

Ripples of War

My home began to shake.
The clock broke on the floor.
My home began to quake.
Closing our front door.

We looked towards mom;
Frightened, she said "It's Vietnam."
Across the Pacific,
Seeping into our attack,
War was quickly upon us.

We stood frozen in time,
Frightened to step on a mine.
With the windows closed,
Humidity rose.

Vines came down from the ceiling
Causing a spine tingling feeling.
Flora and fauna grew over the wall;
The ground began to fall.
Swamps began to rise,
Where could we hide?

Vines wrapped around mother's feet,
Pulling her below, deep.
Before it could engulf us as well,
The nearest closet became our cell.

Hidden in our cave
We wonder and ponder,
When will this day come to an end?

We heard from outside
Bombs dropped from the sky.
Napalm, Vietnam, firebomb.
We simply didn't understand why.

Nixon announced retreat.
My mother realized defeat.
The damage done;
Dad was gone.
One last threat,
Agent Orange
Would never let us forget;
It polluted my roots,
Doomed my womb,
Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder,
Alters every child's place and order.

Aprons

One, two, three,
Aprons hang on the wall.
No mother at all.

Morning shift,
Mid shift,
Night shift,
These are what the aprons are called.

She rises before children wake,
Reappears
After they've gone to bed.
Without stopping at all,
It's no trouble at all,
For I am a mother after all.

Aprons on the wall
Are the trophies
Of single mothers, big and small.
Poor at hand, but rich at heart;
These are what the aprons represent.

Withered and tired,
She turns to state,
"Be something better,
Be something great"

One, two, three,
Diplomas now hang on the wall.

Father's Name

The words,
Want to be heard
Need to be heard
Desperate to be heard,
Please be heard.

Publication brings recognition.
Last name lies under the title.
Do you see?
It should be familiar,
We share the same last name.
Will you claim it's part you and me?

Publication brings immortality.
Years shall past & we shall fade;
Ashes to ashes,
Dust to dust,
But these stanzas will forever remain.
My last name will still stay the same.

Publication brings recognition.
Have I made you proud,
Within this symbol of shame?

These lines bring truth,
Father of mine.
You may rip it,
Burn it,
Bury it,
But your lies cannot hide within these lines.
I am part of you,
This I will not and cannot change.
Here I shall remain,
Published using your name.

Partly cloudy with a chance of memories

The sky is the emptiness
Lost behind her eyes.

The wrinkles, the lines,
Mark the pain and the lies.

Raindrops
Hit the bathroom floor.

Thunder storms,
Whirlwinds,
These are thoughts she endures.

Time argues and fights,
Going against the current,
Of Past,
And present.

When will sun shine?
Relieving light,
Among the sky,
Deep within her mind.

Daughter

To wrap in pink,
Never in blue.
To teach to smile,
While filled with
Empty denial.
To cook,
Clean,
Never to eat.
God made a daughter.

To honor father,
Transfer sins,
Take in secrets,
View hate,
Remember past,
Hold present,
Release forgiveness,
God made a daughter.

To carry Mother,
Understand regret,
Embrace loneliness,
Nurture emptiness,
God made a daughter.

To Transcend,
Push forward,
Love sorrow,
Play with hope,
God made a daughter.

These are but a few
Definitions,
Expressions,
Explanations,
To the pink
Ribbon
Floating in
Utero,
For
God made a daughter.