

The Night the Music Stopped

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I couldn't have known
why the music stopped
suddenly that night
why your brother threw
his drumsticks
why the guitar
shut down
why your mother
screamed
and panic followed
doors slammed
then silence

why emergency road lights
flashed across our TV screen
at the commercial break
sound muted
the disquiet of morning
writing a poem
about my own brother
how he lives on in the music
Sister Peg's phone call
from across the street
her gentle voice bearing
news of the crash

the hush next door
of tears and whispers
your death
shortening the distance
between neighbors
the shared loss of
brothers gone too soon
your mother and father
longing to hear you
in the music
awaiting God
in the garden