

## SONG FOR MARILU (1977) PART ONE (STANZAS 1 & 2)

In sixty five upended seconds, Sister played the Minute Waltz,  
Not knowing that was not the point at all.

And down the years I hear Corrine, Corrinna,  
From the country chords of Uncle Ben's Guitar.  
His was a song of Southern white man's blues,  
And it echoes from the porch-swing down the hall.  
In '45 he came back from his South Pacific cruise,  
But he'd lost the voice of music in the War.

In the ticking of my father's Big Ben double-bell alarm clock  
Were the post and finish of my sister's race  
With the failing of the salon light of a dying Polish pianist,  
While Donald Duck has flung into the face  
And the phoenix-Fueher's eye  
A pop-art cartoon pie,  
As if meringue could cataract the retina of sin  
And erect a skin against the night of evil  
That forever dies, and is reborn  
Into the pattern of upended time that we have always been,  
Into the pattern of time we've always been.  
The tensions of the years have snapped three strings  
On Uncle Ben's guitar.

– Walter Rufus Eagles

Los Angeles, California, 1977

