Vienna Teng "Say Uncle"

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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, affection

It 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 now

These 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 demise

These 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 man

I 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 mile

A 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 sand

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