

# Patience

By Matt Hagel

You left that day in July  
Left everyone behind  
Friends and family  
Too young to leave  
This was a one-way ticket out of Montana  
A one-way ticket out of this world  
I know you will be seeing your grandpa  
Tell mine I miss them  
And to be patient  
As for you my friend  
You left a hole  
A deep hole  
The thought of never seeing you again sends chills  
Every time I think of you  
I smile; cry and I feel your presence around me  
That last fishing trip we went on  
The big scary dog that we thought was a grizzly coming through the huckleberries  
We ran like little girls  
So many memories with you  
I will never see casting a fly over the water into the rapids  
Never see that crazy look you get when we are about to do something stupid  
Never party under your stairs while the parents are out of town  
Never see the suby going up and down Hill 57 or off a jump  
With you, there was never a moment of silence  
You were a loud and crazy ginger  
You never had a dull moment  
You lived life to the fullest  
I hope I will be half the man you were  
I know you will be helping me through life and always looking over my shoulder  
Be patient my friend  
Someday we will be casting flies over trout  
And drinking beer and whiskey  
Soon enough  
Be patient my friend

