

# Lucky

I killed my dearest friend today.  
Oh, how he wanted to live.  
I did it after our walk to the water,  
a last thing for him, me, us.  
Then I called for his death.  
Who would think a call could mean so much.

But a phone call can change all.  
Time slows to ticks and tocks  
and a list of lasts:  
the last downtown jaunt,  
the last walk on river's ridge,  
one more in Sprague, but his eyes said no.  
Who would think a look could mean so much.

All that we juggle upon placing the call  
is replaced by a single ball  
that we toss up and down, up, down.  
We watch it rise up and down ... and finally down.

I looked him in the eye and watched him die.  
Who would think a look could mean so much?

