December 2005

Lament for Art

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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.

“Lament for Art” originally appeared in The Briar Cliff Review 2005