

Author: Stacy David Thurston

Not Only the Famous

Unfortunately, there are heroes who had bouts of depression. In the 60's, Marilyn Monroe. In the 90's, Kurt Cobain. This decade had Robin Williams, Anthony Bourdain, and my friend Mark Langland.

Memories of travel went through his delirious mind,
Remembering where it is that noodles he could find:
Noisy shops in Hong Kong, hawker stalls in Singapore,
On streets of Bangkok, in markets of Kuala Lumpur,
Chinatown in San Francisco, Toronto, and London,
Side alleys of Taipei, Tokyo houses of ramen.
He was blown away as he was hit with spice,
Hot sensations that were saucy, naughty and nice.
He was filled with sensations of pleasure,
Salaciously savory tastes beyond measure.
He meditated on the flavors and the memories of past,
As he slurp the final noodle tail, it was great to the last.
He sat in satisfaction having had those noodles supreme,
After traveling he had fulfilled my life's dinner dream.

But his mind was in trouble, he was depressively pained,
Each time he tipped his glass, his senses drained,
Down and Death-wards he sank,
As though of hemlock he drank.
Forlorn, how his emotions were like a bell,
Tolling him back to his soul's dark well,
Back to his fears, darker than I've ever known,
Causing him to shake, when he stood alone,
Darkling he whispered to the Reaper in rhyme,
Calling the Specter's name too many a time;
He was half in love with easeful Death,
To take into the air, with his last breath,
And in a moment of delusion, he ended his pain!
We only heard silence as his soul screamed in vain.

2 / Stacy David Thurston

Wishing my friend with me as I drift and roam
Down country roads where I'm far from home,
I pine for his friendship beyond tomorrow,
Aware of lost time, full of sorrow.
Sad are we, whom he had at one time cherished,
We feel dazed and confused that our friend has perished.
Thankfully there are flowers at our feet,
Fragrant tree blossoms, colorful and sweet,
Refreshing our thoughts on this new day,
As our friend is with angels on heaven's way.
Spring and hope will return each revolving year,
The flowers, the bees, and the song birds reappear.
His bright eyes and laughter, we'll remember anew,
Happier are we, for his happiness we knew.

About

Not Only the Famous, is a set of original short poems by Stacy David Thurston, California, United States of America. Percy Bysshe Shelley had wrote Adonis to honor Keats after his passing from tuberculosis. This poem set is my way to honor those who have fallen to mental illness.

My Writing Credits

My poem, *I am Canadian*, was published in my alma mater's magazine, 2007 issue, University of Manitoba.

Getting Started with Sun ONE, is my computer book published 2004 by Prentice Hall.