

THIRD PRIZE WINNER

We Lost Our Son

We lost our son some time ago. Can't say the year or month or day.
He changed so very subtly and pill by pill he slipped away.
Our smiles belie the longing to see him in the noonday sun.
Sleep replaces that sweet thing. Darkness is the prize that's won.
How we yearn to have a visit with that dear boy we loved so very much,
But he has gone to sadder places where we can't go to feel his touch.
Drug by drug he swallows to chase away his fear and pain.
He's good to go for a few more hours only to start all over again.
Blue, green, pink or whatever, a rainbow of colour all comes in a vial.
Pop them and chew them and simply abuse them
 and one day the brain short-circuits in style.
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Shearon Green

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