

The Commodore

by Steven Gowin

The Commodore skippers a 57 Caddy rag top
All fin and boatish power
The original hipster, a sport in gold braid nautical cap
Epaulets on a bomber jacket

He guards his parking spot on the rise
Off Bayshore at Boutwell, not Columbus
With orange pylons for the Caddy's *estationment*
Like Josephine told him on Avenue Montaigne

He practiced, practices cool jazz and beat
Even now thirty Luckies a day and a fifth of Kesslers
With no trace of cancer or emphysema, none
Sometimes beating the Chinese in San Bruno card rooms too

The Commodore remembers Lenny at the Purple Onion
And drank with them all in the day
But now rarely pilots the Caddy actually
And still looks after his dear mama, 98 years of age

