

summer swings
for bobby with love

there are four of us captured here
but really there are five
mommy is taking the picture
we look happy don't we
in our summer of toplessness and smiles

daddy sits on the swing
bobby and betty teeter-totter
i squeeze between daddy's hands
there is no place for me
on the small backyard jungle gym

this was a good day for daddy
no nameless gremlins haunting him
no real reason to be sad
but still
in his eyes
a pensive undertone grows
breathing and grumbling within him

betty looks cute in her pose
the camera always did that for her
she is 4 years older than me
i used to hate that she got here first

bobby is older too
8 days shy of a year
god made him different
special
it was called back then
but i just called him bobby

i am the youngest
i called that unlucky
the last to arrive
the last to be loved
the last to feel a belonging

we swing on that day
searching for a good time
relaxed for the camera
holding a smiled breath

behind us
the hedges are overgrown
like tempers
all too common in our home

mommy loved the camera
always needing to hold moments of peace
good times to remember

she rejoices in her photographs
she called them her other life

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time passes like whispers in the wind
blowing for and aft
leaving lives
settled and unsettled
leaving hearts
chilled and blistery
leaving memories
all too soon forgotten

daddy betty and mommy
are gone now
one late
one too early
one ready

bobby still blooms
like the flowers between the hedges
abundant and
gentle like their blooms

i look at mommys photographs
and remember
for bobby
and
for me
the time
when summer swings

shitz and giggles

not for nothing
but shit happens
people are born
people die
people come
people go
all kinds of shit happens in-between
it all winds up equal in the end

but that shit
the in-between the giggles stuff
that's what real life is made of
its
the good.....
the bad.....
the ugly.....
shit happens

just don't forget to smile

Grandpa's T-Shirt

faded white
to yellow grey
thin and tattered dreams
of yesterday
grandpa wore it
close to his chest
his strong heart beating under its threads

grandma washed it time and time again
yet grandpas scent held strong
a smile across her face would cast
a love for ever long

a warming spell
as she breathed deep
his aroma
that she knew so well
dancing free within her heart
holds tight his magic spell

feeling fulfilled in her remembrance
of their dreams
of yesterday
when together they would journey
from fresh clean white
to stained and
tattered grey