

5-1-2005

Moving on

Margaret Burton Malone

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Recommended Citation

Malone, Margaret Burton (2005) "Moving on," *Forces*: Vol. 2005 , Article 10.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2005/iss1/10>

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marching home

Did you see young Johnny
march off to war?
shoulders back, head high,
arm around Mom,
Sue, and Kathy Jo,
his kit stuffed
with brown and gray,
an 'I Love You, Daddy'
tucked in with clean socks.

Did you miss young Johnny
far away from home?
war churned days
into months, into a year,
no revolving door,
just endless wind,
sun and patrol,
without a line in the sand
where it would all stop.

Did you see young Johnny
arrive home today?
no fanfare, no buddies,
one lone black car
and me inside,
a silver medal
lay in my hand,
we drive the final mile
to end his 640 days.

Molly Boyce

Winter by Paul Bellah

Moving on

It was that flood winter.
The house went from under me –
mudsliding into the
ruined past.

No time to prepare, just
get out, get out quick as it all
collapses.

Sheets of rain slashed the street.
Garbage cans capsized, rolled downhill,
noisy and damaged like drunks.

My heart watched the For Sale sign
beating in the wind
and I signed our lives
into the downpour

Anemones flourished early that year
even so.

Margaret Burton Malone

