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Vintage

Why did Joan Handloff have to die

Why did Joan Handloff

have to die

she had so much to live for

much more I thought than I

I never saw her cry

-or so I believed-

Sometimes her delicate

face was flush with pink

and her eyes were clearly sad

but I never guessed it was Joan

who was feeling

hopeless or hatter mad.

Compared to me she was a stunning

social success.

In high school she was a cheerleader

at the top of the pops

in with the in crowd

pretty and slender

wearing her green and white outfit

on game days

that smartly fit

- albeit always

a touch shy.

At times I wondered what was behind

her mask, but I was so enrolled in trying

just to cope with my own life, I never asked.

We grew up together

and some years I measured

the time by how much

her straight blonde hair had grown

or when she cut it to mid-neck length.

Our teeth

were in braces

perfecting our smiles.

We traveled

through schools together,

part of the same ride.

We were never close but

always pleasant to each other
in the halls and in class
nodding our heads and exchanging
some words as we settled into
our chairs, where I would for the most
part often wriggle impatiently,
considering the clock, checking off each minute
and wait for the bells.

For years she was a given
part of the backdrop
of my life, just two places up and
a row apart during puberty and
adolescence.

In seven long years we had told each other no secrets.

Then at the age of 22 just about
after college graduation I reckoned
I heard that she had taken her life.

She had so much more to live for
and much less than me to hide,
or so I thought at the time.

And to this day I still wonder why
Joan Handloff had to die.

the apache kid

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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