

## Important Things

On the hill by the Y,  
you and I, would sit;  
counting certain color cars.  
Talking, discussing things  
like toys, birthdays, a day at school.  
Always man to man, always important.

Even when I didn't want  
to listen, I heard your wisdom.  
Sometimes to no heed.  
Your 45's slowly giving way  
to my C.D.'s. But you listened, still,  
often from a distance.  
Bathed in the fire-light, Ray  
Charles howling in his favorite state;  
we discussed important things,  
life, love, feelings.

I still sit and watch the cars,  
twelve hundred miles away,  
from the Y. (Good vision.)  
And late at night I listen to Ray,  
and think about important things  
like mortality, music, and the future.

Eric Kay