

Text 2

“Losing Livie” **from** ***Out of the Dust* by Karen Hesse**

1 Livie Killian moved away.
I didn't want her to go.
We'd been friends since first grade.

5 The farewell party was
Thursday night
at the Old Rock Schoolhouse.

10 Livie
had something to tease each of us about,
like Ray
sleeping through reading class,
and Hillary,
who on her speed-writing test put
an “even ton” of children
instead of an “even ten.”

15 Livie said good-bye to each of us,
separately.
She gave me a picture she'd made of me sitting
in front of a piano,
wearing my straw hat,
20 an apple halfway to my mouth.

I handed Livie the memory book we'd all
filled with our different slants.

I couldn't get the muscles in my throat relaxed enough
to tell her how much I'd miss her.

25

Livie
helped clean up her own party,
wiping spilled lemonade,
gathering sandwich crusts,
sweeping cookie crumbs from the floor,
30 while the rest of us went home
to study for semester reviews.

30

Now Livie's gone west,
out of the dust,
on her way to California,
35 where the wind takes a rest sometimes.

35

And I'm wondering what kind of friend I am,
wanting my feet on that road to another place,
instead of Livie's.

January 1934

