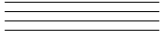


D Y I N G T H E D A Y P R I N C E D I E D



D A V I D Y E Z Z I

is the opposite of being born on the same day as, say, Marie Curie or Bach or even Prince, for that matter, or the artist formerly known as *The Artist Formerly Known as Prince*. Now, just Prince, as he will forever be known. Too bad I never met him. You, I met. A few times, as a matter of fact, but you never remembered me meeting you. Memory's a tricky thing, and so I forgive you. Who am *I*, after all? Just a person, with a pulse. A pulse is good, particularly from your perspective, I'd imagine. The internet is burning up with the news of Prince's death, almost literally on fire with the heat generated by his solo on the all-star "While My Guitar Gently Weeps" at the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. At the end, instead of a mic drop, Prince throws his guitar up in the air, and as far as we're concerned, watching it on YouTube, it never comes down. It's like the blessed Assumption or something, a guitar-chariot of flame, its stained-ash body somewhere becoming spirit.

I'm not sure where you died or how exactly. I heard of it through friends. You had been ill. There hasn't been a whole lot in the press. It's possible that I missed it, that we missed it. We've all been so distracted by the passing of Prince, by our wish to be purified again in the waters of Lake Minnetonka, by the terror of a father's drunken rage, by laughter and the rhythmic click of boots walking in lamp-lit rain.