

Blues for Robin Penna

a farewell sonnet

I met him first near forty years ago,
playing pub jazz piano, putting on a show.

His style was Morton, 'Jelly Roll no less!'
My recognition pleased him, he confessed.

Clerk to the Parish, editor of Trio,
he walked the footpaths, filled his roles con brio.

He gave much to the village, in work and leisure;
his printing and his drawing were useful pleasures.

Home cooking was left to Fred, that was the deal,
though if pressed, Robin could rustle up a meal.

Each time I came, I'd ask him,
"Well, what's new?"
Robin would know: he'd hold his world in view.

I'll miss him, now he's gone across at last
to join his favourite jazzmen of the past.

Graham Taylor, 27/05/09