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Lament for Art

Mike Vanden Bosch

The east was gray as cement the day you died.
A cold drizzle seeped from hanging clouds as if
the sun had hidden, shamed to see you smitten,
and let the clouds wet you down for seeding.

We were not ready to see your sun set. Not your
breath, not your clothes ever reeked of smoke
or booze. You were no lemming, aped no quasi-
macho movie stars, swallowed no hook to buy

riches, but had the scent of life about you—toed
the mystic line, drank skim milk, put the knife
to nightly sprees, stayed fit for your britches.
Yet you lived on the cusp of life, consoling the

weeper whose hope had lost its star. In June
a stroke smote you like a car nailing a dog on
night's curve. We saw you gasp for a last breath
but not find it. No more will you hear the call to

fetch or serve, for you lie stiff before the flax is
blue. The plans we had sown for today wither
with the red roses cut for you. We plant you in green
grass to rise tomorrow in a heaven of daffodils.

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