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.