

II

It was as if at some random point almost against our wills we all wondered into the currents of life in search of our engaging games when it seemed likely ~~being~~ better to stick around basking in each other then surely enough one day one of us didn't show up at the corner and it ~~was~~ went that way real quick until it was just one holding the stick

So where are all those people with whom I had a thing fling One is dead - Greg Barzczowski played his last round on the toughest end off a 30-06 some late night after the family was in bed and it doesn't seem all that long ago that he and I were out back in the alfalfa field behind our house sometime after the Fourth of July throwing scribs at one another in some childish duel of mock bravery until one went off in my hand (it really isn't all that bad - just numbs up a bit)

I surely miss him and wish that I could be back there in a second to launch a second round of the scrib war proving to ourselves at least (and that is all that matters) that we weren't afraid

He was the same guy that I sat with at the edge of corn field looking out over the Cove talking about stuff and we'd vowed that neither of us would do any drugs, but I guess it didn't matter too much because a school year or two later we had grown apart drifting off to more entertaining parts of the game that had him well into long hair and dime bags (it would take me longer but sure nuff I would have my hand in that giggling relay

"Sunset in  
Green Mountains Fighting  
Pulsar Base  
Against the  
Orange Glow."

So when my Mom sent me the local paper from the town that he never moved away from I held it a bit and stared at his photographer moment happy face and I guessed that I figured all those happy souls with whom I giggled for what was really now just a number of days would surely be happy with what they were getting into. Whatever Greg got into it was not making him happy and he ran out of places and fields to look in to find it.

MAYBE I WAS THE  
LAST THING ON HIS  
MIND - OR MAYBE  
HE WAS THINKING OF  
THE SCRIB WAR AND  
COULDN'T TAKE IT ANY  
MORE  
THE  
GOING  
JOY  
OF

HE COULDN'T EVEN BEGIN TO THINK OF  
WHERE TO LOOK. THE PLACES HE ENVISIONED  
ONLY COULD BE IN HEAVEN.

All my gone friends  
 all we have now is the mutually divided  
 moment that ever passing and can present us  
 with anything and may take it all away  
 I say now that I thank you for that glorious  
 time and the little bit of you that I have packed  
 into the most precious chambers of my mind from  
 which to draw inspiration to get me through those  
 sadder scenes

To those of you that I have lost contact with  
 - the Doug Cherry's, the Tommy Mooreheads, and all the  
 others like Bruce Moore, Jimmy Corle, Joe Hoover, Rob Harris  
 Darren Brunbaugh, Stacey Raugh, Michelle Hall, Amy Acker,  
 Lori Honsacker, Doni Hoover, Leslie Hudson, Lori Appleman,  
 John Czapko, John Rex, Brian Jones, John Dehner, Albert Bosch ,  
 Simon Peter-Gomez, Liz, John, John Melvin, Dowd Walker,  
 Graham Hunter, Sherry Steely, Supervisor at LAI, Personnel  
 person at DAI, Kirt Barker, (I guess this is surely a most  
 impossible list - but one memory invoked for each of these people  
 could make some nice stanzas) Steve Tinker, Dwight Stonerook  
 Jodi Hoover, first kiss girl Johnson,

and everything that I ever loved  
 now is all scattered fragmented and splintered  
 like a serving dish across the floor  
 and there I am stooped over  
 trying to piece together shards  
 into some semblence of whole  
 with my crazy glue

I guess that is what love is though -  
 trying to hold onto something or appreciate  
 something from afar that you would really want  
 to have to yourself

Well I guess that is  
 all for tonight cause it aint  
 coming and the keys are not into it...

8/7/2001