Sept.

Colin

Writing

Sept. 12, 1981

Love is your grandmother making you mittens.
Love is getting presents for your birthday.
Love is being kissed and hugged all the time.
Love is rubbing your back at night.
Love is your parents taking care of you when you are sick.
Guitar Lessons

Broken chords and muffled notes
Fingers move across the fret board
but never to the right note
What should be Love Me Tender
Instead is a dreaded sound
Coming from the fingers
Of an 11 year-old with a new guitar.

"Take it slow", said the teacher
Again, the dreaded sound.
"Concentrate"
The boy listened and began to play
Notes and chords hit perfectly
And soon, Love Me Tender.
Learning to Deal

January 25, 2005

The hardest time of my life.

Morning frost
Headlights shine into the window
The door opens, dad walks in
“The cancer won,” he says.
My heart drops to the floor.

Wait
They’re all smiling still
Only a few tears shed
Why isn’t anyone that upset?
Warm tears drip down my own face.
Just like the frost starting to melt outside.

God took my mom away.

“She’s in heaven though, no more pain,” they all tell me.
I know, I’m being selfish, wanting her back by my side.

She’s happier, no more hurting
I keep repeating in my head
Over and over again

January 25, 2005

The hardest time of my life.
But I accepted the fact
My mom was gone.
I started to join the others.

Laughing, joking
Knowing my mom would be proud
And I know she’s smiling down from heaven at me.