

Where Are You Art?

It was hard to believe when you left us,

A shock to our existences,

A joy-wrencher, a peace-snatcher.

For years you walked on earth with tough-feet,

And carried high-ambition,

But soft ways and words you used with the world.

Though in rough business,

Your concern for humanity never wavered,

Family was your prime focus.

You left a mark for us to look up to,

A way to emulate,

A memory to rekindle our souls.

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