

## David Kieran

I remember David Kieran, who in boarding school  
walked the unintentional chicken—his head down,  
elbows winging it furiously against the sides  
of his lungs. We laughed, doing the chicken-walk  
behind him, not knowing it kept him from drowning.  
He had to lie down twice a day on Nurse's table  
for her to pummel loose the thick, grey sputum.  
I think maybe he died of Cystic Fibrosis  
before he could know love. I thought of him  
one night three thousand miles, and years from there.  
Two years without touch, as I again touched someone  
—someone beautiful—I remembered David.