

Reminiscence

By: Bree Durost

I don't remember much, but your love is unforgettable.
It's warm still, after all these years, warm as the sun
That reminds me of your smile, much like my own smile.

I was 3, you were 38.
Too young to lose a dad, too young to lose a daughter.
Making me emotionless, barely able to speak.

Genetics remind myself of you everyday.
Our same hair, eyes, fingers are reminders.
That I'm here and you are not.

Sadness and grief filled you before us.
Then the light came back into your eyes.
At least that's what my brother told me.

I'm also told you were an organ donor and I can not be.
That you could have been saved and you would be alive.
How can that be?

You're gone and I have bags under my eyes from staying up all night.
You are a stranger that has given me so much pain.
But I am getting to know that you are my dad.

One parent at graduation, marriage, and family meals.
My heart aches knowing you can't be there physically.
I know you're looking down, protecting and watching.

