

A Tribute to Katie Amanda

Emotions composed, demeanor calm
as men are taught and supposed to be,
we bore our sister to her resting place
in Fayette soil near those she loved,
while beneath my outer surface calm
currents were impossible to restrain.
Memories etched deep in my soul
Of a hug and kiss I sadly missed,
as on Grandpa's back porch I stood,
she tendered her love, I turned aside,
youthful, awkward boy that I was.
Life goes on, now a senior rising,
more sophisticated, more urbane,
yet unprepared for a distant call,
"Come soon, her life drains away."
I go and stand mute by her bed
mouthing sterile feckless words
used to fill uncomfortable space,
utterances I'd give all to take back.
I still remember her beautiful smile,
her gentle, caring, yet teasing ways,
she eased deeply my profound regrets
by a gift of forgiveness and grace.
As we left her lying 'neath sacred earth,
with my thoughts alone, I walked away,
Inside the rising tide o'ertakes me.
To cover emerging sobs and tears,
drained, I fell faintly to my knees
at the corner of my family church.
Then within my grieving universe,
a miracle of grace encompassed me.
Amid the crowd surrounding us,
a discerning angel beheld my distress
and engulfed me in a warm embrace.
We were alone in another world.
A love deeper than bonds of blood,
we were eldest and youngest brothers
shedding tears and deepest feelings
heirs of a mother who left us early
and a sister who passed too soon.

Richard McLean

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