On Robert Bly
Stephen Alexander Miller

Armed with a lute and a nasal voice,
he amazed some,
he insulted some,
he entertained all,

with potatoes,
oranges, Emily Dickinson, and memories of father.

Some people, like potatoes, cannot see; we rape oranges with our hands;

He said to us, through his father, Don’t take life for granted.

He frightened us with a creature unbeknownst to us

He saddened us with a man invisible to us

He made us laugh with his expressions and gestures

And he hit a few dead in the stomach.