

Further the Drop

a child asleep holding a doll
a child smiling while her beaded
earrings dangle and the silver
cross on her neck glimmers

a daughter with thoughts of
going to the other side
but we bring her back
but a part of me stayed
over there and I told them
I would come back and
sing them a song

a son cradles his first rifle
and hits the tin can
with his first shot

a son cradles up in the small
of my back and tells me
he loves me

a daughter remembers everything
and we give her an Indian name
that means: she who remembers

my children drain all of my energy
but they never tell me
how ugly I have become

they do not see the scars
as I keep them hidden

they do not see the drunk
as I keep him hidden

they do not further the drop
of my life as it descends
further into the battle
of depression
that sometimes
overwhelms me

no
they do not further the drop
of me
as I walk
to the other side
and begin to sing a song

a song
so much
about
the
love
of
a
child.