

Poem for Simon

3 Simons later

I was alone

One Two Three

2 had been friends

1 had been oldest

Cousin

They had all three

Left this mortal

Coil

I learned from

Each one and

Now green around

The collar

Perhaps they, also had

Learned from me

In friendship

And family

One does learn

If one is wise

Is the one that

Survives wisest

Or meanest

I learned about Gaea

From my friend Simon

And Buddha from

My other friend Simon

And how to disassociate

From my cousin Simon

Poem for Simon

However, I do not

Disassociate

I remain attached

What else is there

Except the void.

David A Robertson (Circa: When I wrote it)