

*My Closest Friend*

11/28/96

I saw inside these fleshy walls  
The man I think I am.  
Sometimes strong with lion soul,  
But often just a lamb.

And, when afield with gun and hound  
I saw him there again.  
Each step I took he made the step  
Across the plowed terrain.

Then under sail upon the Sound  
I saw him on the wind.  
There just a man with eagle heart.  
My closest, dearest friend.

Old friend you've breathed each breath I took,  
From first until the last.  
From body old to spirit child  
You are my metaphrast.

We touched the earth. We touched the wind.  
We often crossed the bar.  
Then laughing deep together,  
We'll gently touch a star.