Patience
By Matt Hagel

You left that day in July
Left everyone behind
Friends and family
Too young to leave
This was a one-way ticket out of Montana
A one-way ticket out of this world
I know you will be seeing your grandpa
Tell mine I miss them
And to be patient
As for you my friend
You left a hole
A deep hole
The thought of never seeing you again sends chills
Every time I think of you
I smile; cry and I feel your presence around me
That last fishing trip we went on
The big scary dog that we thought was a grizzly coming through the huckleberries
We ran like little girls
So many memories with you
I will never see casting a fly over the water into the rapids
Never see that crazy look you get when we are about to do something stupid
Never party under your stairs while the parents are out of town
Never see the suby going up and down Hill 57 or off a jump
With you, there was never a moment of silence
You were a loud and crazy ginger
You never had a dull moment
You lived life to the fullest
I hope I will be half the man you were
I know you will be helping me through life and always looking over my shoulder
Be patient my friend
Someday we will be casting flies over trout
And drinking beer and whiskey
Soon enough
Be patient my friend