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Kid with the Hair: 1975

Laurie Wood

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KID WITH THE HAIR: 1975

When I figured he was wiser
It wasn't too late.
He knew my faults (I saw he had them too),
But he overlooked them—
Nearsightedness I guess.
He pointed out we were different,
No better, no worse than the other.
He accepted my friends,
Wanted me to love God,
Wanted me to love him,
Was sad that he hadn't known me,
But said he would.
He shared my fears;
After all, he shared my childhood.
He wasn't Republican,
Lived three floors above me,
Tolerated my dog.
Now I can begin to know him
Sorry that I missed him for so long.

Laurie Wood