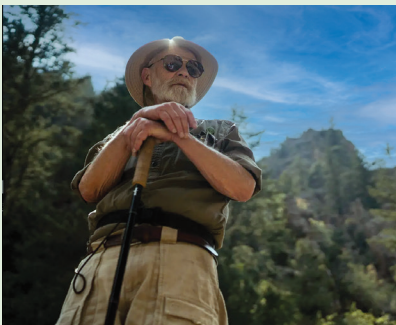
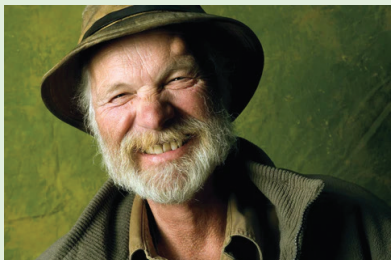


# A Poem for John

My friend died this week  
A tidy exit, like a well ordered tackle box.  
No fuss . . . Just John  
Awaiting his ride home from the hospital.  
He'd been released and was going home  
Perfect metaphors for what happened next.  
His big heart decided to call it quits.  
He was alone as fly fisherman often are  
When he got the urge to enter the wide river  
Casting his perfect line  
Into the water to catch a rainbow.  
Time to exit, while things looked pretty good.  
It's funny how people touch your soul.  
They are so themselves that  
They become part of you.

Sally King



Sally King is a local artist who believes it's imperative that each of us pop our head up out of the collective trace, to bring through our creative gifts. You can find her on her blog and website, [hersoupot.net](http://hersoupot.net) and [sallywhiteking.com](http://sallywhiteking.com) or e-mail [sallywhiteking@live.com](mailto:sallywhiteking@live.com).