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.
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
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.