

MY FRIEND

TONI SCORSESE

I cheered his hands, adroit back then.
A moppet, who took delight in his gift.
I marveled at his light and wonder.

I felt his heart butchered back then.
As a marionette, splintered in his dismissal.
For his grief and sorrow, I wept.

I allowed his arms, open back then.
A defender, knowing in my grief.
He rallied as my co-protector.

I enjoyed his company, relaxed back then.
An ally, who shared in my affection.
The acceptance, compassion; he tendered.

I danced in his wake, hopeful back then.
A potential wonder in our midst.
We fled in our uncertainty.

I dreamt in his absence, thoughts of back then.
I prayed for his evolution, and my own.

Then and now.

Old wounds have been fleshed.
For the bones I hear crack, I mourn him.

1/23/2023
[We Know Who We Are]