

IN MEMORIAM: CAL COLLINS

by Oscar Treadwell  
for Susan Collins

He liked my radio stories:

Postprandial Anorexia  
The Indian Hill Free Clinic  
and Cradle Cap,

he called to tell me so!  
I loved him for that.

He loved Suzie,

and I loved him for that.

He was quiet at times,

and exuberant when  
he showed affection.

He loved his guitar,

and sometimes hated it,  
and I loved him for that.

He was not a guitarist,

he was a jazzman who played guitar;  
he could play country,  
or a Scottish Reel,  
but he was always a jazzman.

He knew what only a few know;

the hidden beauty of creative music  
his hands and spirit could wring  
from his instrument.

His sharing was part and parcel

of an indomitable essence.  
I loved him for that.