

## Poem for Bob Lax

By William Packard

there was once a man	"here" he would say	were doing him a big favor
who didn't know	"you take some of me	whereas actually they were
how to spend his life	you can be me	taking on a new dimension
he spent it here	much better than i can"	to their own lives
he spent it there	& so all his friends	without realising it
he spent it damned	took a part of his life	& the man kept on
near every where	& lived it for him	passing out parts of himself
he even passed out parts	& some of them	as if it were infinite
of it to his friends	even thought they	as if it were infinite
		as if it were infinite