

Mishka

He walked in with  
White Converse and  
Striped shirt.

Five years ago, spoke  
born a friend.  
Five years of  
flying down concrete  
pedaling two wheels  
rocking a park bench watching  
cars drive by, clouds drifting in the endless  
expanse of blue.

Sixteen years of fighting of  
being not enough of  
cracking open of  
another cold one of  
another cold joke of  
injecting the morphine of  
laughter and being of  
busy brightening lives of  
others that no one noticed of  
tungsten in his bulb's overheated of  
burned out, gone, of

when they found him he was gone, gone, gone, gone, gone, gone into the abyss of white.