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## Lament for Art

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# Lament for Art

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*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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