



BOO HOO

When I heard that I had died,
and saw my friends weeping
while leaving flowers at the door.
I was confused.

What a strangeness is this?
But then again, why should I be confused.

I knew about such things,
after all my parents were gone.
I noticed myself to be transparent
Light as light, and translucent too.
I was not in the mirror,
not even my shadow.

I called out
“hello! hello!”
I seemed to have go, gone, went.
Myself spent,
now less than a shadow.
I could walk straight through doors
As some sort of apparition, A curiosity
“Do you see me?”
“I see you.”
BOO HOO.

The late, great Duane
says goodbye.