Say Uncle

Vienna Teng

Everyone agrees it came too soon
It was only meant to be an intersection
You kept fear of death in the back pocket of your jeans
In the palm of your hand, affectionIt came like a sudden gust of wind
Leaving them bewildered to ask how
I recall last time we met you said we'd meet again
The irony is only bitter nowThese days everyone cries, "Say uncle"
They want to touch your spirit lest it die
For this your sons and widow gather with us at the table
To form a healing circle for our new demiseThese days everyone cries, "Say uncle"
I retrieve the memories quickly as I can
Add them to the portrait we all draw in our minds
Your body gone, we shall keep the manI close my eyes and hope they do not fade
These remnants of a voice and of a smile
Images of landscape cloaked in forest green
Like your life unfolding mile by mileA fierce embrace, a word of thanks
A cheerful whistle and hours in a van
Somehow these pieces must bring back the man you were
Though the ocean claims your ashes on the sandThese days everyone cries, "Say uncle"
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