

Poem by Catherine Major

There's a hole in my heart where my son should be
He was a strapping young seedling
Not yet fully grown
War had stretched his skin tight
Over once-strong bones
He followed in his father's footsteps
His carpenter-to-be hands bound
Eyes to the ground
His soundtrack a stuttering Morse code
The dull thud of bullets being stopped
by men's hearts
He followed in his father's footsteps
Until there were no more
He was a young boy
Not yet fully grown
But he became an old man
The day he watched his father's
soul spill into the soil
He was a young boy
But he dies thinking the world hated him
That I can never forgive
It is an existence I would not wish on my worst enemy
To piece together your son like a puzzle
That part of you never wants to solve
To listen to your loneliness echo down the hallway of your home
To have nothing but shadows
And empty shoes
With no one to follow.

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