

## POEM I

### BUCKLED SHOES:

Eight years old,  
or was it six?  
First airplane ride,  
from warmth to cold.  
New state, new family.  
"Hold my hand tightly social worker."

Scared little girl in plaid dress,  
buckled shoes and flowery suitcase.

Crowded airport, too much noise,  
Wide hazel eyes crusted with dried tears.  
Soft pudgy hands cling tightly to bony cold fingers.  
"Meet your new mother, father and brother."

Scared little girl in plaid dress,  
buckled shoes and flowery suitcase.

"Time for the exchange,  
Here's her things.  
Call this number for confirmation  
of child's delivery."

Scared little girl in plaid dress,  
buckled shoes and flowery suitcase.

"Call me mama, and him daddy.  
Your brother's name is David."

"No."

"I have a brother."

"His name is Billy."

Silence...

all is said.

Scared little girl in plaid dress,  
buckled shoes and flowery suitcase.

Hazel eyes dropped to floor,  
like leaves falling from a tree in Winter.  
Little black and white buckled shoes

twisted nervously...waiting.  
Quiet fortitude, common knowledge  
of what's to come....

Scared little girl in plaid dress,  
buckled shoes and flowery suitcase.

## **POEM II**

A SEVEN SYLLABIC POEM:

INACCESSIBILITY:

In the midst of my sadness  
I have come to realize  
how incomplete I am now  
without your voice in my head.

The writer in me cries wolf  
when I stare at the blank page  
searching for words that mimic  
something fulfilling and true.

To attempt to create a  
world of wonder and beauty  
can only be accomplished  
with your allusive visits.

With furrowed brow I will toil  
against the rising tide caused  
by the indifference of  
those who refuse to see me.

Interruptions cause much angst  
when your words pour forth quickly  
and my mind flows in succinct  
with your comely lullabies.

The shrill of the phone startles  
my senses and pulls me from  
you and I feel bereavement

knowing you have left again.

I cry loudly not wanting  
to be bothered by this world  
in which I now humbly live,  
longing for your voice within.

### POEM III

Thickness of Water:

The shrill of the phone  
startles me back to reality.  
I read the name scrolled  
across the screen.

Blood is thicker than  
water... but, I don't  
wish to answer the call  
that will disrupt my quiet.

You were gone most  
of my life. Sometimes  
here...sometimes there.  
But, never available....

You called me cousin...  
I called you brother.  
You called me only during  
the darkest times of your life.

When I called you just to catch up  
You were not there.  
When you called me for help  
I was there.

You say I want recognition  
for what I have done...  
I say I simply want a hug  
from my brother.

Blood is thicker than  
water...but, I don't

wish to answer a call  
that will disrupt my quiet.