

For Pawpaw (VIII)

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Dear Pawpaw,

When I was
 VIII,
I made
a Lego house
(perhaps a castle)
with...
 myself.
It was noon
 -ish
on a spring
Sunday,
or maybe
 early
afternoon
on a fall
Friday.
Alliteration suggests
it could also
have roots
in a
 winter
Wednesday
morning
or a
 summer
Saturday
night.
In any case,
the Legos
ranged in color
from yellow
 to red
 to blue
 to green,
and nowhere
beyond that.
They were
(almost)
disheartening
 in simplicity,

improbability,
and
poorly dispersed
about the playroom.
To me, at
VIII,
they were everything -
a new
possibility
framed in every block!

Oh, to be
VIII.

I look back and sigh.

Two green parallel lines,
marker blotches tapering at either end, the bottom longest.

A V, the left side rising slightly above the end of the top line,
both thinner and fainter.

Three	descending	below
straight	a different	the
<u>vertical</u>	<u>length</u>	<u>bottom</u>
lines,		line
each		

Someone has written this
on a whiteboard
in a classroom -
unbeknownst to them
I write this in response.

I look back and sigh.

I wish you
were here now,
like you
were then.

Camden