

## Mineral

### "End serenading"

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ivadell, you held us in your arms that day - but look at  
how tiny me and  
matthew both were; and you so strong, and full of  
grace. what stories these  
pictures can tell, of days when we bathed brightly in  
the sun; with the  
medicine of laughter everywhere. ivadell, I held you in  
my thoughts that day  
(and wished that they were arms) when you were frail -  
and passing from this  
place. what stories your paintings told boys, of hills too  
steep to climb,  
ascended (and hearts that were not afraid to flap their  
wings and fly). but you  
are safe now - and effortlessly breathing - where new  
weather will fall on you;  
and all your fears, break (like waves folding into  
themselves and disappearing  
into the sea).

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