

For Ivadell

Mineral

Ivadell you held is in your arms that day
But look at how tiny me n' Matthew both were
You so strong and full of grace What stories these pictures can tell
Of days when we bathed brightly in the sun
The medicine of laughter everywhere Ivadell I held you in my thoughts that day
And wish 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

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