Dear Namesake

John Edwards
St. John Fisher College
Dear Namesake

Cover Page Footnote
"1st Prize Winner" Appeared in the issue: Spring 1999.

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1999/iss4/2
Dear Namesake

I'm told they named me after you;
I tell myself it can't be true;
See, I'm alive and you are dead;
(you put a bullet in your head)
Now what I want to realize
Is if they saw you in my eyes,
Or did my father miss his brother
and hope that he would gain another.

I wish that you were here today
So that I wouldn't have to say
That it was selfish how you died;
I'm John because of suicide.

--John Edwards

Ode to a Dead Son

Oh woe to those who knew him
this happy floppy fish.
A leap from home and out to
Had served his dying wish.

A carefree lad, and wet was
that gladly gulped about.
A happy swim, a virile fin,
and food were he about.

All swathed in gold and viol
encircling 'round the bowl;
the prettiest jewel of the ocean
his sin: my heart he stole.

At this one fun'rals passing
we now may proudly gush
repent, lament, and say fare
before old Sam goes flush.