

The 4th
His 1st
Their 1st
Fiery sparks and burning colors;
he holds onto his mother's leg.
She looks down. Hot
tear drops slip, licking
his forehead in their fall.
She bends, cupping his cheeks and
planting a smooch on his nose.
Too young to understand
why she cries.
Another one soars into blackness.

The 4th
His 9th
Their 9th
Old enough to understand
why she still cries – he's gone.
A fallen speck in the night –
tears unwept, hoping
to feel him in rushing winds,
to hear him in ruffled leaves.
Between the death of night
and birth of day, he lingers.
Here, his father remains
in streams of light.

The 4th
His 17th
Two glimmers of lights
break open the sky;
with hungry fingers,
they reach for him,
pulling him, guiding him.
Although gone, they
stay with him – always.
Feet sink in wet grass,
he follows the wind,
carrying hymns of their voices
to the print of their departed souls.