Fame is heaven to a low down Calvinist, Jerry Lee, and you knew plenty of it in your morning after mirror. Famous as Beethoven in Berlin you are, where good and evil haunt everything. Way past easy pleasure you are on stage not every night nowadays, but it was pleasure that drove the fingers in your mind to get it when you needed it, because that’s what lords and princes did in the 16th Century, when *droit du seigneur* was good as a law, and you still the best whorehouse piano player in the world and pleasure is all a poor man is going to get and *jus primae noctis* is any night you can and every gal is heaven somewhere. You ended a show looking straight up into heaven pleading with closed eyes for whatever salvation a scoundrel sees. You were and are without a doubt the Johnny Apple of all seedy pianos.

To be ass-holier-than-thou you pretend to this day butting the keys, kicking over the piano bench, but not like it used to be. Pretty girls in the front rows used to be wild for your whiskey ways, if nowadays it’s boys who need Uncle Jerry’s permission to be ruthless. Never mind your famously shouting “Too much love drives a man insane.” You never got too much. And still your fingers spider in the keys, and the thumb goes backward, Jacob’s ladder running up and down between the chords descanting the melodies. Yours was always a mean love that won’t be loved, doesn’t know how, not you, the patron saint of no deposit no return desire, Hamlet with a vengeance, highwayman of hearts. If Calvinists had saints, you’d be one.
I'm sorry to see you now stranded
in performances of persistent defiance.
*Barbe-bleue* is still your progenitor,
but wanting old careers, voicing sad anger,
the Blues riddled with blind insolence.
You had to be paid something. You can't believe
what you can't love, and that means women.
Sensual heaven reigns every night you go on,
and it's the loving you get that is still the thing
that cancels doctrines, if it never satisfies finally.

I see you can't quit. Ok, even if it ends
in imitations of yourself and the gals you
knew have turned their mirrors around
to see the blank side of what was there.