**ODE FOR A FRIEND**

**By Steve Kopelman**

I think of all the things unsaid

And all we took for granted.

The unplayed music of our souls

The ideas not yet planted.

The dreams that from the clouds descend

Like rain that’s gently falling.

Into our streams of consciousness

Form visons softly calling.

Like a river slowly flowing

Like the wind that blows in spring.

Like a raven winging to her nest

You’re a part of everything.

Now that it’s time to bid farewell

And to let your soul take flight.

I’ll miss you greatly my dear friend

Good night, Samuel, good night.