

on watching marvin gaye die

i longed to love to marvin gaye
but drunk, my fingers couldn't play
the music this boy asked me to;
i told him no, i wouldn't do
that unknown thing his body craved,
the urge that led him as he preyed
on fingers too confused to play
the timeless sounds of marvin gaye

night closed in as he came close
with stabbing pain i'd never known
as marv died in my arms that night,
bullets turning love to fright

and marvin never leaves my mind
in dreams, awake, in empty time
he laughs and jeers then dies again,
replays the strange, dark moment when
i saw with my own hazel eyes
my favorite singer's sad demise