

He said, “Son you’ll be married someday.”

12, I was,
no explanation needed, but a car ride meant to explain.
Son, you’ll be married someday.
I’m going away.
Son, you’ll be married someday, words echo to this day.
A man married a mere 12 years, 33 his age.
I remember that awkward exchange-
A man defeated, a man saying it couldn’t be fixed,
a man explaining 2 people disagree, but you’ll be married someday.
Vows broken, mistrust seeped in.
This man with no fix, a blind spot in his mist.
Married young, what to do with a wife and a son-
2 daughters, a house, a career.
Troubled he was, choices to be made.
A finger pointing, 3 young faces looking back.
Yes, I remember that drive like yesterday,
yes, I did marry someday, still married to this day.
Love you mom, love you dad,
love my sisters, we all married someday, all went our ways.

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Tim Kistler

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