

# Jim's Big Ego, Love What's Gone

The softball shirt  
In the picture you were pitching  
You were younger than me  
A ball or a strike  
Your hat is on straight  
It's grey here but in my closet  
I know that it's red

The coffee mug  
On the wall there's a drawing  
You made of my mom  
It's in her hand  
She's in her robe  
It's got a zig zag pattern  
In the cabinet

And I don't really think that I like this game  
I don't think I understood all the rules  
Do you just go on  
And love what's gone  
And love what's gone

The felt tip pen  
In your sketch books I would sit  
And I would follow these lines  
That old woman there  
Did she notice you stare  
As you captured her essence  
In Mexico

The New York Times  
Sunday crossword by Eugene T. Maleska  
And every weekend  
Before you got sick  
You would ink in those words  
In ten minutes

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