Dead Friends 12-3-12

Where do they go?

What do they see?

You knew them when

You shared a beer

A laugh

A tear

Yet now they’ve passed . . .

A clean, friendly term

For a body no longer moving

Breathing

Thinking

Dreaming

Of the Future

Or remembering

The Past

Everything is the past

Where do they go?

My dear

Dead Friends

12-1-12 Mudbone