ALEXY FOR A F.E.T.
The hill is grassy and overlooks the freeway
With an endless procession of cars
Passing like the beads of a prayer rosary
Far below the grassy hillside where he sleeps
Still sounder than sleep.
If you even liked one line he wrote,
Or one song touched your heart
With its tender fingers of love
tugging at you gently,
Leave one red rose
For him before you go
And say, "He loved them so,
Even singing in the night's dark core
As he did,
And does no more."

Michael Largay