where he pounded out a three-key casual chord.
Photos he passed and glimpsed say this has been our life.
Outdoor light shines bright-to-soft across the wall.
Legible letters say who he is.
These details swirl around the piece
But the detail thoughtful readers will keep best
From this cat memoir pawing all over them
Is the sheer devotion this noble feline evinces
For their day-to-day togetherness like two princes.

Awakened by the Zoom of Alexander in Larry's place at the break Thursday April 15 2021.



WAPO CAT

**"After I've finished with it"
Takes charge
When I see the steely look
He tosses me.
A Washington Post front page
Beckons with all its might to whoever is nearest,
Lights desires to get into the stories one by one,
Makes that proximal person proprietary to the hilt.
From years of prepping to snatch it
And losing any hope of doing that
Why not the same with a WAPO cat?**

Awakened by the look of Alexander who was the proprietor of Larry's July 3 Washington Post July 4 2021.



GARLIC

We tongued it up to our hard palate,
Dropped down,
Tasted the fine fragrance of our oral essence,
Is the best way I know to say
There was garlic all over the place today.
We marinated strong and long in
Messages from Zeus
Commas from Delphi
A fie upon a Golden Age
One Sabbath 3 faiths in Thessaloniki
Baguettes for music and for meals
Wines from windy places
Wines from Phoenicians
Wines from volcanic ash
Wines from Bordeaux
A lamb without mint jelly
A lamb without garlic
A lamb with garlic
Garlic from a Caveman
Garlic on a librarian....
And messages from Moira.
By naptime, our fragrances filled up the place
And Moira messaged "Stay with your grace."

*Awakened recalling fragrance of stories heard over lamb & garlic by Larry Francette, and us, Chez Spiliadis 2/21/22
(Moira, Greek goddesses who determines human destinies)*



“THERE’S NOTHING LIKE KNOWING”

The pearl he uttered
 Emanated from an array of accounting
 For how-to-ing
 Handymen had handled in our homes.
 “I was too” topped the utterance
 When *Born In Paris*
 Was what the “too” was all about,
 Almost topped anew by
 “We drove through Paris every week
 And we never stopped
 Where it said ‘only whites’ ”

An exegesis on the utterance and on Paris

Awakened by stories Larry, Francette, & Marie Claire told about handymen and 2 places called Paris 3/20/22

Would elude an objective investigator on this case
 Whilst an objective observer like me
 Could re-arrange the artefacts he sees
 And account for all,
 Based on good recall:
 Tony and Raymond had “I can fix it” know-how
 All our homes testify to through and through.
 In east Texas, there’s a Paris
 Where he got his show on the road
 And a road where her itinerant pastor-partner and she
 Iterated to preach the gospel every week, without Marie.
 “In France,” said another Marie, “I was born in Paris.”



NEWLY MINTED FRENCHMEN HAIKU

Skeptical scowling

And intense questing for light

Frame French vests and caps

Awakened by the messages Larry ad Stelios pronounce in their vest and cap, from le marché de Vernon 8/30/22



A DUET DOES A QUARTET

**I said to two
The way four tossed Haydn's theme back and forth
To take the lead
Matched five at the top tossing the ball back and forth
To take a lead in the Final Four in March.
Everyone a connoisseur:
Eyes on one another
Hands brainy as brains
Mastery from myriad marinations
Pleasures in pleasing appreciators.....
Almost as if to say to two who came to savour
We sent you rose petals to return the favor.**

Awakened by the Ivalas Quartet candlelight concert we attended with Francette et Larry 5/1/22





PLOTTING "DFD-AOW"

Strewn

On a big green bedspread
 10 seventh grade handwritten compositions
 1925-1932 leather-bound daily diaries
 Transatlantic love-letters numbered 1 to 20
 "Mummy-Daddy Wedding Photo" book
 1936 Mother & Dad letters from New York
 Bound published research in the 1930s
 1930s and 1940s letters from friends all over
 Office ledger listing all charges 9/9/38 to 1/4/49
 Dictated notes on & to patients and doctors
 Letters to Mummy after Daddy died March 27 1949.

Collaged

In a digitized photo-spread
 1035 North Calvert Street
 208 Stratford Road
 Gilman School in Roland Park
 1912 McElderry Street & Welch Library
 Ranelagh mansion in Woodbrook
 Elkridge Kennels golf and tennis club
 445 E. 65th Street, New York City
 1020 N. St. Paul & Belvedere Hotel
 4302 Wendover Road & Two Kernway homes
 905 Poplar Hill Road.

This week I plotted "Diaries From Daddy & Other Windows: Finding My Father"

After reading sorting sticky-labelling myriad paper relics spread onto a bed

After a chauffeured photo-shooting trip to wherever Daddy laid his head.

Awakened gazing at paper artefacts galore & photos made when Larry drove me around Baltimore to every place my father lived, worked, and played ..preliminary to writing "Diaries From Daddy", my account of his life 2/24/23



BLUE COUNTRYMAN HAIKU

**A blue Countryman
Alights in Spring blossom love
Like a brand new bird.**

Awakened admiring the look of Larry's new car in which we rode to a concert March 26 2023



THE APRIL 25th ACCORD

November 2020
The terrorist in his fur
Flew forth fully-fanged
To rent her slacks asunder
Is how she recounts the day.

How solace-saturated
She was today
After a mediator mediated
A tummy-scratch across the board
To be Known as the April 25th accord.

Awakened seeing Francette and Minuit developing an all-new amity, mediated by Larry April 25 2023.





NICKNAMED

I said to myself
Foxfire
Firefox
In the way I have
Of having to hitch a nickname on
Whenever the getting to know gets deep.
Fox was even born on the range
By the Texas horse he rode all day.

A test of Foxfire and Firefox
Found its way into my inner ear
Before any trial loud and clear.
Nope:
“Hey Foxfire” felt way way off the mark
“Howdy Firefox” sort of a half-baked arc.
For un caballero totalmente gallardo
I’ll nickname Larry henceforth “Renardo.”

Awakened wanting to give Larry a good nickname and finding a fox-word that works, inspired by the fox overhead (and the fire) at the Manor Tavern 5/2/23



NATIVES

Texas Paris Flatbush,
Places evoking cowpokes vanguardians and street-wisers,
Will co-mingle with
Pigtown Roland Park Towson,
Places evoking downtowners, uptowners and outskirters,
Is how the story went in the twentieth century.
How it all turned out
Is a good place to start.
The Pigtown boy is all aequanimitas
According to how his spicey spouse rangles him in.
The Roland Parker is awash in words and recallings
According to how his Cherie grants him shares of her France.
The Towson gal is spiffy in the sympathetic savvy she espouses
According to how her unassuming soulmate embraces it well.
Three natives owe three aliens who chose to show up and stay
Those gifts to their lives they note, at the start of each day.

Awakened appreciating how John, I, and Marianne, Baltimore natives, lucked out with our" alien" mates Sue, Marie Claire, and Mike during a warm evening at Le Bistro du Village....with Larry as our reliable witness July 21 2023



POUCHED POOCH

The back story:

Fridays they do seven miles.

Water whip-crème and pouching

Wake up the look of legs and snout

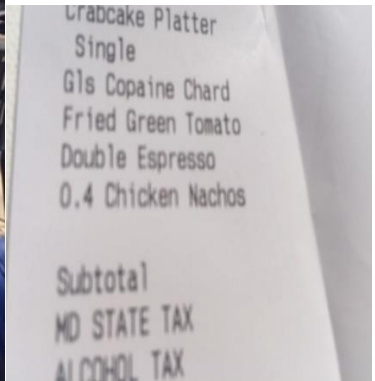
Fitted to the climax of the tale....

Her abbreviated parts and power

Suffice to match her mistress the first five

But for six and seven she is out of drive.

Awakened at Starbucks when I & Larry, he newly nose with whoever comes along, ask. 9/22/2



LARRY'S NACHOS

Appetizers

**By any other name,
Larry's chicken nachos
Got trifurcated on the bill of fare
When his early satiety
Signaled to two other parties
"Au secours"
And everyone reached out.
These days
"Please reach out"
Says to others
Keep the human family alive
At a time when
To walk out of one's house
In any village or town or city
Is to find unfounded fury all around.
Today's dissemination of one man's tacos
Said to me
Touch and taste and have some more
Was a way for five of us to celebrate
The Person-to-Person that's scarce of late.**

Awakened recognizing how sharing of Larry's tacos spoke to Barker-Moravec-Waterbury amity 10/13/23



DIONYSUS

Hera had a hand in it
 But that's all
 Dionysus
 When you slipped into then out of
 Zeus's thigh.
 Your why I am here
 Was wine,
 Ethereal keeper of moderation
 If the Greek citizens could keep it
 When their give and take,
 Not the give and take of women servants and slaves,
 Begat decisions.

Dionysus, you beckoned grain
 To make the bread the work of wine would need
 To go from Golden Age to Neocolonial abuse.
 And Demeter obliged.
 Beer-bellied barbarians and Ottomans drank no wine.
 But Byzantines made up for that:
 They made sacred both Wine and Bread,
 No longer the stuff of moderation....
 Now the host from consecration,
 Sure to outlive all other claimants to wine's crown.
 All this we know from a Greek who bound us in a spell
 As he and wine and Dionysus enchanted us right well.

Awakened savouring Stelios' Springwell symposium on Dionysus' long journey on behalf of wine. 12/19/23



CONVIVIAL HAIKU

Convivial abounds
When "Allons Enfants" befalls
A table of friends

Awakened hearing Marie Claire et Anne belt out "La Marseillaise" at a table Zoe blessed with angelic food at Springwell...for Francette, Larry, Pauline, Stelios, Caroline, MC, Anne, & me December 19 2023



FIVE IRON UP

Ten take off
To land who knows where
When one re-tells another's tale.
Not used to being a five iron,
Each checks in with each
To iron out unknowns.

The way air-born feels fine,
We ten now alight
Unready to come on down,
Okay with Ira's heave-ho
Into a golf-smitten ascent
At a fete no one wants to end.



Awakened hearing Larry recount Ira's first moment on the links when the 5 iron flew up up & away, as we did at Larry's Bistro du Village lunch party for his world of friends. 7/28/24



PARACHUTERS

**From hearing of heights granddaughters defy
To alleging acrophobia
While recounting twenty-five jumps,
The parachuter regaled
And got as good as he gave:
He was a jumping American doctor
Who knew the head is not a point of contact.
She was a three year old Anglo-German girl
Who got dressed up and photographed in white
In American parachute silks and satins.
Like many inter-twining lifetime revelations
These parachuted into their evocations.**

Awakened hearing Larry tell of parachuting & Pauline of dress-making with WW II parachutes 3/1/24



SOUL

How is it someone with whom I share my whole

Now traverses every day in a small white Soul?

Awakened marveling at the fact my soul-mate Larry now goes everywhere in a Kia Soul 3/21/24



MAYFLOWER FIXATION

One had eaten every one
And wondered whether pigs have wings
So none would call him all-amiss
Upon breach of his oyster promise.
By now each was trotting right along
One savoring his recall of a song,
Both fixated on what his senses sensed
Such as what his fork was up against
Or whether what was in his tumbler
Would make of him a bumbling mumbler.
The two looked up at others at the table
To chant a fact that begat a brand new label:
When our mothers delivered us in balmy bowers
We were each, it seems, late Mayflowers.

Awakened when Clayton ate the oysters he promised to share, then he and Larry decided to declare their birthday: Clayton 31 of May and Larry the immediate preceding day, Valley Inn May 16 2024



BISTRO BEATIFIED

**Dictionaries say
Beatify is
To make supremely happy.
Each did that
The way long long meandering
Does.
If a story started in another century,
Then everyone found everyone today,
I cannot find a better way
To have my poet's hunger satisfied
Than to call us all Bistro Beatified.**

Awakened savouring a wonderful re-joining...Mustapha, Elaine, Larry, Sophie, Marie Claire, me at Le Bistro 11/21/24





THE FRIAR'S ULTIMATA FOR FOXES HOUNDS RATTLESNAKES AND ME

Hooded Friar Laurence, who once said
"Wisely and slow. They stumble that run fast,"
Is back
To help me find my measure,
Long-lost Hound and new-found Fox, I.
So much comes into play
On this Ultimate Frisbee day:
Coaches are capped cautious and coaxing,
Mere and Pere are internetting oracles,
Player pals are fist-pumping passion on the side,
Players running fast are not stumble-prone,
White whirling discs are gripped and flung.

The friar recalls days as a Texas Rattlesnake,
Pre-frocked, never Prufrocked, and an ace,
One I trust more, now he has his hood.
How to help me dare disturb the universe
Is how I measure what I want from him:
Simply put, I need the savvy that he lends
Upon Shall I cheer Gilman or cheer Friends?

Awakened liking Larry's monk-like look as I ponder "cheer Gilman, my alma mater, or my grandson's Friends?" 4/4/25



VEGGIE DOG'S BEST FRIEND

When dogs leave messages here and there
 Most expect the news to be this and that
 Perhaps of near catching of a rat or cat.
 This year a rumor I can verify
 Has a canine who chose to defy
 Gravity and other grounded ends,
 Boarding one of her special friends
 Known for being pretty edgy
 About ingesting any veggie.
 The thickness of the plot that I spell out
 Has said dog just aft of her shiny snout
 Tonguing four green asparagus spears
 Just before each of them disappears,
 A bit like the way the oyster fest
 Became a walrus-carpenter ingest.
 The veggie dog's message for her neighbors
 Reeked of amino acid-odored flavors,
 The gift of asparagus in the pee
 To dogs, as well as you and me.

*Awakened watching Zia come up to her old friend Larry and without hesitation gobble up his asparagus. 4/20/25
 (Asparagus contains an amino acid called asparagusic acid, which breaks down during digestion into volatile sulfur
 compounds. These compounds are then excreted in the urine, causing the characteristic odor)*



CRÈME BRULÉE

The horse whose name reared up was Fox
But most rode in on Creme Brulée
And found no end of trails
Where crusty sweetness
Uncovered a custard so rich
We knew we were home on the range.
One turn around the table
Found an earful of Waco to Upper Westside lore,
A passle of offspring great and grand,
A doctoral award for restoring ups and abouts,

A horse here and a horse there along the way,
Shiraz little guy whose dad went down to Waco,
Lass with far-off roots in Donnegal,
Montana saddle-up kid from way back east,
Bomb-sheltering little girl in not so gay Paris.
If the sweet and crusty and custardy
Was about right to get our palates going,
The sauvignon blanc du jour
Assured all we all had to say
Etait soigneusement arosé.

Awakened savouring recall of the heart-filled give and take among old friends at Le Bistro du Village 4/29/2



“THEN I WOULD LOSE A WONDERFUL FRIEND”

There are refrains and refrains
When we eyeball late life’s pains.
But
Oh, how visits to our lives
Recall appreciations
Like fired multi-color goblets
Made to keep and release “bulles”
Taking us to their huge-hearted maker.
Or
Like a likeable a man named “Lee”
Who shares that name with me
Summoning bubbly cider from France.

Or
Like today’s trim of his curly locks
Framing the look of his kindly eyes.
Or
Like a photo-poetic look-see
At a man of God and other matters
Agreeing “no talk of God” when tying a knot.
Or
Like mysteries he reads with a culinary cat
Regaling him as he regales and regales her.
These appreciations and many many more
Owe all to the times of After Larry and Before.

Awakened remembering Larry’s magic with Francette as we drank cidre bouché from Russ Russom’s goblets 5/12/25



FIRST OYSTER

I need to think
 Is human.
 I am an oyster
 Is primeval.
 The human part of this pretty piece
 Wins affection from members of the tribe.
 The mere essentials of the primeval player
 Are like life coming ashore and staying at sea.

Awakened treasuring the sacred moment when Larry, after much thought, savours his first oyster, Black Olive 6/5/25

A moment leaves this relecting quite at rest
 When thought leans in to utter lust
 When slurping becomes all there is
 When glory assaults a precious palate
 When joy rolls round his ethereal eyes
 And
 A mariner eighty-eight years at sea
 Knows his first oyster was meant to be.



BITSY COX

The question posed
“When you were seventeen?”
Came from my recent ramble into mine.
From “I was shy”
From the other guy
Came this ramble:
“I proposed going steady to Bitsy Cox.”
Bitsy it seems gave off glamour of a special kind
But his proposal never crossed the finish line.
The back story of 1950s expectations
Every guy had a gal for all occasions
Brought a deeper dive into that self-satisfied time
When cars had wrap-arounds and movies cost a dime.
Conform Conform Conform was the suffocating norm
Even if your own going steady was just lukewarm.
The string of names I collected
Are easily resurrected...
Fayne, Sue, Susan, Althea in that order...
Kept by a prototypic teenage hoarder.
This octgenarian romp through yesteryear
Showed how far-off facts readily appear,
Especially when there’s been a reckoning
With misplaced materialistic beckoning.

Awakened savouring our Bistro journey back to 1950s teenaging, beginning with Larry’s Bitsy Cox saga 7/10/25



THREE REDS

Thirteen to fourteen up at the monastery
 Making his way to monking and making wine
 Adds a story Thucydides or Herodotus or both
 Would include if they were at it today.
 They, like the minor monk, are not with us tonight
 Like Nick.

Nick is back from the wine vault below.
 He returns with his triplets from 1998:
 La Landonne La Mouline La Turque,

Awakened savouring a gathering at The Black Olive (founded 1997) where Nick Coutros offered superb red wines from France & we & Larry learned that young Stelios almost became a Greek monk. 7/24/25

Born live and young to celebrate Year One
 Of the place where a goose-neck decanter
 Decants into three glasses each
 Samples, twenty-seven years later.
 Nick tangoes a glass through the air then tastes.
 His gaze at his Greek partner, who did not monk,
 Declares what that failed monk doesn't debunk:
 Wines like these in the presence of friends
 Reach nothing less than Olympian ends.



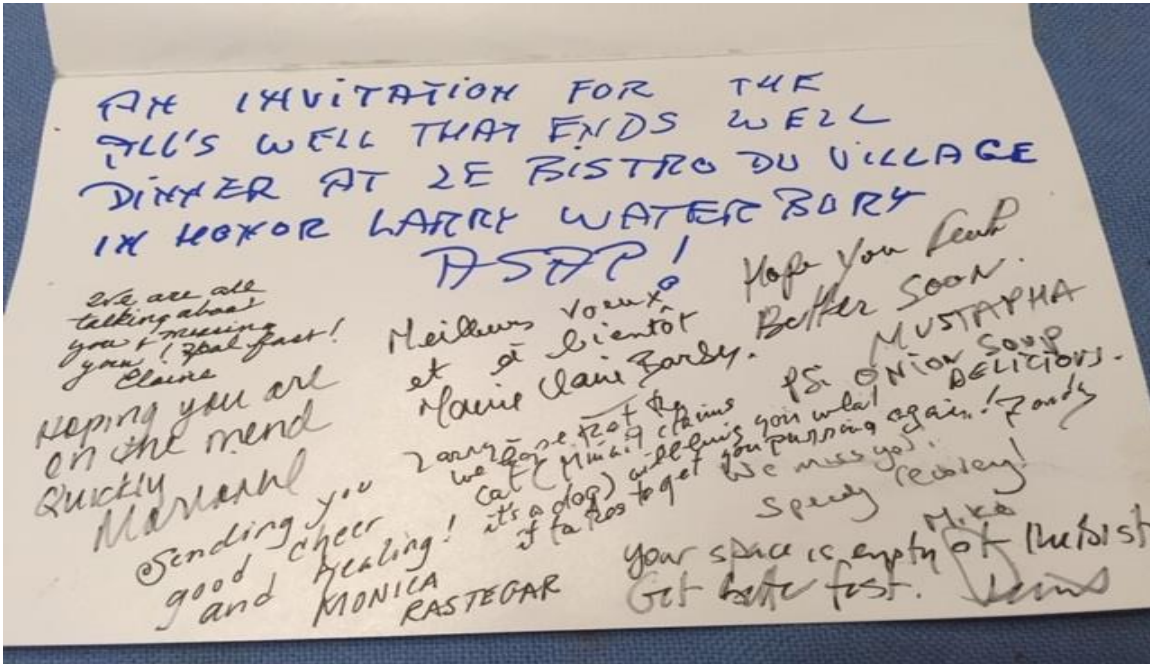
HIGH ALTITUDE

What happens on his hat or in her hair
Salutes the lofty kind of musing
Five found flying round their fare...
A mix of grubb of their choosing
Mussels, green tomatoes, crabs, and pig...
The preposterous proposal that one page
Suffices to make one's case, small and big,
Landed as the cogitation of a well-fed sage.

Awakened recalling all that came down from on high to enrich a Moravec Barker Waterbury lunch 8/26/25

More fall-out alluded to Green Beret spam
Including parachuting from ninety K
And pulling teeth from hill-folk in Nam
Before protests befell us day by day.
Prospects for persisting a few more years
Brought up everyone's credo "I will not fall"
And musing upon what fell above her ears
Plus ginkgo leaves making eighty best of all.





ASAP

Matisse knew there was a man coming along
 So enamored of feline festivity
 He would know which paw craved this
 And which craved that.
 In a word this man
 Would know all
 `Concerning a cat.
 I think Matisse was so chagrined
 He made his recumbent dog fill in
 Its canine head with a feline bearing
 Sufficient to have many staring,
 Awaiting not a woof but a purr
 From what the label calls a cur.
 Today that cur-puss purr-barks with esprit
 Meow-woof, get Larry home ASAP.

Awakened recognizing I always see a cat where Matisse made a dog, meaning this one's for Larry 9/4/25



BACK IN PLAY

Embouchure may not explain
Why a clarinet-embracing cat
Chooses snoozing at this time.
one saw or heard him work his lips
To coax vibrating from its reed
Or press then ease off of its keys.
His choice to sprawl his all
Across his master's instrument
May be his furry feline way to say
He's glad his master's back in play.

Awakened watching huge Alexander choose Larry's clarinet to rest his head, happy to have him home 10/2/25



TRIUMVIRATE

If to heal is to make whole,
I think I see three healers in play.
I start with the one who has panache
And works today from the middle.
He meditates hard in the back of his eyes
Bringing the mystery his species inspires
To add part of what wholeness requires.
The chap to the right
Has brought to this pre-surgical rally
Refreshments to comfort each guest,
But his way of being healer, meanwhile,
Is the message he sends with his smile.
The man enrobed in red blue and beige
Rests his hands where they are at rest,
Each in touch with all they have done.
The healings these hands have extended
Well known to me, his good friend,
Tells me he's about to be a healer again.
It's a joy seeing each in his role, as a triumvir,
Assuring one comes home, whole in the clear.

Awakened seeing in Larry, Alexander, & Francis a team that will mean good healing for Larry next week 10/11/25



AMITY

Treats in a bright tin bowl
As in days of yore and old
Must emit whatever tricks
Time has turned into the fix
Nearby Siberians appreciate
So much both cats gravitate

To where their eyes glimmer
Whilst what might simmer
Into fur-flight feline competition
Subsides into ambrosial submission.
Behold not claw and tooth calamity
But nose to nose treat-eating amity.

Awakened watching Larry watch his Siberian cat siblings Sophie & Alexander eat treats. October 26 2025



TRAVELING TO BROTHERS IN LIFE *(a journey in progress)*

Here's what I mean by traveling to brothers in life.

First I go Six or Twenty-five Thirty
Forty Forty-four Fifty Fifty-two Fifty-four
Fifty-five Fifty-seven years.

One day, the sun gets in my eye,
Rising or setting,
And I stop. I have reached a brother in life.

Six years of late-in-life brotherhood alight in crooked-tooth smiles
A brother and I offered across a wheat and vine mosaic-tile aisle
Then every week across word-feasting love for one another,
Setting when his valiant struggle from the age of one released him.

Twenty-five years of brotherhood alight in moving-along easy talk
With a brother whose provenance is now my own brother's
Who jogged me, walked me, and bade me sit,
Setting when we kissed without another word.

Thirty years of brotherhood alight in paintings all over my dome
From a brother and free-lance angel who brought us together
When being brought together was what we needed, and,
Setting, left us a happy brighter *"closer walk with thee"*.

Forty years of brotherhood alight in an impish smile
And a promise *"I've got Russian stories...lots of Russian stories..."*
From a brother who feels my embrace above the neck only,
Rising from a fall that poured all his light into his impish smile.

Forty-four years of brotherhood alight in an irrepressible quest
To heartwarm us both with a pot on the fire and a *"tiens," an "alors", a "formidable"*
From a brother I walk and cherish the moon with,
Rising from a heart stop-and-start that made us thankful to have that pot on the fire.

Fifty years of brotherhood alight in round-the-lake walks and talks and lunches
Taking us back to times of doctoring and sailing and sauntering
With a brother become uncle become adored amoroso,
Rising surrounded by cats cacti and a lover bigger than life.

Fifty-two years of brotherhood alight in thoughts sung out
Like *"Scavengers write verse, you know!"*
From a brother just when I'm singing out *"You're still so young!"*
Rising to sing out *"Young Barker there!"* and seeming to mean that too.

Fifty-four years of brotherhood alight in a thousand-legged journey
Through boyhood and doctorhood and conversinghood
With a one-legged brother
Setting suddenly in a Sibelius moment as old as our friendship.

Fifty-five years of brotherhood alight in fraternal folding into our family
As godfatherly clarineter, canine-embracer, oyster-discoverer, cat-whisperer
Known to me first for how he meant it when he called patients *"nifty,"*
Setting after coming as an angel to all, still an angel we hear and love.

Fifty-seven years of brotherhood alight in an olden days name only he called me
And his *"woo woo"* that summed up a whole mess of savvy
From a brother I cannot embrace or cherish the moon with now,
Setting to a choice to be free and to leave a light-dark streaked pageant for us to see.

That's what I mean by traveling to brothers in life.

Awakened December 2002, April 2003, May 2004, May 2007, February 2014, January 2022, November 2025: For Larry Jim, Bernie, Jerry, Mark, Bob, Frank, Jerry, Nate, Ted when they became my brothers in life.

