

STEVE

He lived alone
not by choice
it never worked out
constant search
like a kicked puppy always returning for more.
Two-room living quarters
hardly enough to contain
his expanding book addiction.
Always too hot or too cold,
cheap landlord
providing barely enough room
barely enough comfort.
But his Spartan existence,
funded by his janitorial job,
freed his mind and spirit
to work for social justice.
Which he did
spending every free moment
studying issues and demonstrating
for the rights of oppressed people everywhere.
He rallied for peace,
for LGBTQ rights and a living wage.
He spent nights with his six foot frame
folded into a bus seat
traveling south to support farm workers.
Under his gentle guidance
teach-ins on Gaza and prison reform
drew hundreds.
He often gave the last of that month's
folding money to the homeless.
He died alone.
His passing unknown for several days.
Yet he is ever present
encouraging us to carry on.

Karen Wolf



STEVE MILLER

1947—2015

