

The Boys Without a Whisker On Their Face

The boys without a whisker on their face.

Who kissed their mothers for the last time,

As a boy or forever.

Shipped off to the now crimson beaches of a distant land.

The ocean slowly washing death from its shores.

Their souls remain, not to be swept away with the tide.

Our sons crying for their mama in their final moments.

Tears from their eyes,

Raising the oceans.

The world as a whole, missing pieces.

Sisters, brothers,

Mothers, fathers.

The now men who made it back,

Stare at their mom.

She can't recognize her little boy.

Everything is slightly different,

Eyes are darker, hollowed,

On her, but oddly into the distance.

Years pass, memories never fade.

A portrait on a cracked wall, of a man,

Of a boy, without a whisker on his face...

-Thatcher Houston