

## Steve Toth on Darrel Gray 3

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Remembering Darrell Gray 3 by Steve Toth   Â Â Â to Steve

The telephone rang It was Darrell calling from rehab He asked if he could stay with us so not to go back to old places & old ways but when we met the bus Darrell was already drunk arguing with the bus driver trying to get him to go off the route & take him to our place The visit went down hill from there Darrell slipping out that night leaving the doorÂ wide openÂ so as not to wake us Darrell running away the day after & finally Darrell playingÂ the mean drunk on the thrid dayÂ I told him he was too much & had to leave the next morning

The last time I saw Darrell Gray  
I was so happy  
to see him go  
that I stood on the corner  
watching his bus disappear  
just to make sure  
he didn't get off & try to come back  
Fear got the best of me that day  
That's the kind of friend I was  
Darrell wasn't all form & no content  
He'd opened me up  
to a form of life I wanted  
to bury as quickly & completely as possible  
That was my survival instinct

In the effort to become effortless  
the morning comes to those who awaken  
This planet may look more  
like a parking lot every day  
& yet out of all possible realities  
you've chosen one in which  
you find yourself reading  
this very line of poetry  
Nothing is as simple as it looks at first  
At a distance I could almost pass  
as human but up close  
I'm a real disappointment   Â