

One Lonely Family

Sissy Higingbotham

As the sun begins to set once more,
The child drops his toy
And thinks of the fun he used to have
When the whole family was together,
And he'd go fishing with his dad
While his mom stayed home
And waited for them
To burst through the door
With stories
Of the one that got away.

Now he shuffles into the house
And flops down in what used to be
His father's favorite easy chair
While his mother watches out
The front window
For her husband's car to drive up;
But all she sees
Is a dusty plastic truck
Lying in the driveway
And a slab of stone mounted
By the old oak tree.