

Ed

Hanna Hollis

Nestled tightly in the corner of the bed,
you deemed me Ed.

When we met I was sturdy and new;
you were all but two.

Nestled tightly in the corner of the bed,
you came to me when you were full of dread.

I was named commander of the host
to guard you from that nighttime ghost.

Nestled tightly in the corner of the bed,
I listened as you read.

I heard of wizards and green eggs and ham,
but you also read of the Great I Am.

Nestled tightly in the corner of the bed,
creativity blossomed within your head.

I watched as you scribbled works of prose,
but you never finished any of those.

Nestled tightly in the corner of the bed,
you shared with me your dream of a thoroughbred.

I was no longer sturdy and new,
when that dream of yours came true.

Nestled tightly in the corner of the bed,
what a wonderful life you've led!

I watched as high school came
and you climbed your way to a kind of fame.

Nestled tightly in the corner of the bed,
senior, Drum Major, a plumed helmet upon your head.

I watched your pattern become precise.
You found that each practice was worth the price.

Nestled tightly in the corner of the bed,



“1..2..3..4..dit..dit” you metrically said.
Then they began, that proud Anna Coyote Band!
For eight minutes they marched and

Nestled tightly in the corner of the bed,
you recounted how the band nearly came out ahead.
Then to robotics your attentions turned
and the state championship your team earned.

Nestled tightly in the corner of the bed,
through high school, it seems, you’ve sped.
I can tell you’re ready to turn to the next page
but already you’ve crossed the stage.

Nestled tightly in the corner of the bed,
nineteen years have passed since you named me Ed.
We have moved ten hours away from our home town
to master your skills and finally write those stories down.

