



10-15-1987

Dear Bo

Pam Daugherty

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview>

Recommended Citation

Daugherty, Pam (1987) "Dear Bo," *Westview*: Vol. 7 : Iss. 1 , Article 18.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol7/iss1/18>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Westview by an authorized administrator of SWOSU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu.



DEAR BO

*When I was nigh on seventeen,
And bashful as a doe,
I roamed the mountains with my love,
A gentle boy named Bo.*

*His misty eyes were smokey gray,
His hair was black as night,
His voice flowed like a quiet stream,
At break of morning light.*

*Said Bo to me, "You are my life,
Alone, you'll never be,
For on the peaks I'll build a home,
Designed for you and me."*

*Said I to Bo, "I love you so,
That I will stay with you,
And share the house upon the peaks,
That you designed for two."*

*On one fine day Bo worked away,
A-chopping at a tree;
The axe did slip and catch his hip;
Then body set soul free.*

*When I was told about dear Bo,
The room began to spin.
My tears did flow — I'd loved him so
I decided to join him then.*

*Now lay me in the gentle earth,
And lay me close to Bo,
That we may reach from grave to grave,
For a chilled hand to hold.*

*Though we may lie in deep, dark graves,
Our love is still aglow.
And all about as life goes on,
So does my love for Bo.*

By Pam Daugherty
remembrance of young love

PAM DAUGHERTY, a SOSU Junior English major, is from Watonga.

Illustration by Janie Dodd