

Not for Keith

Peter Hammill

In Germany, his days finally caught him; I won't insult his memory with long-distance grief. Tears and wakes weren't his style: not him, not for Keith.

He'd have laughed in my face if he saw it get mournful, he'd pull me up short and say "Life carries on" in that gentle way of being cruelly scornful... now he's gone.

"I want to see it all, and eat it" was as close to ethos as he came; though he knew he couldn't beat it, he never gave of himself anything less than best in the game. Oh, one for the game..
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I never did say, I never quite found time - he taught me a lot, and I carry it still. Never thanked him at all for his friendship and now I never will.

The diaries we write are those that we crave for, we never put the P.S. at the foot of the final page. He deserved more time, but he never was made for middle age, not for middle age. Not for Keith.