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The 4th  
His 1st  
Their 1st  
Fiery sparks and burning colors;  
he holds onto his mother’s leg.  
She looks down. Hot  
tear drops slip, licking  
his forehead in their fall.  
She bends, cupping his cheeks and  
planting a smooch on his nose.  
Too young to understand  
why she cries.  
Another one soars into blackness.

The 4th  
His 9th  
Their 9th  
Old enough to understand  
why she still cries—he’s gone.  
A fallen speck in the night—  
tears unwept, hoping  
to feel him in rushing winds,  
to hear him in ruffled leaves.  
Between the death of night  
and birth of day, he lingers.  
Here, his father remains  
in streams of light.

The 4th  
His 17th  
Two glimmers of lights  
break open the sky;  
with hungry fingers,  
they reach for him,  
pulling him, guiding him.  
Although gone, they  
stay with him—always.  
Feet sink in wet grass,  
he follows the wind,  
carrying hymns of their voices  
to the print of their departed souls.