

Wish You Were Here

We have lost a masterpiece. Great works of art hang the museum of the human heart and are illuminated gently by hews of light for all to see. Pierre needed no light, he illuminated all around him in his aura. He was a luminary, now a celestial body, towering with the psalms and nightingales.¹ His soul is but a little way above our heads,² so his presence, his warmth, strength, lucid directness, playfulness and humour, his rapier wit and repartee are still palpable. He made the grapes of the vine richer, the champagne bubbles sing more sweetly, the science so relevant and so right. These things of him never die, they are within us and we give them life, him life, when we remember.

They are within you both. Gauthier, you are his voice, his intelligence, his clarity and the poet of him. Olivia, you will be the Wild Wind of him, later, not now. For now you are the rustling breeze, the gentle zephyr among the rolling wild flowers and a distant thunder across the Corsican Hills he loved so much. Have no fear. The Lioness of Lyon will fiercely protect you and the lion will watch over you. Speak to him when you need him ...he will answer. He will answer, but his wish for you is to be.....you.....so often he will say decide yourself...you are grown.

Come closer don't be shy
Stand beneath a rainy sky
The moon is over the rise
Think of me as a train goes by
God took the stars and he tossed 'em
Can't tell the birds from the blossoms
You'll never be free of me
He'll make a tree from me
Don't say good bye to me
Describe the sky to me
Stand in the shade of me
Things are now made of me
Lay your head where my heart used to be
Hold the earth above me
Lay down in the green grass
Remember when you loved me³

Pierre loved life with a volcanic intensity. He ferociously harnessed the clouds and soared amongst them, first class of course, with the wings of an eagle fastened with wax, often very close to the sun.⁴ He navigated its wonder, the world was not enough, he strutted with those wide steps whooshing the wind and ski slopes and the waters of and coral reefs of all continents with his cell phone and bestrode the Atlantic, a mere puddle between Europe and the Americas organising satellite meetings on Venus, Mars and Jupiter; Pluto was a bit of a problem; low registrations.

Remember when you were young
You shone like the sun.
You were caught on the crossfire
Of childhood and stardom
Blown on the steel breeze.

Come on you stranger you legend you martyr and shine!

You reached for the secret too soon,
You cried for the moon.
Come on you raver, you seer of visions,
Come on you painter, you piper, you prisoner, and shine!
Shine on you crazy diamond.⁵

He is an immortal masterpiece in the Museum of our Heart, a leader whose courage and vision made songs from silence, colour from bleakness, opportunity from adversity, light from darkness, clarity from confusion and uncertainty, information from noise and chaos. He was masterpiece of action and gave us the voice we could not find within ourselves.

Deborah, you made everything possible.

You danced him to the wedding now, danced him on and on.
Danced him very tenderly and danced him very long.
You showed him slowly what he only knew the limits of
You danced him to the end of love.
You danced him to your beauty with a burning violin.
You danced him to the children who are waiting to be born
Danced him to though the curtains that your kisses have outworn
Danced him through the panic till he was gathered safely in
You danced him to the end of love.⁶

His life existed before him, it preceded him, occupied him. He harnessed all parts of it, fearlessly, with courage, that, like all the things worth knowing, can never be taught,⁷ he then left ...all too soon.

We own nothing, not even the skin we briefly occupy. And so it is with our friendship, it existed before us, before we met at Mayo Clinic when his spirit burst through the door as an eagle, a panther, a tornado in denim jeans. Friendship enters us, occupies us and waits for us again. We grew old together but not old enough.

How I wish, how I wish you were here.
We're just two lost souls
Swimming in a fish bowl,
Year after year,
Running over the same old ground.
What have we found?
The same old fears.
Wish you were here.⁸

There will be a time for his legacy to be realized.
So come, my friends, be not afraid.
We are so lightly here.
It is in love that we are made;
In love we disappear.⁹

Life is a gift, enjoy the miracle of it, of each other. But for now, it is time for tears.

The stars are not wanted now: put out every one;
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun;
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood.
For nothing now can ever come to any good.¹⁰

Ego Seeman July 28, 2008

Excerpts from

1. In My Art or Sullen Craft. Dylan Thomas
2. Romeo and Juliet. W Shakespeare,
3. Green Grass, Real Gone. T Waits
4. Greek Myths, Escape from Crete, Icarus.
5. Shine on you Crazy Diamond, Dark Side of the Moon, Pink Floyd
6. Dance me to the End of Love. L Cohen.
7. Picture of Dorian Gray, Oscar Wilde.
8. Wish You Were Here. Dark Side of the Moon, Pink Floyd.
9. Boogie Street. Ten New Songs. L Cohen
10. Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone. W Auden.