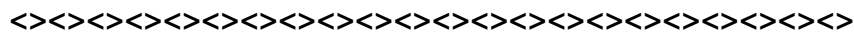


For Daddy

I hardly ever visit your grave;
I see no point in going
where you're not.
Part of you is there --
your remains,
dust in dust --
but your soul is not.
What you were,
who you were,
is somewhere else.
But I remember you;
I'll never forget you --
quiet and gentle,
steadfast and true.
I am because you were;
I breathe because you breathed;
your blood sings in my veins.
One day I'll join you in the dust,
but my soul will not.
I trust
that wherever you are,
I'll see you again one day.
I cannot know,
but I believe.



Today

Don't look beyond today.
This is life
Here and now
This day.

Not yesterday.
Those ghosts are dying
Fading... fading...
Into gray.

Not tomorrow.
Not something far away.
Who can say what may await –
What sorrow?

Don't look beyond today.
Here is life
Played with fate
This day.

[illegible]

Christina's World

(Inspired by the Andrew Wyeth painting)

I once lived in a world
like Christina's world.
I remember lying in a field
looking out at our old farmhouse
in the distance,
the pastures surrounding it,
and the open sky above,
just like Christina in her world.
I wonder if the smells
of the grass, earth, and air
were as strong to her senses
as they were to mine.

I wonder if what she saw
gave her a feeling
that there was something more,
something and Someone beyond,
or did her mind and spirit
only see what her eyes beheld?
Christina's world consisted
of an old house,
fields and pastures,
and open sky above
just as my world did
so very long ago.



Wil Michael Wrenn is a poet/songwriter living in rural north Mississippi. He has an MFA from Lindenwood University and is a member of the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers (ASCAP). His work has appeared in numerous publications, and he has published a book of poems. His website can be found at: <http://www.michaelwrenn.com/>.



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