

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.

Mark built actual race cars and here we were,
Him at the wheel, I'm in the center, Rick t'other side,
No seat belts, no truck license, we're ready to ride.
In a Hot Wheels Hemi engine field truck,
No seat belts, no truck license, no worries.
We went speeding around the farm trails,
Our race track of sand going faster and faster,
Tires spinning, engine roaring,
Mark laughing, blue eyes blazing,
Me hanging on the dash and smilin',
Rick taunting and cheering him on!
"Is that all this thing's got? Come on!"
Mark was always ready to go, go, go,
And exciting his friends along the way.

Anthony was a rolling stone with travel on his mind,
He knew where the tastiest noodles one 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,
Bowl of noodles 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 his life's dinner dream.

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

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