



Dylan



The Future

The year is 2020. I am 32 years old. Most people these Days travel at the speed of sound just to get to work. I am an NBA basketball player and I play for the Chicago Bulls. I am the best basketball player in the world and get \$40,000,000 a year. I am married and have 3 children. Everything is different these days. Men can even have babies now. I know there is no way in a million years I would have a baby. Some people even drop their kids off at school in a jet that can fly at the speed of light. There are lots of **weird things around** now and there will be more to come.

Dylan age 10



Irises By Dylan age 8

Dear Dylan,

Thank you for being my companion in all things. Even now in the darkest point of my life, I can feel you with me and all I want to do is make you proud of me.



Thank you for being my friend always. Even in the few days since you died I have heard 20 things I want to tell you, to hear your beautiful laugh. Thank you for being my role model for life. You introduced me to the world. You taught a damaged little boy how to love himself. I want more than anything to be like you.

I hope you know how much the talks we had in which we would say "do you ever think like ...?", helped my soul. We would see just how weird each other's thoughts were, and we could then feel normal.

Dunedin airport last year I tried to show you how cool I am now wearing my sweatshirt and jeans which you influenced, but you came in with your new and cool shades and shoes and I turn back into that little boy that used to hide behind you.

Thank you for being my brother forever. Thank you for being the son that the most deserving woman in the world who loved you and me more than life itself and still does.

Thank you for being part of the most tight-knit family in the world. We have been, and always, always, will be, a loving adoring family of four.

Love you forever buddy,
Zac



Swing Life Away - Rise Against

Am I loud and clear or am I breaking up?
Am I still your charm or am I just bad luck?
Are we getting closer, are we just getting more lost?
I'll show you mine if you show me yours first
Let's compare scars I'll tell you whose is worse
Let's unwrite these pages and replace them with our own words

We live on front porches and swing life away
We get by just fine here on minimum wage
If love is a labor I'll slave 'til the end
I won't cross these streets until you hold my hand

I've been here so long; think that its time to move
The winter's so cold summer's over too soon
so let's pack our bags and settle down where palm trees grow
I've got some friends, some that I hardly know
But we've had some times I wouldn't trade for the world
We chase these days down with talks of the places that we will go

We live on front porches and swing life away
We get by just fine here on minimum wage
If love is a labor I'll slave 'til the end
I won't cross these streets until you hold my hand

swing life away
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swing life away



Knockin' On Heavens Door - Bob Dylan

Mama, take this badge off of me
I can't use it anymore.
It's gettin' dark, too dark for me to see
I feel like I'm knockin' on heaven's door.

Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door

Mama, put my guns in the ground
I can't shoot them anymore.
That long black cloud is comin' down
I feel like I'm knockin' on heaven's door.

Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door





If you could read my mind
- Johnny Cash

If you could read my mind, love,
What a tale my thoughts could tell.
Just like an old time movie,
'Bout a ghost from a wishing well.
In a castle dark or a fortress strong,
With chains upon my feet.
You know that ghost is me.
And I will never be set free
As long as I'm a ghost that you can't see.



If I could read your mind, love,
What a tale your thoughts could tell.
Just like a paperback novel,
The kind the drugstores sell.
When you reached the part where the
heartaches come,
The hero would be me.
But heroes often fail,
And you won't read that book again
Because the ending's just too hard to take!

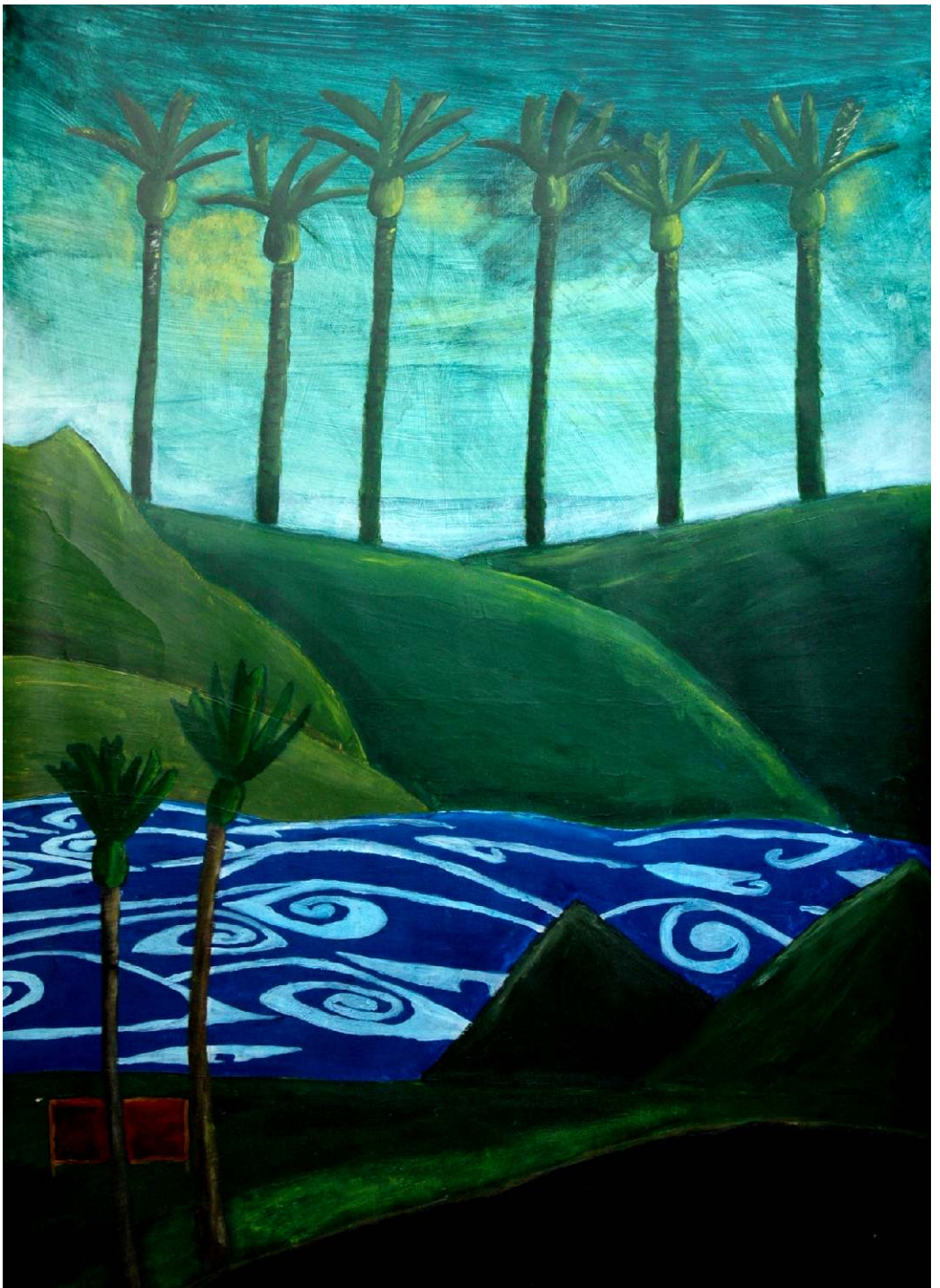


I'd walk away like a movie star
Who gets burned in a three way script.
Enter number two:
A movie queen to play the scene
Of bringing all the good things out in me.
But for now, love, let's be real;
I never thought I could act this way
And I've got to say that I just don't get it.
I don't know where we went wrong,
But the feeling's gone
And I just can't get it back.



If you could read my mind, love,
What a tale my thoughts could tell.
Just like an old time movie,
'Bout a ghost from a wishing well.
In a castle dark or a fortress strong.
With chains upon my feet.
But stories always end,
And if you read between the lines,
You'll know that I'm just tryin' to understand
The feelin's that you lack.
I never thought I could feel this way
And I've got to say that I just don't get it.
I don't know where we went wrong,
But the feelin's gone
And I just can't get it back!





Painting by Dylan age 15

In Blackwater Woods - Mary Oliver

Look, the trees
are turning
their own bodies
into pillars

of light,
are giving off the rich
fragrance of cinnamon
and fulfillment,

the long tapers
of cattails
are bursting and floating away over
the blue shoulders

of the ponds,
and every pond,
no matter what its
name is, is

nameless now.
Every year
everything
I have ever learned

in my lifetime
leads back to this: the fires
and the black river of loss
whose other side

is salvation,
whose meaning
none of us will ever know.
To live in this world

you must be able to
to do three things:
to love what is mortal;
to hold it

against your bones knowing
your own life depends on it;
and, when the time comes to let it go,
to let it go.

