

## SHADOW BOXING WITH FLOYD

he always came out swinging  
always did a little dance  
featherweight but knowledgeable  
aware that he was fun  
and that the fun  
was part of his seriousness.  
heavyweight as writer.  
“Hey, champ,” he’d say  
and he would call for Claire  
when he couldn’t find  
his glasses. child-like  
always but aware, amused  
and always with thought  
behind his words.  
his poems were punches  
of the spirit  
that always landed.  
never on the ropes  
never uncertain.  
death takes us all,  
Floyd,  
but we can go down  
to the dark place  
undefeated  
and know  
our words made fires  
in the caves of thought.