

Dear Tom,

Remember the rain?

The hail?

Nine holes of you, me, grass, trees?

Remember the days when all we could do is yell?

Not those yells of anger, or hate,

But those yells of sanity?

The days have grown dreary without you.

The blues, mixing with grays,

And the grays – turning to white.

I miss the Pink I once knew.

No color or shade has any meaning anymore.

All these days without pink have me questioning.

Questioning humanity,

And the three foot wall that separates reality from an unknown land.

So many days I have awaken –

Deep into the realm of mystery.

Very few of those I even think

To come back.

There I can actually feel you.

You envelope me, Pink.

You are there with me,

Guiding and comforting me.

I miss you Pink.

I miss your quirky grin,

That cream white moustache.

Mostly, I just miss you, and I remember

That hail and

Every

Single

One

Of those nine holes.