

MOSAIC US

Leland Jamieson

In Memory of L.S.J., 1904-1941.

For S.J.E.

How neat to see you—flesh and blood, real hug—
not just in memory's frame but cheek to cheek!
Seeing you freshly chews nostalgia's plug:
Recall when, careful of the ladder's creak,
you crawled two sun-baked roofs to take a peek
at little brother shaving cheeks of down?
I caught you grinning through the screen! You clown!

But mostly heartbreak overwhelmed us both.
Our clowning vaporized like morning dew.
Staggered by the death of Dad I was loath—
you too?—to hope that whimsey'd reconstrue
my loss, yield solace I could not “Yoo-hoo....”
Said Maybelle, “Foreordained is every soul.”
My shards cried out, “Mosaic—make—us whole!”

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