

## **Pirates of Progeny**

Weeds from a once lush lawn pilfer  
what paltry light of eve that reflects against  
the candy-glass window of grandmother's  
favorite spot for surveying.  
She lies now, oxygen at full and kidneys failing.

Through that window  
she had watched nine grandchildren play  
ball in the summer, skip through spring puddles;  
mighty ship captains of the wrap-around porch.  
She warned us not to kick at the old decaying  
porch boards, but we were a contumacious bunch;  
unflappable as pirates.

Those porch boards and I shared simultaneous moans  
when grandmother's gurney finally passed over.  
The other grandchildren rifled through priceless mementoes,  
leaving no spoil unclaimed by greed;  
even the loose boards were sold, with house, at auction.  
Bound by shock and mournful reflection,  
I claimed nothing.

The journey home through heart  
and head and evening rain  
helped marshal confusion from the past days' pother.  
After surrendering our transport to a sea  
of gritty asphalt, my daughter pounced  
through muddy puddles  
as I noticed the same old decaying deck plank  
I had meant for so long to replace.  
I walked its length as it creaked with age;  
then joined my daughter in the puddles,  
in the pouring rain.