

Donald Graham
Poet of the Month
For January, 2008

For biography and picture,
See September 2007 archive.

Bill's Dead

Bill didn't show up the other day
Bill didn't show up for our Monday morning walk
Bill didn't show up.
He didn't show up at the coffee shop where we talk.

He didn't show up at his sister's house
He didn't show up at his sister's house on Tuesday.
He didn't show up.
He showed up at the funeral home on Wednesday.

Bill's dead
Bill's really dead.

Bill's death hit me pretty hard.
Yes, I know that Bill was only my friend
But he was a symbol of my life.
He was a marker of my longevity.

Bill was two years younger than me
And his stamina and vigor made me feel young.
I don't feel young today because
Bill's dead; Bill's really dead.

Bill won't show up for our walk next Monday
And neither will I.
Bill won't show up at the coffee shop either,
And neither will I.

I started walking with George today.
We stopped and had coffee and reminisced about Bill.

Donald Graham
December 8, 2007