

## DEATH MASK

Your picture sitting on my desk  
for thirty years.

Cleanshaven young marine,  
part of you torn out,  
molding you into a man.

You were proud to be a marine,  
proud to be a man,  
as I look for you still.

All these years  
I remember you as you were,  
young, vibrant,  
shifting keys on a player piano,  
women falling head over heels for you,  
shiftless at times,  
always creative,  
always funny,  
my brother, my soulmate.

And that call in the middle of the night.  
YOU WERE KILLED by Vietcong,  
blown from a bridge, blown apart,  
part of me torn out with you,  
the pieces like sand in my eyes,  
burning my eyes with tears,  
as I grow old  
with memories of you  
comforting me.