I Saw a Little Boy

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Abstract

I saw a little boy today and he reminded me of you. He was walking up the hill in front of me with his thumbs hooked in the back pockets of his jeans and his legs were very long and straight...
Being loyal to the concepts
of their own,
and others'
minds
as they roll
down the great Converging Spiral of existence —
I wonder —
I love the hours spent within,
the hours of beautiful loneliness,
of exquisite withdrawal.

—John Mahy, Jr., E. Jr.

I Saw a Little Boy

I saw a little boy today and he reminded me of you. He was walking up the hill in front of me with his thumbs hooked in the back pockets of his jeans and his legs were very long and straight. He turned his head and the sun touched him and I saw the fine red-gold hair on his arms and the freckled, smooth, sweet solemnness of his face. He hunched his shoulders just a little — his slim boy's shoulders — and I could see him tall and strong and straight, with reddish-curly hair in the sun, and a solemn sweetness still on his face, and walking up that hill in an Air Force uniform. I looked up at the sky then and it was very warm and still and blue. I went home and wrote a letter to you and I put an air mail stamp on it and mailed it to an air base in Texas and it began — "My Darling, today I saw a little boy... . . . . . . . . . . . ."