

Mikee L.

By Sarah Linville

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It comes to my attention  
That the burns on his skin  
The calluses on his hands and feet  
The dirt under his nails  
Are battle wounds and trophies  
Are badges and awards  
They mean that sometimes the sun and he spoke for hours in the day  
That woods and mountains welcomed his company  
They mean that he has seen and become part of  
That his muscles and bones have been tested and accepted  
That he grew more under the sky than under any roof  
His feet can tell a story that his mouth could never relate  
And in this time when the sun and he spoke  
It comes to my attention that he lived.