

Day of Mourning

Despised Icon

A startling phone call led
To a night of little sleep,
Counting blessings instead of sheep.
We gathered the next morning.

Renewing a bond weakened by years of separation
And though our worlds had slowly drifted apart.
The early memories we shared still remained timeless in
our hearts.
There was a time when we closely followed each others
footsteps,
Dreaming of endless summers and becoming drummers.
Those days are gone.

We mourn the loss of a childhood friend trapped in a
man's fading intellect.
So long, let these tears wash away the blood on your
hands.
So long, you're forgiven for easing her pain.

I can still picture the
Apartment where it took place.
We used to play hours downstairs,
Beating drums and hitting snares.

Embrace those times to endure.
That day felt like your funeral.
Until we meet again,
You will never be forgotten.