

Michael McGuire "Memorial Day"

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MEMORIAL DAY

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He graduated high school in May and went to war in
September, it was

cloudy that day that's all she can remember, if
anything was left

unsaid it wasn't I love you, they said the war would be
over soon and

that was something to cling to.

Well he was killed; officially they said on the last day of
the war, while a

whole country and one mother wondered what he was
even there for,

she didn't cry she didn't sleep she didn't eat until
his body was home

again, then she broke apart over all that was left of
what might have

been.

He had wanted to be a writer but he really loved music
too, she was so

proud of him there wasn't anything her boy couldn't
do, it was true he

had a lot of talent in the ninth grade he had written a
play, she would

often read the last letter he wrote; it had a poem in it
called memorial

day.

If they could see this blinding

Sight,

They wouldn't call it memorial day.

They would be more delicate with

The memory's burden,

Then to bind it to this loathsome

Spectacle.

There, that pulp of fresh John Doe,

Used to have a name, and his friends

Called him Shiner, because he had

Once been hit with the butt of a rifle

And had a black eye for a week.

No one can ever really remember him

Now.

No one except me, for I fear I shall

Never be able to forget.
After all these years she still sobbed every time she
read that letter,
knowing he joined Shiner six days later at certain times
it actually
made her feel a little better, in his sleep her baby is
safe out of the
harm of memory's way, and she always speaks his
name on memorial
day.

Oct00

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