

John Bonham

by Steven Pirani

There is an empty space,
between every note in rock 'n' roll,
where they have buried John Bonham,
and I can't help but think about
all the booze he drank,
the day he died.
Can't help but think about
how easily he must have fallen asleep,
or if he looked forward to playing later in the week
or if he even gave a shit at all.

I see old videos of a drummer,
vital and animated
crushing sounds into existence
and think:
How could you have died,
choking on your own bile,
how could you have left this world
through a vice like that?

Now, they call him the best of all time,
died 32 around all his friends,
an alcohol overdose to murder a god.
I just think it's a huge fucking shame, is all,
And shit, I don't even like Zeppelin.

