

A MAN CALLED JAB
5/19/2013

It was two years and five months ago, in the over-crowded streets of New York City
I met a most fascinating man, A man full of contradictions and ambiguity.
Bearing a name of JAB. I had my eye on him. This balding man with a chapeau,
With huge dark sunglasses completing his incognito

He is kind and generous, malleable as silver putty.
His convictions can be changed, by a raised eyebrow, even by a quizzical buddy.
Watch as he quivers at a slight sign of disagreement.
Quick to sympathize and empathize to keep the scores even.

His philosophy, dodge the bullet everywhere and anywhere
As in the 9/11 terror, where he flew to the outskirts of NYC
The Bronx of all places, where he hid in a bar for cover.

He is as frugal as King Midas, checks to the letter,
before he is convinced it is the best price ever.
His clothes, how they are tattered, his socks filled with holes, to him it does not matter,
He never throws things away witness how his room is cluttered.

Yet with someone for him is dear, he won't hesitate to throw away caution,
Expensive jewelry and clothes, his money is twittered without inhibition.
Making the dear one tickled and think she must be the object of his affection..

He says he is dyslexic, Unable to write and spell correctly
Certainly not able to add subtract or multiply in a jiffy.
In his youth, he learned to compensate, to read ceaselessly
He reads and he reads enough to drive one (me) crazy
He is an encyclopedia of trivia, world politics and history

He cannot remember or memorize names, instead describes the person.
The man with the old clothes, the man with a PHD,
You mean Tommy or Johnny don't you I ask with exasperation,
Why not just mention their name , my brain can't spend time for computation.

He is a polyglot, Spent time learning-classes and practicing,
A little of this, a little bit of that, that makes him so endearing
Greeting everyone in their native language, yes everyone, much to my chagrin.

He loves spending time with me, feeling like a petite Bourgeois,
Going to Mass on Sundays, or hours at the MET or MOMA.
An off Broadway show, or restaurant week discounted dinner.
Carnegie Hall, the Opera, Alice Tully or the Philharmonic.

Yet with his imperfections- foibles, warts and all,
In the end whatever happens, there will be a place in heaven
it will be for JAB and me.