

Jim's Big Ego, Love What's Gone

The softball shirt
In the picture you were pitching
You were younger than me
A ball or a strike
Your hat is on straight
It's grey here but in my closet
I know that it's red

The coffee mug
On the wall there's a drawing
You made of my mom
It's in her hand
She's in her robe
It's got a zig zag pattern
In the cabinet

And I don't really think that I like this game
I don't think I understood all the rules
Do you just go on
And love what's gone
And love what's gone

The felt tip pen
In your sketch books I would sit
And I would follow these lines
That old woman there
Did she notice you stare
As you captured her essence
In Mexico

The New York Times
Sunday crossword by Eugene T. Maleska
And every weekend
Before you got sick
You would ink in those words
In ten minutes

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