

who he was

among children
 and men and women,
 he was a person.
 lonely, angry, and calm;
 loving and hurtful;
 loved, abused, ignored and respected;
 agitated, perturbed, driven and depressed and determined;
 potentially violent, innovative;
 effective, failing constantly--on someone's terms--
 and thus,
 pejorative and dangerous.
 he was ignored again, and feared and confrontational and successful.
 oh yes,
 as successful fits to human frailty and failure;
 the hopelessness: tangibility of all rejected indocumentados.
 but not to things.
 So, his presence and promise could never be ignored.
 Now gone,
 his spirit lives in a searing flame,
 and as a burning bush and a gentle smile.

he did not believe in ghosts,
 --holy or whole.
 Still, time passed forever
 through his mind
 seeking the future in the past.

once he built a rainbow
 strong as a house.
 And watched it razed down
 to the ground,
 by an empty sound.

IV

"There was not enough time",
 or so he wrote,
 when asked to provide an epitaph.
 "For what?" she queried lithely,
 though it might have been blithely.

"To live", of course;
 his hoarse voice desperate, replicative.
 "To do, to see, to be".
 "But dear", she said taking
 his hand gently,
 "You have been and done, so much."

