

Important Things

On the hill by the Y,
you and I, would sit;
counting certain color cars.
Talking, discussing things
like toys, birthdays, a day at school.
Always man to man, always important.

Even when I didn't want
to listen, I heard your wisdom.
Sometimes to no heed.
Your 45's slowly giving way
to my C.D.'s. But you listened, still,
often from a distance.
Bathed in the fire-light, Ray
Charles howling in his favorite state;
we discussed important things,
life, love, feelings.

I still sit and watch the cars,
twelve hundred miles away,
from the Y. (Good vision.)
And late at night I listen to Ray,
and think about important things
like mortality, music, and the future.

Eric Kay