

*Title: FINALLY*

*I feel the need to provide some explanation regarding this series of poems.*

*A family member (my nephew) committed suicide.*

*Each poem is a progression in my attempt to reconcile his sudden death.*

*The last submittal is not a poem, as I would interpret my other poetry in this group selection. More a setting, where I am sitting at a dining room table across from his remains – in a box – a cremains vault, to be accurate... Having a one-sided conversation.*

*It is my hope this 'letter' can be accepted as part-in-parcel of this work.*

*These have been listed in the order of how they came to me:*

*1.) MUSIC IN THE WIND*

*2.) WHO WILL SING FOR ME*

*3.) THE TROUBLE WITH ME*

*4.) THE UNFORTUNATE ROOM*

*5.) MY LAST CONVERSATION WITH YOU*

*MUSIC IN THE WIND*

*I took to my walk, feeling the morning dawn*

*A muddy path lie ahead, yet the storm had come and gone*

*The winds turbulent, uncertain where to blow*

*A limb of our tree broken - returning to dust, to dwell*

*Aged, yet youthful, this limb had lost its ability to grow*

*Deprived the fruit of his music, my heart will swell*

*Darkness prevailed in this life, where hope was fleeting*

*Light always returns as the greatest storm must pass*

*Too late for our young limb, as inspiration had stopped beating*

*For this regrettable act, others will carry the broken glass*

*Should you ache in the mourn, as we all certainly must*

*Anchor love on those empowered with your trust*

*Those other limbs, with storms on the horizon...remember to bend*

*As for me, I will take my morning walks and listen for his music in the wind*

*WHO WILL SING FOR ME*

*To all those who loved me, I have left the stage  
My last act, a moment of rage  
My muse has departed  
Yet my music is still here  
My soul screaming, while anger sheds no tear  
With no voice to share what burns in my heart  
I have no place to sing, no place to start  
This darkness leaves no room for creating  
The sun will rise, without my song waiting  
A lesson your beloved will learn, should you repeat this act  
There will be no return, no path to retract  
Who will speak for you  
Who will sing your song  
There is no one - just you - and you have gone  
In that moment, you will make a choice  
To stay - finish your story - You will have the last word  
Or without thought, exit the stage....Your Song Unheard*

## *THE TROUBLE WITH ME*

*The trouble with me, nothing to my name  
I must sustain myself, nothing left for you  
I'm frequently asked, why such anger, disdain  
Why have you no heart, I've invested my time, I've paid my due  
The trouble with me, you have no way of knowing  
What you see before you is not anger, but empathy showing  
Long ago I left comfort of family, of friends  
To pursue a simple life, discover my dividends  
At all costs drama was aborted  
To understand me, these things must be sorted  
I was fortunate in my small family and decisions  
To these, I confess, I have few revisions  
You, in turn, plowed through your life  
Sorrow followed you, it came with unbearable strife  
This weight, this worry has worn you down; I know this to be true  
I felt at times you needed me, I wasn't there for you  
The trouble with me, those decisions can't be rearranged  
While I don't ponder regret, of recent I have changed  
If in some small way, you who remain might listen to me*

*Find some comfort, lean into this weathered tree  
Those from the past weren't always so kind  
Secrets surrounded, rough waters ahead  
My bark grew rough as rind  
Distant mistakes, hidden instead  
I heard your own anguish, your hunger, your need  
Know this of me, might I plant this seed  
While I've chosen distance, I carry your burden; that stone-laden field, I would take the plow  
Given the choice again, a lifetime ago, I would be the family's prow  
I've loved you all, always you must know  
There are no fields left, for me to sow  
Sharp tools once possessed, now worn  
All that is left, raw heartwood, torn  
Soon enough this aged trunk shall wilt and de cease  
My portion of the tree must rest in peace  
We did not know each other as well as we might  
Should we have been closer, I could perhaps have eased your plight  
The trouble with me, what drives me insane  
I've lived with this damaged, twisted mind, this damnation endures  
This critical pain*

## THE UNFORTUNATE ROOM

*There's a room not shared with any, but the  
closest of friends*

*This place where hymns occur, my truly  
inspired song*

*Music, my life, my light*

*Life's blood it would lend, until it all went  
wrong*

*So I'm done with this place, once concluded  
this moment brief, it won't be long*

*My life - not my music, needed tracking, but  
inspiration lost, my desire lacking*

*I've inflicted upon this place, my blood  
my soul spilled here*

*My last stand, a grievous mistake,  
manifesting in my loved ones tears*

*I've done harm to others, in this act of  
harming myself, thought non-existent*

*Proximity of my musical brothers far,  
too distant, no comfort in time*

*No windows in this room to provide  
distraction*

*The only door, locked from inside*

*A formidable cloud hovers in this moment,  
deciding to take this action*

*I am not resistant*

*How can I explain what you've meant to me  
I'm not here now, nevermore, will I be*

*My absence most certainly has left you  
drenched in pain*

*I've left upon this floor, within the walls of  
this unfortunate room*

*My woeful decision, this unfortunate stain*

*Can you forgive me*

*Please forgive me, in God's name  
I didn't believe then, yet - expect I must vow*

*This wasn't part of the plan to stand before  
Him now*

*A wretched, most humble, unfortunate man*

*I now see this light, it is warm, do not fear*

*He, has already forgiven me, made my way  
clear*

*I still hold a place for all of you in my heart,  
You were the best part of me*

*But my mistakes, your misery, continue to  
loom*

*Let me go now, please - all of you, move on*

*My soul has already left*

*This unfortunate room*

## MY LAST CONVERSATION WITH YOU

It's been raining all day and we're stuck here together for awhile....So..... We're going to have this conversation whether you want to or not!

This is going to be uncomfortable for me, at least. We haven't talked for a long time and we really haven't been close for even longer.

How do we start? Where will we start? I guess that's going to be on me, I'm the adult.

Right now, I'm not feeling so confident or wise, so bare with me and maybe we'll get through this somehow.

So here it is...

I don't understand why you've been so angry. Not just recently, but for some time now.

I know you had it rough as a kid, but we all have our scars to wear. I certainly have mine and I've not always been so open to discuss my various issues, shortcomings, or whatever.

What were you thinking? Obviously, you weren't thinking of us! Here's what I think...you made a series of decisions that were regrettable and you painted yourself into a corner - with no easy way out.

Man, this is difficult when you don't respond to me or have nothing to say. I expect it's too late for that... if you wanted to have this conversation we should have had it long ago. You should have called me ....or I could have called you. Why didn't we make that happen?

In my defense, I didn't know you were having problems or were so troubled. Every picture I've seen of you,....you looked happy ...always goofing around ...with that big smile on your face. We all figured you'd make it big. You did always have a big personality. I was proud of you nevertheless. I don't even know if you reached

the level of success you wanted for yourself...was it ever enough for you? I expect not. You were obviously unhappy...well, it's obvious now. You've made that clear enough.

I feel like I could have helped you through most anything. You never asked... you never called me, even just to talk. I guess we're doing that now. But this isn't right. We're kind of past the point of no return.

No, I'm not your dad, but I have always felt close to you. You've always been in my heart and even now... especially now... well, anyway. What were we talking about? I know I'm getting emotional. I can get off subject sometimes, sorry about that. I'll try to stay focused.

I'm sitting here across from you now and you're not the same. You've changed. I knew you'd be different, but I honestly wasn't ready for this. Now that you're in front of me, this way...this feels strange.

Suddenly, I'm at a loss for words. Not that it really matters, you're obviously not going to talk to me now... maybe we can do this later? I'm trying to understand, but I feel like I've let you down.

This was going to be our last conversation or so I thought. It's probably our last opportunity to spend some time together, because you'll be leaving soon.

Maybe we can try this again, tomorrow. I know, I said that last week, I know, I know.

It's important for us to try and understand our actions.

I promise, I'm going to continue to try to understand yours.