A Letter to Aletha (1990)

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Today it snowed
And I was able
To shake off
The gloominess of death.
The trees are now dusted
With a shroud of white.
No longer do I see
Shades of darkness
Against the dark earth.
Like a picture
Reminding me of the darkness
Nineteen years ago
That happened when
We both lost
Our brothers.
Now like a
Never ending Fall
Just before the snow comes,
And the earth sleeps.
It has happened to you again.
And I have no words.
No comfort to give.
Only that time
Like the snow
Will numb you
And cover it all.

Drinking sweet koolaid
Under a weeping willow
And sitting on an old crate,
I take my shoes off
And bury my toes in the cold.
I wipe my dirt streaked face
With a clean white hankie.
A soft gust of wind
Brings the smell
Of freshly topped onions.
The last drink of koolaid from
Now had the slight flavor of
As it first goes down,
And then the sweetness can.
Before me rows of onion stand,
Seem to stretch out forever.
And I know I can’t stay under.
I have to hurry now because,
Both of my brothers are far
And only my rows stand out
Against the black muck.