

For my Brother

By Gerald Wilson

I think of you every day. I suppose this poem is a way of reaching back for the spoken word, of putting you back into existence by speaking of you...

DEAR BROTHER

Memories of you
fill the blanks
of stories.

I don't remember
what I don't remember
but recall how
the nurse shuts me
out from seeing my
baby brother.

Your best childhood
friend falls to his death
crossing a log over
a raging stream.

And you think
the hole in your
heart will never
fill again!

Mother and father
fade and fall
like leaves that
return to earth.

Gripping your walker
you shuffle your frail
sunken frame along.
My last memory
of you.

Your slurred words
on the phone say
you feel invisible,
your calls stop.

You come and go in
my silences
just the way

I want:

no longer fighting
for attention
free from your
aching caged body
talking with you
like this

Do we ever learn how
to lose our loved ones
even when experience
seems like a brief
reverie?

We who still live
do our best to deny
our paper wings
that wane and fall.

You and I shared
the blood of ghosts
and the intimacies
of sanctuaries.

I speak to a
part of you that
can't speak,
my version of you
I can't forget.

A friend found you
on the floor, lifeless
like a fallen bird:
broken: your space
released, returned
to the infinite nothing
that same, dark womb
that gave us you.

AUTHOR BIO: Gerald Wilson lives and writes poetry in Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario. He is Bruce Wilson's older brother.