

I Remember You.

You used to borrow all of the money I'd saved
To try, once again, your luck at "the track".
A disease was your betting. I was never paid back.

Too much noise, too much anger at the start of each day.
If things weren't just right, too much angry display.
I wanted so badly to get far away.

And then, in the quiet of this morning's dawn.
After a lifetime of anger had gone...
I remember you.

A child, yourself,
Orphaned at an age that was much too young.
At fourteen,
You'd left school and cried by what had to be done.

You found work, and to do this, eventually left home
To earn money with which to feed those left alone.

You fought in a war.
You married our mom;
But, sadly, by then, my brother and I
Didn't trust anyone.

There was evil before you came into our lives:
Broken glass on the floor, a barefoot boy who was five
Made to walk on as punishment. How did we survive?

There were rats in the basement; no light lay within,
Where our mother was "punished"; locked down there by "him".

But now, things are different; I remember the day
You took all of us, broken in spirit, away.

Even so, it was sad:
We were teens before we would even call you "Dad."
And then, in the quiet of this morning's rise,
At a time when all anger somehow subsides,
I remember the day you came into our lives.

I was six and my brother was seven...
But now, you, my mother, my brother are in heaven.
Along with my son...

And I, in my old age, seem to understand more,
Seem to see further than ever before,
When these eyes of mine were still young.

I see all of you now as you always once were,
Perhaps in a light much more pure, much more true.
I remember you.

September 18, 2016