HUGO LOPEZ
TO EVAN WHITE
To Evan White

Life is a leaf, hanging
from the fragile branch
of an ancient tree.

I didn’t know you;
I couldn’t call you my friend.
But from your close ones
I learned your name.

Life is a leaf waiting
for the autumn wind;
it hangs from the fragile
branch of a dying tree.

Your friends and I waited
for you in a library room
as you raged against a dying sun
on your iron steed.

Life is a leaf. Yours hung
from the branch of a living tree.
The autumn breeze ripped it
and took you on its arms,
without permission, without advice.

The wind of fall caused your leaf to fall
and kept you from meeting us while
we kept on waiting. In the end all that arrived
were memories of you that echoed
in a room with an empty chair.
Life is a leaf --
Might ours join yours
At an autumn sunset.

_Evan White was a student who died in a motorcycle accident in November 2014. He was the public relationships officer of the Martial Arts Club and had arranged a meeting with another organization a week prior to the accident. He never made it to the meeting._