

### *Part 3 – Poetry and Thoughts*

Mikey

A son I did not father. Bonded in the same way. Sometimes more.

Always there for the other. Never competing and meeting the other's needs.

Proximity was seldom close these last few years. But it was not needed.

We came from different worlds. Education, economic, social circles.

Something fused us together. Something natural. Meant to be.

Your life was full of strife, your needs often deep.

Depression would hit you hard. I could tell when it happened.

We would meet and just sit. You wanted to explain but could not.

I would beam my strength into you with silence and understanding.

Now as we meet. I am here, you are somewhere else.

So awkward. I should have left first. You cannot let me help you now.

I guess I knew this day would come, but it is so hard to process.

I need to say these words. Life is a sequence of if-onlys and next-times.

if-only's are the setbacks, mistakes hurts caused, and failures one wants to correct.

Dwelling on those, regretting too long, absorbing energy and taking one down.

Forgiving the if-only's and embracing the next times are the key to happiness.

I have tried to practice this. Today, now, it is impossible.

I have forever lost the chance to tell you.... "next time".