

Brother

By Robin Lipinski

Walking across sodded lawn,
They carried me.

Feet groaning with complaint,
Their silence above was deafening.

Sunny day before the dawn,
Now complete with misery and fog,
Even the birds of joy have left me.

Heading in the direction they always told me to go,
They carried me.

Trumpet sounding for all to hear,
Arlington,
They buried me.

The End