

*Louis Marin*

**A Poem For Mom**

Words on paper will never tell  
about the mother I know well.  
The lines on her face a treasure;  
joys and tears beyond measure.  
Her hair a beautiful white glow,  
"Life ain't a beauty contest y'know."  
There is no real need to dwell;  
simply God made her to excel.

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**Angel Brother**

My baby brother  
has slept in the ground  
for 32 years.

Dead and gone,  
leaving just  
a scant few photographs,  
and fading memories.

I grew up  
and moved  
far away from home  
and his memorial stone.

Visits were few  
and far between.  
Time and distance  
became longer  
as I grew older without him.

I would visit  
the old hometown  
from time to time,  
stopping to visit  
and leaving flowers.

I always thought  
I had shirked a duty  
and never watched over him  
as he grew,  
because he was gone.

Then a new friend

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told me something  
I never thought of,  
and made me smile  
and finally accept loss.

KD, thank you.  
For though Peter  
is no longer here on earth,  
I am content knowing  
My angel brother  
is watching over me.

My baby brother  
has slept in the ground  
for 32 years.

**A Gravestone**

I guess the past never really leaves me  
even when I forget about it somehow.

Sadness quietly waits in the wings,  
to creep up when I least expect it.

Even when I forget about it somehow,  
an old faded dog-eared picture,  
or someone else named Peter  
brings your loss back to me.

Sadness quietly waits in the wings,  
an ancient leathery and dry buzzard  
who quietly waits and circles,  
knowing it will again bring death.

To creep up when I least expect it,  
the anguish must be deep seated.  
I find myself in the old cemetery,  
the family gathered around in tears.