

On Your Behalf

Carl, Carl.

I'm breathing up on Raven wings.

On both our behalfs.

If you stretch out your eyes,

Down below the arced blacks of ink and feathers.

Up on the up on the up on the

Up winds. There. Stretch.

You'll see I'm still.

In love with you.

But I guess you knew that already.

You and me and we of once-long-and-oh-so-thinning-hair.

And thinning years.

Guess what lasts? You know. You taught me this. You've become my teacher once again.

Just a reminder that you gave me so often

then, and now, oh, now, oh, so now.

To let the living happen as it will

and as it won't.

As we all will on your behalf.

by David Jardine