

Mineral "Forlvadell"

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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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