

Three for the Price of One

by [Armando Simón](#) (August 2025)



Starry Night over the Rhone (Vincent van Gogh, 1888)

That Night

Perfumed blooms. Breeze blowing. A bright moon.
A night such as no other night,
Feeling like one could live forever—happily.
Leaped for joy (like a silly juvenile!)
Across the asphalt then among the arbors.
In love with life I lost my
Way without caring: the night was wonderful!

A Male Muse?

You may not believe me my boy,
But once I was buoyantly beautifully handsome
(of course now this occurred centuries ago).
And I ... inspired artistic expression to my
Surprise in some of my sensual lovers.
A plump redhead wrote me a poem,
So did a small Ecuadorian send me
One from Spain where she sadly stayed.
A busty Teutonic brought forth an ode
And I point with pride to a
Cajun artiste whose water color creativity led
To a long series of Leda and
The Swan I being a dark Swan.
A male muse? Frankly I was amazed.
As I am sure you are too.

Dad Died

Yes feels yesterday Father died twelve years
Ago an altogether common annual announcement, true.
He fell on a fine Fall day.
Dozens of people die daily I know.
Nonetheless the knowledge came as numbing news.
Such a sudden surprise his death so
Unexpected arriving on a painfully pretty day.

Plain pictures will now replace his presence
Saying nothing not moving with no depth.

Faults he had far from few; I

Liked to list them meticulously, infallibly, longingly.
Often we couldn't communicate and quarreled easily.
Even when friendly we felt uneasy, feisty.
To needle him needlessly was almost necessary.
He was unreasonable, he wrong, I right.

Unlike friends, wife, Father was forever faithful
However, a dutiful, dependable, diligent, loving Dad.
Worthless wife went her own way.
He never did desert me, not Dad.

I lost a lot when he left.
Good father. I still gasp with grief.

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