

Well known and much lauded African American poet, Dr. Sterling Plumpp, is a very good friend of mine for many years. We have shared much time together discussing blues music and poetry, over coffee, meals, & watching live blues at the Miss. Valley Blues Festival, in Davenport, Iowa, & he has seen me perform many times. Here is a poem he wrote while sitting in the front-row watching & listening to me perform at a blues festival, entitled 'Hawkeye Herman.' What an honor! I hope you like & appreciate it.

The 'caricature' ink drawing of me that accompanies the drawing was added later for a blues magazine/publication.



Hawkeye Herman

By Sterling D. Plumpp

I know
I am going to play
blues

I long/history on the other
side/ of another's skin

Touch

Needs no pass
ports or visa
cards/ to cross in
to feelings

I know
I am going to play
blues

The rail
road tracks/ are my guardian
angels/ I dialogue
with wheels/ grinding
a journey/ from tractors and
dreams/ I pack on cars

When/ I carry my life every
where/ I
sing its wing's
span/ over shadows of
troubles/ I feel

I know
I am going to play
blues/ I am hawk
eye/ worried I know
I am going
to play

blues