



# For Kell Robertson

*by A.D. Winans*

Old guitar slung over his back  
Pure country singing the blues  
in all of us  
with eyes that cry out to be heard  
Leaving a message on  
Annie's answering machine  
Reading a poem about a bird  
that died in his hands  
Remembering the scattering  
of his daughter's ashes  
Caught in the pit of sorrow  
This man of music  
This one time old friend  
who works the nerve ends  
like a skilled surgeon  
Still fighting still scraping along  
like the rest of us  
for whatever time  
is left

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