

A friend

to Roy

How to call this warm feeling
this blend of respect and admiration
of the pleasure of sheer presence
of intellectual fulfillment
and emotional contentment.

During common meals and in a common office
we talk about serious science
about details of gardening and home improvements
or we laugh at instant snapshots of foolish politics
and dissect labyrinthian reasonings.

How to call a person
with such a depth and wisdom
experience and sharpness
but so gentle and open
sharing insight and heart.

When I visit Roy he lies in a bed.
Eyes are closed. He barely moves.
He listens carefully and interjects
into the waterfall of my awkward talking
precise stones of exact meaning.

As always he gives me his undivided attention
and treats me as if I were his equal.
When away he stays with me in a silent dialogue.
I feel sad and I cry and I feel happy because
he just said the word that I will cherish forever.

Chappaqua, Monday, July 11, 2016
