

## Saying Goodbye to the Maintenance Man

I will miss you, Mr. Hennigan.

I don't know who will jig my stubborn key every morning at 8:01 a.m.

I don't know who will protect my plants from me—  
or make me stop and notice the weather.

Your eulogy was eye opening.

You never bragged about your military exploits,  
your accomplished family.

I'd thought you were a loner.

I'm sorry that I got it wrong.

I know you wore that fishing cap to cover your radiated,  
balding head—

and that you ate alone because of your ill-fitting false teeth.

We all knew.

What I don't know is how I only saw you in part

when I now see the whole of you to have been so large.

I don't know why I already miss someone I never really knew.

But I do.