

Winter of Memories

Jacob Grayson

Sitting on the swing set, stinging in the cold
A reverie of memory, like yellow-d pictures old.
Dearest friend and brother, swinging in the breeze
Smiling lack of front teeth, happy as you please.
Coming home with arms full, pets found in the wood
Assorted menagerie, he'd find more if he could.
Football star and mathlete, parents are so proud
Idyllic gentleman son, so high above the crowd.
Grown up, a fine man, time past yet lingers
Gone away to war now, slipping through my fingers.
Last week a man comes, black suit and tie
A letter at my front door, dearest brother sent to die.
Sitting on our swing set, rusted and forgot.
The old house now gone, left for dead to rot
Dearest friend and brother, now and ever lost
Forever remembered, in the bitter winter frost.