

Epitaph

Puma Blue

Feeble with your morning prayer
Offer a cup of warm
You left a shape like a battle wound, almost
As big as a sun
Smile lines that resembled mine
May it never come undone
Through all these things you can live on

Small bites of birthday cake
Like a secret mouse
Wispy laugh on a telephone
You say I'm just like Mum
Crayon drawings on the basement walls
That we had drawn
Through all these things you can live on

Rolling hills whip around your shrine
My connection to the north
Hold close the fading echo of your
Little fragile paws
Goodbye little wicker throne where your love
Forever rests his eyes
Through all these things you can live on

You live on
You live on