

R.I.P. B.W.

A golden strip
Runs along the horizon tonight
Like Charlie's Golden Ticket
To Willy Wonka's Chocolate Factory
In the sky.

This golden strip
Is the smile on your young, freckled, beaming face,
Haunting me.
"Why God? Why? He was so young"
Becoming a broken, scratched, overplayed record
In my head
After it started playing
The morning the horizon
Bled

The sky, a painful pink and
I thought you were running with me
A step behind
For a hair-splitting second
I heard the leaves
Racing at my heels as
My heart skipped a beat
I choked up
My eyes welled, thinking
"Is that him? Saying goodbye?"

But I will never know
And must return
To the golden strip
That runs along the horizon tonight
Breaking the gray clouds, hanging
Heavy and sad
Above the darkening and mourning Earth
Charlie's Golden Ticket,
The smile on your young, freckled, beaming face.

May you never die in the hearts you touched.
May you always look down upon us from Heaven.
May you forever rest in peace.