

As Years Pass

I am a brother
Knocking on the past – with letter
Hoping family will remember –
The freckled and fun.
To them I was Jimmy
The boy bringing home bullfrogs,
But as years pass
I've become a casual whisper
That crosses their lips ...
I was taken away
Where the unkind
And evil live
Now a stranger wrinkled with time.

-- James W. Collins