Encourage  
– A Poem Written in Honor of Gregg Kanon, Professional Artist Soldiering Against the Imminent Threat of Microscopic Black Holes and Parallel Universes

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Dragons troll  
online for lost friends –  
can I fit through the black hole  
in the center of the cross?  
The cross is a shadow.

Have I Found You, Gregg?

The Internet is a funny place.  
It’s good to see that  
you existed  
at All-American  
Huntsville High.

Or at least on its school’s 40th Anniversary website.

Are you there, Gregg?  
Stuck back in the day when Party Lines were popular -  
when you were in that bow tie -
and a crowd . . .

Where are they all now?
A black hole?
A parallel universe?
Or just photos in shoe boxes?

Open the door.
Let’s find the shadow people
who weren’t
captured
in the yearbook –
the AWOL wallflowers,
and the shadows of those who fought
alongside you near Saigon?

What holes did they fall into?

Paul hides behind a bush,
Jim lies under a bridge,
Daniel curls in a cardboard box,
Frank leans against an alleyway wall,
John sleeps under someone’s porch,
Roger wanders a thrift store clinging
to an empty 46-ounce
SuperAmerica
Coffee Cup,
Sarah compulsively arranges
And rearranges books,
while Robbyn directs patrons
as though she too
were working there.

Have Courage, Gregg.