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## In the Year 2020

**Raymond Carver**

Which of us will be left then—  
old, dazed, unclear—  
but willing to talk about our dead friends?  
Talk and talk, like an old faucet leaking.  
So that the young ones,  
respectful, touchingly curious,  
will find themselves stirred  
by the recollections.  
By the very mention of this name  
or that name, or what we did together.  
*(As we were respectful but curious*

(As we were respectful, but curious  
and excited, to hear someone tell  
about the illustrious dead ahead of us.)  
Of which of us will they say  
to their friends,  
he knew so and so! He was friends with \_\_\_\_  
and they spent time together.  
He was at that big party.  
Everyone was there. They celebrated  
and danced until dawn. They put their arms  
around each other and danced  
until the sun came up.  
Now they're all gone.  
Of which of us will it be said-  
he knew them? Shook hands with them  
and embraced them, stayed overnight  
in their warm houses. Loved them!  
Friends, I do love you, it's true.  
And I hope I'm lucky enough, privileged enough,  
to live on and bear witness.  
Believe me, I'll say only the most  
glorious things about you and our time here!  
For the survivor there has to be something  
to look forward to. Growing old,  
losing everything and everybody.

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