

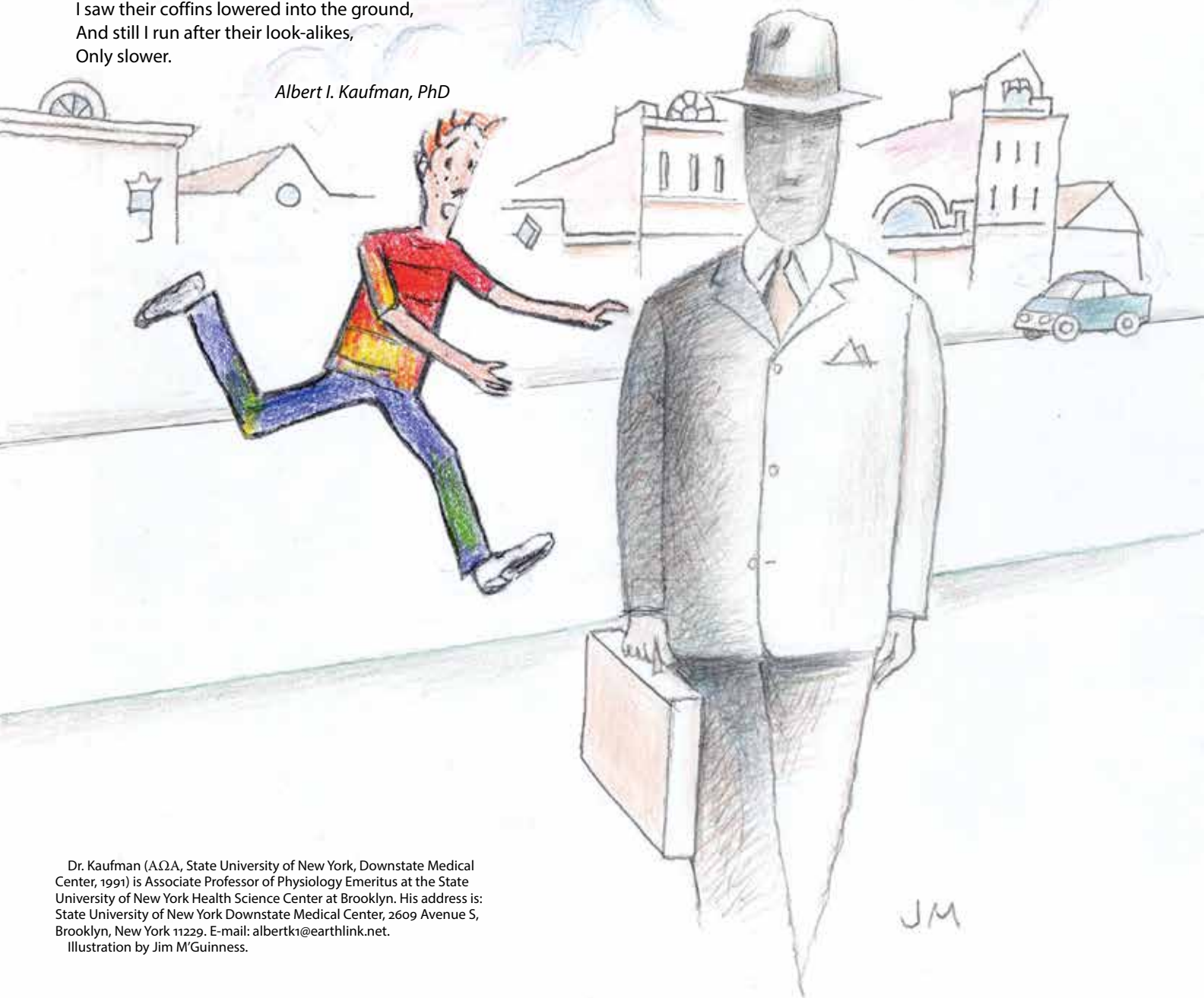
When I was thirteen  
My father died in his sleep;  
I heard his death rattle,  
I watched my mother's efforts to revive him,  
And I listened, without hearing,  
As the doctor tried to comfort me.

I saw my father in his coffin,  
And saw that coffin lowered into the ground;  
Yet, weeks later,  
When, from a distance,  
I saw a man that looked like him,  
Walked like him and dressed like him,  
I ran to get a closer look,  
Hoping I'd been cruelly tricked—  
Realizing I had not.

Now in my seventy-seventh year,  
Beloved friends and relatives have died;  
I saw them in their coffins,  
I saw their coffins lowered into the ground,  
And still I run after their look-alikes,  
Only slower.

*Albert I. Kaufman, PhD*

## Hope Springs Eternal



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