

home when home is not

I have the pieces of your home
toys, board games, photos, books
no longer given that playful look
preserved like in an ancient tomb

five years have jostled by in the wind
the beginning of the destruction replayed
on my face the loss displayed
my smile and emotions numbed

you're stuck in mind as a carefree child
in reality now you're a gangly young man
your interests and your heart unknown
will my absence make you wild?
or maybe instead meek and mild?

my house does not feel home without you
I sing for you with love undone
would you like to visit me?
I have kept your bunkbeds too
many details in memory of you

Jo Beth Gray