

Memorial Lines: Keith, Thirteen  
by Jonathan Bracker

The feeling is, that he is free and even blonder.

With a boy's grin, in his own way having become God-like,  
He has found what no child or adult  
On earth has ever found: everything to his own liking  
And that this is totally acceptable to everyone around him!

Obviously he is in Paradise.

Although no poet can imagine where he is,  
I think I see that it is important to him  
For us to grieve no more than we need to,  
And that he prays for this is his new degree of blonderness,

His boy's, his God-like grin.