

John

by Shawn Robinson

Even then, only nine,

When playing – this long-gone game boy,
this backward-bouncing basketball

When listening to his grandfather speak,
First on the phone – with friends
for hours,
Then in the living room – with other friends
four hours,

Counting the visitors coming down that driveway
A People Parade – all day till dinner

Yeah.
Even then,
He knew this man was a blessing.

A king of a kind.
A goodwill giver.
A father and friend.

Listen closely:
The conversation continues.

Shawn is a senior in English Education who's just happy to be here. He is writing a novel about college. You can see him perform more poetry at the M-Shop on Open Mic Nights.