

## Great Scott

he died  
yes he is gone

now picture me as I was for a moment  
remember the last time that you saw me alive  
and the last time we spent a moment together  
what I said to you  
now find out what happened to me, who was there  
so you will know the real story for closure  
this story will play in your mind for days to come  
when did we first meet?  
let me be a pleasant memory until it sinks in that I am gone  
picture the way I lay when I am found to be dead  
eyes opened or closed, will I die before the eyes of friends and  
family?  
Or will I be swallowed by the night and become a mystery until I am  
found?  
by a stranger, after which I will be referred to as “the body” or as  
“the victim.”  
Why wasn’t this done, if only I hadn’t have acted as I never acted  
“it just wasn’t like him,” they will say  
If you think about it you could have seen it coming, little things tell  
you the story as it comes to an end. There were hints to tell of my  
misfortune, ones that were camouflaged in every day life  
I miss you too

And if I came back it would not be to hurt you  
your disbelief and your longing for me will turn on you  
soon you will be afraid that you will see me  
standing there with nothing behind my eyes  
afraid that while you are lost in your thoughts driving down the  
road, you will glance over and see me staring at you  
with time this will pass  
time is the only cure when infected by the truth  
not being able to believe that I am gone  
but I am, disappeared into the mystery why  
why  
I watched it all happen  
the moment I was to die from a bird's eye view  
as I floated away my soul carried the gripping feet of a fire  
breasted Robin  
from all sides the light of the next life eclipses the vision of this life  
like the tears absorb your vision at the thought of me leaving  
if nature continues in her tradition of truth  
I am gone, alive only in memories of those who knew what kind of  
person I was