

Denis Johnson

by Emily Sparkles

How strangely perfect it is
To see this man memorialized
An author, so I'll always cheer
Though I haven't yet read his works
A secret perhaps best kept
The shame of an English major, the shame of a friend

How strangely perfect it is
To read even the names paying homage
NPR, The Atlantic
Washington Post and more
He won the National Book Award
He was a finalist for the Pulitzer

But did you know he loved his son so much
That he bought him a house down south
So that his son
And his son's wife
And their beautiful children
Could be close

And my small part of this story is that
My friends know and love that son and family so much
That I've grown to love that family so much
That we even bought the house that his son left behind

And I know he was in these walls,
If only through the love of his son
So the least I can do for the family that I love
And that author that they loved

Is write.

