

One Of A Generation

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Out of everybody that checks all the boxes there's a strange poetry to it being you
All the others are scattered and occupied with other things they need to do
You know they would have come if they could for they have done so before
But they're not here right now leaving you as the one to stand in front of the padlocked door
There are others still but most of them are from other places and generations present and past
And you are left to stand there and consider the contrast
While there is a struggle to crack open that lock
Pondering what it must feel like to be among the last
The last of a generation of family
Out of plenty of siblings, the very last of your brothers
Outliving them along with other family as well as friends and probably others
The strength that takes and how it was stolen so fast to be put into a too tight locked grave
Whilst we cry and contemplate all the pieces of himself that he gave
Brushing a hand over the grave marker and still in disbelief over where time has gone
Alone only in thought with so much left to dwell on
Like the way your stubbornness and will to keep going
Were traits you both shared
Nothing could have prepared you for what you're doing here
All the respects, only a fraction of which that you can pay
You'd say you wonder how it came to be this way
But you were there and witnessed how
And then you're off leaving the dead and ghosts behind for right now
As generations continue to dwindle as they sadly do
You merely hope and pray
It'll be a long time before things go that way with yours as well as you too