Friendship

My friend Walt told me a story about a boy who was a soldier.

At eight years of age, and who published his first book of poems at seventeen.

The boy was asked during an interview, “Were you born a soldier who became a poet, or a poet who became a soldier?”

He replied: “I was born a poet the way a bird is born.

A musician.”

Walt said, “When I heard that I told myself I have to remember this for Bill.”

Bill MacElroy
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