

"DUMB FOUND IT"

I believe you would respond with, thunderstruck.
Clouds heavy.
Pumpkins loud over the stereo, gleaming clear water.
The times the scruffy beard, a staple mark to his jovial appearance,
Swayed with the wind, cold beer in his hand looking over those night skies laughing with timeless,
Mythological friends
He seemed to know everything about everything you didn't know
But things I may have thought unimportant at the time
Truly seem important now

There were the times his feet crossed wilted plants, flowers,
And interest and care for his brethren sent them aspiring for light,
The xylem and phloem of his heart sending the innocent little seedling up above the surface and
into the sun tasting mass wavelengths of knowledge.

The over powering scent of life from death.

Sitting in my class with my jaw open
What do you say when your teacher dies the day you have class?
Do you worry about the exam, the paper I was supposed to give to his callused, wise hands? How
do I respond but with selfish inward desires of a bumbling young pupil?
Do I whisper, "now what AM I going to do," when a mentor to the young lies motionless in the
earth he knew so much about?

Staring, wishing that my back was on the grass, staring up at the sky, next to his, gazing at those
stars again, hearing the talks, the birds, the chirping rounding my head,
The knowledge, the loss of knowledge.

I believe that there is a time for everything
There is a time to leave
That I do know now
Because one of my mentors has retreated

In essence, I wish I knew as much as he.
I wish he had given me a diploma and sealed it with the earth's
Living, breathing, giving dust
To send me on my way to the valley of unknowns, families, taxes, memories, responsibilities,
science,

I would have loved to walk into class tonight, and received my diploma directly from him.

But I guess I'm on my own now.

rest in peace mentor.