

To Gene: My Teacher, My Friend, My Brother

By Suzanne Evertsen Lundquist

In this desert hot of August
We lost the voice of Gene.
I thought and spoke of (t)hem
(Charlotte and Eugene)
Throughout the day he died
Not knowing Gene was gone.

But we talked—Gene and I
About this last walk of life
And tried to discover if this mean
Dying could have meaning—the
Two of us who, together, taught about
Undeserved, yet unavoidable suffering.

He, like a True father, spoke of my suffering
Not his . . . and said he hoped to heal
So he could attend to my needs;
And I received this love, like a sister/daughter
Who, though adopted, was no less dear.
Certainly, in his final days, Gene taught me still.

About that other Suffering Servant whose
Witness Gene always was—in everything he wrote:
He sorted out the lies about a God and His Son
Whom Gene knew loved not violence, nor discrimination
But all colors of women and men: that all on this earth
Could receive that deep red redemption.

And my hope is this: that he has gone from
The earthly embrace of the children of Charlotte
To that Sacred Embrace whose likeness is drawn
On stone from Egypt to Israel to Andrus Lane.
Bury him in the white lace and emerald green clothing of promise
So that when we see him again, he can/will run to greet us.

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