This city was Woody's. Others looked back. .bəlims ylno The sure or to say who that was. rhetorically, "Do you know who that was?" and quickly back to each other to ask, with their heads upon their shoulders all turned for the denouement of passage we yielded Woody his vector. But at the plane Not one broke stride; where they went. with casualness tilt their eyes and try to watch In the wake, I watched millions nor Mia of course. They parted the waves. twice his height. Not Keaton, talked with a woman oh Block after block, I slowed to his footsteps. He I trailed Woody Allen up Madison Avenue once.

deux in tewer than ten minutes. I sat street-lit to the wings and Margot virtuosic--in a coup de Tatar--rushing the theatre district, utterly feet booted for the cold, commanding pis stride created: Mureyey, head knitted, his muffler flying behind on the wind and the carelessly ignorant gutter bergs, breaking the ice of pre-theater klatches me horizontal right arm a bulbous bow to the ground on my ass and so saw plummeted down shelves of strangers revolving door, but spindleless I muggery, spun me round like a thump to my back. It smacked of for curtains when I telt a startling amidst crowds jaywalking to queues where Ah Wilderness was I needed a Circle in the Square to the November light of 51st Street Emerging from the parking garage

an invisible corps in his life's ballet losing my breath for his buoyancy.

But Merle was a realer country boy to die wrapped up in the hum of is tractor.

> l ak ays thought on this stage with my fiddle fallin' on me like a lily.

Merle Watson, he done it right: He didn' plow'is veins or mill'is brains boy jest slid'is strings o'er the songs of'is pa. Didn' open'is mouth, didn' hog the light.

ΕΝΕΟΘΥ ΑΤ ΟΡ**RYLAND**

It has taken me years to intrude with this, but my sadness makes me want to write

lived with reverence.

that Woody

I watched Woody and the woman turn a block onto Fifth and into an apartment house.

WOODY ALLEN, ALIVE AND WELL

Please recycle to a friend

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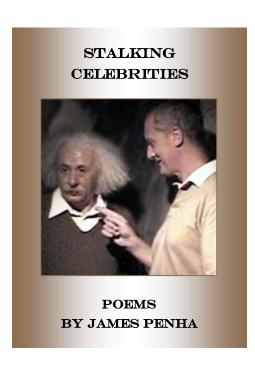
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Cover photo of Albert Einstein and 'stalker'

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STALKING CELEBRITIES
POEMS BY
JAMES PENHA © 2012

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charlie the little

must

ache

querulously
it revs up from attraction to the
high light

right eye,

of

RUDY

then alternates with the pendulum

time

current, frees the nose to inhale gusts of great air,

and, truly,

enforces a smirk, the little man is empowered.

DIGGING LORCA

Do soggy bones matter more than Bernarda's broken cane or New York tenements or a perfect pair of olives in hand? For if we hold, Federico, your delicate fingers, trace the lines of your lips with our fingers, and hear your inspiration even now, we have no need for the palpable to imagine you.

Exhumation reminds me more of the next innocent to die wordlessly in a ditch.