

I stood next to Richie Havens

by Walter Bjorkman

when he was hand slammin' that most powerful right hand in music
history

in front of the Village Gate, begging for money

before Woodstock & all

I couldn't afford to pay to get in to see Dave Van Ronk
he couldn't either

that same night I went to a dive

don't remember the name

maybe The Bitter End

Blood, Sweat & Tears

was playing there, infusing jazz

picked up a Jersey Girl

'cause I knew about the

Leaning Tower of Pizza in Ramsey

near where she lived

fuck you Charles Bukowski

go cry in your eggs in a Jersey diner

we dry-humped, I was 16

