

## **To Jason**

We didn't choose you  
You came to us  
And became a part of us  
and of this house  
And when we let you out  
that night  
How could we know it was  
to be for the last time?  
And yet, you still came back to us  
Slowly, painfully  
You came home  
We found you lying curled up  
on the path  
Looking for all as if you were  
still alive  
The children in their beds  
wailed when they heard the news  
but soon forgot  
Yet I cannot look  
at where you used to be  
without the tears coming to my eyes

Andrea Neidle