Dear Namesake

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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

1st Prize Winner

Ode to a Dead S

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

A carefree lad, and wet was he  
that gladly gubbed 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.