

Boys

It is strange how the dead never age
My uncle is still the silver-voiced
Green eyed little boy he's always been
He'd be retired, silver-haired now –
 Might even be dead, if he hadn't
Screamed out his life on Zyklon B

My son, shoulders broadening, might be
Chasing my height, flushed by girls
But there are no stories of my boy
He is always only . . . potential –
Yesterday I tumble him so small
In my cloud arms, lift him to his father.

Let the dead bury their dead it says
A hard teaching. May they live forever.