

In Honor ...

I try to write this from a distance,
Placing distance between me,
And the virtues of which I speak.

I try to dampen the fire, minimize the praise
to record this sense of you which only distance can raise,
Knowing I lack so much – hence, why I say, 'I try.'

We all are flawed in our unique ways,
No one a saint or sinner,
Not fully, forever, throughout our days.

Thus, when I speak of Pearse or Connelly,
those many gone before,
I practice restraint lest I ascribe only virtues
to mere mortals, for we all know there is more.

But this I know is true of you -
You, a human, flawed as are all,
Is a hero, a martyr, who answered the call,
One we believed then, and believe now, is just ...

And, thus, I stand in awe,
Not of your super-humanity
But of your uncommon bravery
In standing when there was a price to be paid.

I will carry this portrait, your portrait,
This image of you,
Sa cheartlár mo chroí,
In honor you, my friend,
For all eternity.