

His Memory

Seven siblings sired by the same man,
the man who is no longer, and yet remains.
He remains in the memory and the DNA of this man – me,
and I wonder about the grief of the others.

How do I share what comes in and through me?
There is something that still feels unreal in it.
My grief has only begun to express itself,
yet although I am one of seven, I stand alone.

The sadness and grief in me keeps reminding me
that they are my friends, two of just a few.
Their voices need to and will be heard weeping,
even slobbering and choking on their tears.

Who will be there as a witness for them?
Who has the courage to ask the needed questions?
The ones that make it safe for me to weep
about what I am now left with in this - his memory.

Paul Henri
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