

“Patty, your mother, the one who always baked those nice cookies,
And your father, who worked so hard to provide for you,
Your aunts and uncles that helped raise you,
And the friends that made you who you are...
May the streets we walked at night mourn you,
May the teachers we had together mourn you,
May the kind strangers who accepted us mourn you,
May the homeless you gave change to mourn you,
May the the flowers in your garden mourn you,
May the animals you rescued mourn you,
May the beaches we walked together mourn you,
May the kids you tutored mourn you,
May the chefs you always complimented mourn you,
May the nurses that cared for you mourn you,
May those who would have loved you mourn you,
May those that love you now mourn you,
May those who once loved you mourn you,
Patty, your mother and father are dead and buried, and I mourn you.

Hear me, those old and wise! Hear me, those young and foolish!
I mourn for Patty, my friend, I shriek in anguish.
You were like my right hand, that I always trusted in,
You kept me safe from myself, you fought for me when I needed it,
And you were everything that made me happy.

An evil demon has stolen you from me!
My friend, swift and stubborn, witty and determined,
After we pulled each other through school,
And moved out here to make a life with each other,
Now what is this sleep which has seized you?
You have turned dark and do not hear me.”