2001

Lavery

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the ultimate radical change boy—who went
from morose and loving it to sarcastic
but sane—who has an amazingly creative mind
and a self-esteem that could fit in a thimble—who has
a beautiful spirit and warm eyes—who sat
in summer fields with me twisting his beard
and recording life—who could take art out of anything—who
Carried a collage in his soul and a graphite pencil
in his brain—who sat with me on a city street under
a streetlamp on an abandoned couch because none of us
were sober enough to drive home—who found my daughter
an electric piano at an auction for a dollar and asked me
if it was okay to give it to her because of the flaw—it only
had one volume—who made up stories about why we were late
with me and created clowns who wanted to be doctors
and doctors who wanted to be clowns—who met a girl and got
engaged—who went away and never came back—who left
me with a couple newts some minnows and a crooked hat—who sent
me a postcard once from a temporary residence with an e-mail
address that didn’t work—who hated anything sticky—and loved
I don’t know what—who wanted to make his own drum
and had a log burning party that I couldn’t attend—who gave me
a green pepper for graduation and a smile for my birthday—who
hugged tighter than anyone I know—who met a girl—a series of girls
actually but met a girl—in the end to call his own—who went away
and never came back—and left a silence in his wake