

**The Third Recollection Of Vester Presley
On His Nephew Elvis**

A Half A Pound Of Bacon

Like a puppet shoved across the stage
on trembling hands and drunken legs
another day ends the same old way
lost in time and slick clichés.
The wheeling, churning, the tumbling down
slow as dawn begins to glow
with Mary's bacon, grits and honey rolls
he sits and listens on the radio
buck owens strums and softly sings
with coffee, pie and dexedrine.

Ginger smells of alcohol
Vester sloughs and shakes
Vernon drinks his Geritol
Mary shapes more bread to bake.

Piddle twaddle with Ginger's breasts
as she floats about the bed
songs he sung now restless memories
weary strangers that make him ache
for smokes and more amphetamines.

The Third Recollection

Tampa 1955

Their screams rise and wave
her heels crack against the metal floor
between blitz lights and ceaseless roars
she hears her voice inside her head
a lilting ghost above it all -
click clack sings the beat
tippity tap rhymes her feet.

At Homer Hesterly he swooned and dipped
through hungry hands that weep and pray -
against your breasts lips slide and moan
his eyes ignite ancient lies
buried deep between your thighs
that stir the rage and set ablaze
his arms and cock and legs -
diving low he swings and sways
touch me taste me
kiss my lips
the winds blow fire into the stars
wet
gasping for breath
kiss

Nixon Unending

Am I too old to see the stars?
I sit and listen and listen hard
but only noise is all I hear
sour drums, guitars that screech
in songs whose words
I never figure out.

Still
Beyond the awful noise some power glows
A dirty mensch if ever one
I smell his sweat foul and strong
the kind that makes girls shiver and shake
(not Pat, oh no!)
Not right! Not right!
But yet – if I could bottle his stuff
I would be king
yea girls for sure all slick and ripe
but stadiums that explode and sing
Dick! Dick!
I would be king!

Natchez, Jackson, heading home
for him, there is only music
black blues, white blues and Stringbean Tom
he loves them all
songs sing in his head all day long
in his sleep
rhyming his dreams
dancing in dawn.

When he finds the beat
lightening flows from fingers to feet
a spirit roaring through the skies
past angels, earth exploding
across years of cries from
a billion stars
he sings.

The Third Recollection

Chet Huntley Died From Cigarettes

The old pictures cannot hide
the hollow sadness of her eyes
never here, looking down
or through some distant crowd
she mourns

Vernon, when he is there,
looks confused, a Tupelo duster
stumbling through a reverie
in seersucker suit
smiling like a goon
the camera clicks and flashes
Vernon caught eyes wide in surprise
Gladys tired, preoccupied

Obituary

Vester Presley

Uncle of Elvis Presley known as "Uncle Vester".
He was the longtime guard at the gates of Graceland.
Vester wrote three recollections on Elvis Presley
The First Recollection 1959
The Second Recollection (lost) 1965
The Third Recollection 1982

Birthdate: September 11, 1914

Birthplace: Fulton, Itawamba County, Mississippi, United States

Parents

Jesse D. McDowell Presley (1896 – 1973)
Minnie Mae Presley (1890 – 1980)

Spouse

Clettes Smith Presley (1919-1994)

Siblings

Vernon Elvis Presley (1916 – 1979)
Delta Mae *Presley* Biggs (1919-1993)
Gladys Erlene *Presley* Dowling (1923 – 1985)
(Rev) Nashval Lorene *Presley* Pritchett (1925 – 1994)

Death: Died January 17, 1997 in Shelby County, Tennessee, United States

Cause of death: heart failure

Burial

Forest Hill Cemetery Midtown
Memphis, Shelby County, Tennessee, United States