

grief, sorrow, and one man's
outlook on tomorrow...

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saturday morning

Its Saturday morning and the boy feels a gentle tug on his shoulder, as he lie asleep. The sun beams in his window to the foot of his bed. He tries to fight it off with his hand. His father whispers, "Come on, lets go..." So he gets up and finds his warmest clothes, laces up his warmest boots, grabs his hat, and walks out the door into the misty morning air. He follows his father's footsteps down the same dirt trail he's gone for years. Passing through the edge of the woods, through the thicket, by the spring, across the creek, up the hill, and under the huge oak tree toward the little clearing. He feels the cold wind pick up as he arrives at this place. The place where he and his father had been picking away at this tiny meadow on the hill. He thinks about his friends and his brother still in bed, and wondering why he has to spend his Saturdays this way. Yet he still continues on because he knows how much this place means to his father. Working aside him he feels a sense of pride. "Time to pick up where we left off." His father says. So his father grabs the saw and he follows with him loading up the cut pines on the truck. Every Saturday he spent this way 'til the last pine was cut and loaded.

Then his father explained how they were going to plant this field. He went over every detail of how they would layout the seeds. The father explained the stories of how his brothers, sisters, and him used a mule to pull their plow. Looking at their tiller the boy thinks to himself, "it almost feels like cheating this way."

When Saturday came and the season was warmer, he felt a gentle tug on his shoulder as he lie in bed. It was his father again, saying "Lets go son, time to plant the field." Before long he found himself at that same clearing. The place where he spent every Saturday of his entire tenth grade. The same place that he and his father had brought from a thicket of chaotic briar filled wilderness to a beautiful green meadow. Here he would learn how his father had worked when he was his age, and how his father would have to work as a child to help his family make ends. It was here that he learned of his father's trials that had been kept from him for so long. Here he realized that his father never wanted his son

to know the pain he went through during his life, but this place brought it to light. As they finished the last row of seeds the boy felt closer than ever to his father. At this moment it dawns on the boy that this wasn't the worst way to spend his Saturdays.

When the leaves got greener and the seedlings grew taller the boy felt that same gentle tug. His father whispers to him "let's go." So he fights off the hot sun with his hand as he falls out of bed and follows his father down that same path. Once again, to that place on the hill. The place where he had once resented but now shared his father's faults, and the place where he had truly become a son. Now the place that they had made with their own hands bears the food that would be on their table. So they each grabbed a bucket and endured the blistering sun. As their eyes filled with sweat they fought the bugs for the vegetables that they had planted with their own two hands. Filling up their buckets they learned more about each other than they had ever known. They shared stories and swapped dirty jokes. Each Saturday they were both becoming fonder of this little clearing on the hill. It was their place, a place where it was just the two of them on the ground that was once walked by their ancestors.

Then one day the son was brought home from school and he was told his father had passed. He thought about the times they spent together on that hill, and all those morning walks in the dew filled air down that damp muddy trail. He thought about how he had once resented his father for putting him through that, now he resents him for putting him through this. He knew he would never again hear his father speak another word, get his father's advice, hear him laugh at one of his jokes or feel that gentle tug on his shoulder come Saturday.

fallen one

once they were a part of me
now they have taken the best of me
i hoped that you'd someday see
something better from me

i hoped to let them go
i hoped they wouldn't show
they gave me freedom, yet pain
and i will never be the same

different for the others i'm sure
though there is something worse in store
what i have become needn't be spoken
my head is pressing and my will is broken

when mine eyes shed the last tear
blood soaked , burdened and riddled with fear
i will call up to you, where i once soared
with the hope that you will send me home, my lord

under tall pines

three years to the day
my father passed away
i'm driving down this road alone
running from myself; dreading going home

talking out loud, bottle in hand
this liquid courage will make me a man
with an empty heart and a vicious mind
dying tonight, suits me just fine

a lonely night, nobody around
lord i hope, i get out of this town
struggling with this empty hole
no where to turn but down another road

lamp light... after lamp light...
how many will i pass under tonight
depends on how long this takes
to settle my mind from these shakes

i think i know where this one leads
follow the hill, through the trees
flowers and names all abound
old soul markers in the ground

i've passed my name several times
a spot i know, under tall pines
beside a little brass gravestone...
a twenty year old boy, all alone

i felt i've said it all, so what else
can i say to convince myself
should i move on, take it all with grace
that would be someone else in my place

i think i should wear his heart on my sleeve
that way his, could keep mine company
i'd never have to let him go
and take him with me down that road

god only knows where it leads
i have to pray there is something better for me
maybe i can do something with my life
have a couple kids and a pretty wife

dying tonight might be a mistake
i'll have to do whatever it takes
to be a good dad for you and me
it's taken a while but now i see

i'm off for home, i'll give mom your love
you know you're the one she's thinking of
she thinks of you more than me
i'll do better by her, you'll see

i hope i can find that peace of mind
the place where i don't leave your memory behind
but can hold on to you tight
and not have to drive like this all night

hope

i'm not sure if i
with all this wrapped up inside
am strong enough
to raise you up right

i hope having you
has given me some peace
i hope its something
that you will never see

i hope you never have
things that i went through
all of a sudden
come down on you

i hope you can have
all the time to grow
just to be yourself and
never worry that we'll go

i hope someday
that you can realize
you can do anything
your spirit desires

i hope i live long enough
to watch you grow
dream your dream
and make it so

little lost boy

little lost boy marred by memory
is isolation beside a drab your remedy
as i watch you fall, i can no longer lend a hand
sink or swim, your brother has given in

i never believed you could hit this low
i cannot stomach the guilt, if this is how you go
my words must have been too sharp to hear
now all you hold dear; is regret, spite & fear

should you ever decide to come up for air
do not look for me, i will not be there
for i am busy, holding my family tight
and only you... can pull yourself to the light

short little legs

short little legs
kicking in time
a blue eyed girl
with meanness in mind

a sharp little grin
the tiniest nose
lord have mercy
she's pinching with toes

wobble around
on your own two feet
you can pull me
where ever you need

grab me by the hand
and take me along
a prissy little walk
that's all your own

besides your mom
your the most beautiful thing
you sure have daddy
wound up like a ring

when it gets late
and its time for bed
i just stop... and stare...
as the moon lights your head

as i lay you down
in your soft little bed
i think of you...
and those short little legs

when you were born
a wish had come true
finally a girl...
with eyes of blue...