

Mom,

Below you'll find a poem I wrote last night after a long day of thinking about Louisiana, Grandma Murray and Tom. I'll never forget the last time we left Minnesota, watching him cry in the driveway as he left his parents. It was if he knew something. I think his mother has passed to a place where both of them are safe, warm and filled with light. He's been with me very often lately.

I'm glad you're there with the family and wish so much that I could have gone. Send my love to everyone.

Love you,
nick

On a day of mixed sorrow and love for my home,
Rotten dreams at the bottom of the Mississippi,
a waltz down the same crevasse that two had gone before,
no breath, no life.
Stepping down the steel steps towards absorption,
long inhalation, the whole span of a childhood,
the beckoning plea of the loves you once shared,
your Cajun sweetheart in tow,
children at bay,
a passing.
Death by way of the mighty river.
Years have passed,
sunsets grown fonder,
bright orange under ancient oaks,
mounds of clay screaming "Ces't Levee!"
Spanish moss sends cries to the distant fields of framed homes,
someone shares her crossing through in casual conversation.
Never has one been so touched by that river,
how it coils, roils and triumphs in the spaces between rot and the messages
that are passed across oceans.
Like that windy stream, you were the perfect one to pass between, laying new
paths for the those hell bent on living,
small silver feet of the child,
measuring your grandchildren on the walls of your family home,
a new performance of possibility in the basement.
Memories of his exposed heart on your driveway,
crying for the days of his youth,
thinking that he might never see you again.
We pass these messages,
to our children,
amongst ourselves,
that the body so rarely grows fond of.
Now that she's gone I weep for the memory of you,
the greatest exemplar of right in my heady approach
to a breaking heart.
The land slips between my fingers these days,
a course attempt at holding on to a memory imbedded in the mind,
re-appearing in the heart.