



Dear Nancy, Love Josh

Nancy music dances all around me, but  
really  
it's just noise.

And what is everyone else listening to  
then?

whatever they have to say, well we both  
know it is nothing.

Nothing. It's your poor brain skipping  
it's worn out records you love to play.  
Playing. Played. Play. Sing sung. Song.  
Nothing but noise. Noise. Nancy. Noise.  
I am love Nancy and this is what I do -  
this is what I do while I wish for your  
life.

You know, that I know so, I can't con-  
trol, what's left to hold. But still I  
reach out. Reach out of control.

Hold your heart against mine. We know  
Nancy. Don't we. We already know how  
they all reach out.

The noise of the dead -  
uneasy in their graves - reaching out  
from under  
the blanket of the dead. Rising from  
life. There are so many voices, so much,  
so loud, so full of regret. All the  
death, all the life, feeding all those  
trees. All the  
ominous trees. Towering over all our  
troubles.

Noise keeps company while dead  
roam randomly. It's nothing Nancy. Noth-  
ing, but noise. Through the noise.  
Through the grief.

The life. The death. The worry and wonder. The loss and it's regret. In the noise, there are no thoughts, no comforting words that stretch both the living and the dead.

I can hear you singing Nancy. No matter where you are now, No matter where I've ever been. You are the words known by heart, singing your roll while you rock singing out your heart, a trumpet of angels, a blinding light, blasting singing singing

dancing dancing

joyous life Nancy

I hear you loud and clear.

thank you

You should have seen me when I danced

atop the speakers, you tell me  
I see you dancing atop the clouds.  
You should have seen me.

I have always seen you Nancy. I'm looking  
at you now. There are clouds, but you  
aren't cloudy. You have been with me the  
whole time.

Why don't you put a stop to it?  
Stop death. Stop suffering Nancy. Oh,  
suffering and the noise it makes  
in the night.

Nancy, crush the hearts that are so  
heavy. Stop.

Stop. Stop the noise Nancy. Now  
you can Nancy. Super-natural Nancy  
poetic justice put upon those  
from beyond, whispers in the ears of

those who oppose.

Those who oppose, please answer their questions.

They suffer from their want for you to suffer. Sufferers of their sufferer.

Nancy, how they suffer, but not like you suffered.

Vengeance will be ours. Softer hearts will prevail! They wait for their suffering. Warily want for their suffering. Nancy they suffer in their hearts - We know. They cover their faces with it. We let it go.

Nancy with the answer

Nancy, put them out of their misery  
We know.

A word never wasted, Nancy.

There is no need for others. Nancy your  
life speaks for itself - your light  
speaks for itself shining from inside me  
upon the world you made.

What of those who Aren't Nancy?

Nancy those who don't inspire,  
Aren't inspired?

What? Of those who aren't. Who are no  
match for you? When everyone can be fa-  
mous for nothing. All of us not knowing  
why we know them, or why worse: why they  
don't know us. Nancy, we are ash.

Ash.Ash. All of us. Fire dust.

All of us.

Ash. Your warm, embers, the light of  
color. Nancy. Ash in- Ash out. Breathing  
deep from the fire of your heart. Ash.

Everywhere. Ash dust. So much light, but  
I still can't see a thing. There's just  
so much of so many things in the air  
Nancy. The more light there is, the more  
I see less. You make me ask how much  
there is to know. From the ash, grows  
new life, new learning  
ripping apart the minds in a thousand  
students in Bay Area CA stunned shocked  
by this light, by the memory of this  
Nancy. who Nancy? they whisper through  
the ashes of my rant. They disassemble  
themselves, disassemble their thoughts,  
dismiss this mystic Nancy.

Nancy is a student as I am a student of  
Nancy

Most of you, drunken with facilities call

and complain about the effort the work,  
the challenge. You can not throw your  
hands up in frustration, because Nancy  
never

threw her hands up in frustration. She  
couldn't, so you do,  
rather than doing.

Nancy your will lives. You never had it  
hard like Nancy.

Nancy did. Nancy always did, I love  
shouting.

Nancy always did. This work,  
you struggle, you complain, she didn't  
She never shout. Shoot, she barely spoke.  
Put your arms down because you can. Look  
at Nancy, really, look at her. Nancy you  
are so thin, so

shrunk to the bones thin. I think you  
might float, float off.

But you can't leave your feet, leave that  
bed, leave your body,

nor we ours. As much as we all wish.

Sometimes we all wish we could rest. Be-  
come the rest that you are now. More ac-  
tive in rest, more alive in our hearts,  
we hold onto your hand Nancy,  
offer our arm Nancy.

You are someone I can provide for.

In my own discontent state. I try to  
remedy the failing body

show a way through the debilitation

take your hand, take your heart, give  
you my mind.

I don't want it.

I've so much going on in such a small  
part why not share with you Nancy.

Share? No.

I give it to you, Nancy. I have so  
little use for it.

For all of it, now that you are gone.

Are you more alive? You are.

But what about us who aren't?

I saw you led away, you waved with tears  
in your eyes.

Active in my heart - staring in my eyes  
- there are no words needed to  
communicate.

Just eyes - or wild gestures - Why  
couldn't I save you? Why couldn't you  
save me from the flaming wreck that your  
body has become. Nancy like no other.

No one in a million.

No needle in a hay stack.

Just no other.

I feel the loss, but have the relief.

The same release death has brought you.

Now, I too walk without a hitch. Walk in  
a park knowing you are beside me

roll on the landscape

free of our bodies

free of our lives

Now you can laugh again running amongst  
us as children do. I wish I'd known you.

I wish. I wish. I wish I could travel  
back in time. Look upon you when

you were young. When all of us were  
young. Look at you sweet Nancy. Look at  
you as Nancy. Not some disease, nor

discomfort. You are Nancy. Nancy,

Our favorite.

You are what we have waited our whole  
lives for.

I'm not there yet.

I wish I was. Bless us Nancy.

Blessed be those who know you. Blessed  
be us.

You & me. You & the rest.

Rest now Nancy. Rest.

Rest be you.

Rest Nancy, rest.

Rest, so that I may rest too.

2011

My friend Nancy, died in 2010 from complications of Huntington's Disease. The thing is, there was nothing complicated about it. Involuntary muscular spasms, writhing movements, inability to speak clear, expression at it's most difficult. This was how I met Nancy. Already deep in the arms of the dis-ease, yet she managed to change my life with the dignity and grace that she continued to live her life inspite of these 'complications.' There is nothing complicated about Huntington's Disease, it's just plain awful to watch someone wither from the constant discomfort. Nancy was an artist and to see someone, have the one respite that all through her life she could always find happiness in, always find peace in, made even more difficult than creativity already is... well, I don't wish that fate on anyone. Please take care when you laugh or make fun about the disabled or the diseased. It's not that they are people too, that's much too simple. It's that they are unique people here in this life to teach the average, valuable lessons about what it could be like, what it might be like. I loved looking deep into Nancy's eyes. She couldn't always speak her thoughts, but those eyes. Those eyes said everything I ever wanted to hear. I love you Nancy. I think of you every single day. I can't wait to meet you again. Josh