

## Graduation

One could call it a graduation of sorts.  
School was over, at summer's end,  
Time was at hand to go forward,  
To make the selection of getting a job  
Or else go on a starvation diet for more letters.  
It was time to move in to a new place,  
Say goodbye to schoolmates;  
Say good riddance to undergraduate study.  
But the friends will be there still  
For long, lonely letters to come  
And chances for strained reunions.  
It was not to be for my poor, sweet cat.  
She had been with me since I was five.  
Ill for two years, her final life  
Had nothing left to sustain her.  
And before my empty bed was even cold  
The call came to my parents on the road  
That it was already too late.  
What is left of my childhood now  
But empty tokens and teary-eyed photos?  
Don't look back anymore.  
What is there to look back for anyway?  
Next week classes begin again  
With no time for looking back for long.  
Perhaps that will ease the memories.  
Beneath mother's office window she'll sleep.  
My fragile, dirty snowball,  
Forever.

For Snowball, b. 28 July 1977, d. 26 August 1997