

# Rock, Roll, et al.

*by* Catherine Davis

She looks for the obit, can't find. Over and over, looks. Nothing. Nothing except something touching her shoulder.

*Follow me.*

Corridors, doors, along and along, no time to notice that this last is the stage door — she was so suddenly there in the blare and glare.

*You can sit here if you're quiet.* She was. The next night too, and so on.

*You can dance if you don't get in the way.* She wasn't. Anything but in the way right to the Pyramid Club. Go4, YMG, OMD, XTC, Human Sexual Response, she can.

Byline: gossip, so the usual. Bars, huge stars, passes, releases, buses, backstage and blow. Mostly the music — she can dance. Sex, of course, don't be dim.

A compromised sort of salvation, but she liked it. Called her Pokey, to disguise her true role as goddess-object. Eventually tired of his toe licking, she walked her combat boots out of there.

Years.

Christmas card written on Thursday: *I wanted to write you while I still could — news from the doctor isn't good.* The death Friday. Call from the daughter, Sunday: *was so very fond of you.*

Wondering. But what?

Daughter said death had nothing to do with his illness. News not that bad. All she would say.

No obit.

Something touching her shoulder — was it Friday night?

She takes their picture to the shrine in the next room.

Only rock and roll, reminds herself now. She liked it. So? It wasn't enough.

