

*All My Heroes Are Dead*

Salinger died quickly and quietly  
today

I found out  
while inside  
the most beautiful church  
I had ever seen  
in Savannah, Georgia

I had not know the man,  
just through his books  
which I suppose is the best  
way to know an artist

so many times  
the man is made small  
by the size of his art

but now it was as if  
someone turned off the last radio in the house  
and everything resumed  
to quiet poise

all my heroes were dead

Salinger was the last to go

I was born into a world  
with Burroughs,  
Vonnegut,  
Bukowski,  
Thompson  
and Salinger

a world in which  
they moved about  
never knowing me  
never wanting to know me  
but somehow affecting me  
with their simple  
existence

and their legacy  
not yet fully realized,  
not yet fossilized,  
something more hollow and transparent  
than a ghost

the memory of a ghost

how quiet the world seems  
without them now

a world that's  
lost its voice

a world  
so much more  
passive and tame

a world  
so much easier  
to hush