

WRITER IN EXILE

By Louis Kasatkin

Dexter Stevenson

lime green ascot

and redundant cigarette holder,

never shook Hemingway's hand;

never came to write the

great American novel,

never realised the fecund

potential of his literary dreams,

instead he was anthologised

in limited circulation magazines

from Baffin Island to Crete;

After the War,

a solitary screenplay was

optioned but never produced,

he had known the people

who had known the people

on the lot at R.K.O.;

They had Joseph Cotten

or was it Van Heflin,

test for the part

of George Meredith,

dissolute foreign correspondent

contemplating suicide,

John Huston was interested in
directing but made,
" Treasure of the Sierra Madre " instead;
Dexter Stevenson's prolonged sojourn
at the Hotel Nacional caused
much embarrassment in later years
for the proprietor and guest alike;
the raison d'etre for the hospitality
had since passed away into legend,
no-one now remembers Stevenson's
deserted clifftop assignation with
that victim of the pill-bottle
her infamous golden locks
her winsome " pooh pooh pah dooh "
something he didn't get away from;
Here deep in the labyrinth,
D.S. finally got away
from himself.

Bio

Louis is editorial administrator at www.DestinyPoets.co.uk and founder of Destiny Poets and in his spare time is a civic, community, political activist, blogger and general nuisance to the status quo!