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CAROL POTTER

Roger on Guitar, 1969

I didn't mean to walk out of the apartment without a word. Roger was playing his guitar and it was raining outside. I was in the alcove on acid. Roger playing his guitar. It was treble. It was three notes and it was the same three notes and it was going to go on being those three notes. I couldn't speak. I walked past the secret service in the hallway looking for Dave gone AWOL. He had narcolepsy. What did they want with a sleeping GI? Asleep on the jeep and the mines going off around him. I stood in the rain over the black water—traffic at my back and Coca Cola sign on the surface of the Charles breaking apart in the rain. I saw I was in the world now. Not in my parents’ domain. It seemed easy to go beyond them.

To walk away from Roger’s apartment. To have no idea where Dave went.