

# Franklin Bennett: Before He left New York City

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Frank motions to me across the aisle of books by American Muse, as he waved me toward the literature farm he had on his desk.

He scribed furiously as he never spoke, born without the ability; Frank came to conclude that his love was in the next room.

In which the note explained,

“Look across our room, the season is red and my love is there ahead and she might love me too. I need the courage and the follow through. I care to prove that I won’t be the man to provide her great rue. I smell of cigarettes, speak in sign and hesitate to wave at a hand waving at me. I’m shy and reserved, but in order to live you must present yourself as creation has created.”

He looked to me then his note,  
I smiled,  
Frank sipped his mug of joe,  
Coffee breath spewing outward  
We had to cover awful whisky breath-  
Last night’s endeavor  
We finished the bottle,  
Till it was two AM  
Of course,  
We failed to write anything clever.

As long as I knew Franklin, I deduced with the fact that he would never approach a woman with who he claimed to be in love. Franklin was deaf and wrote passionately translating his brilliance. His voice was represented through the language of his pen stroke, he was a writer, a thoughtful, open minded artist. Franklin always had the NYU look, it was 1966 and he was sprawling throughout our beat gen Greenwich Village, New York City campus. His hair was long and displayed like the fur coats of winter seen around Central Park. His glasses shaped uniquely around his face, giving him a look of intellect. His clothing was one of the poor men, botched by paint, ripped and shredded; what would it matter to him? He was a hippie. He is a man of his word and was a man free like the New York City birds.

I wrote, and ignored the chance to sign,  
“You’re still drunk Franklin, who is this new man?”  
He signed, quickly “Still the same Franklin Bennett.”

His hair rested on his shoulders,

Facial upon his lip,  
Almost blind, his glasses  
Distracted me from,  
His wine red eyes,  
With no chance for him to hide,  
He bounced from his chair.  
Being as loud as a marching snare,  
He drew attention his way.

This wasn’t the Franklin Bennett that I’ve seen.  
Would he be rejected and misunderstood,  
Or meet the love, he always knew he could.