Father 2-12-15

Memories of my father

Cast upon this aging mind

Images forever locked

By the slow passage of time

Long dead he is now

Just ash placed in the ground

Yet still he lingers on today

His images still surround

A smiling face much larger

Than the life that I now live

A boisterous laugh

With great big hands

And a heart that wouldn’t quit

His pain I begin to understand

As I begin to connect and know

Just what his life was like

As he approached his final day

So late came I born into life

This little soul a great surprise

An inconvenient accident

Yet here I am so fated to stay

Beyond his time to contemplate

My purpose now my maker gone

To live life out and see beyond

Perhaps some time we’ll meet again

Our souls will touch and understand

The purpose why I did exist

I am your son and you’re

Forever mist . . .