

# Magical Beings

By

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August 12, 2023

Dad's 75<sup>th</sup> Birthday Poetry Contest \*\*Winner\*\*

A cabin nestled in the woods,  
Smoke rising from its chimneys.  
A long and winding drive,  
An outhouse hiding in the trees.

Snowflakes melt on palms,  
Days short, the sun flees.  
A Christmas tree hand-picked  
By the most magical of beings.

Boots full of ice water,  
Feet suddenly freeze.  
We run home to warm up,  
When we fall into the stream.

Light reflects off the snow,  
Days so bright you can't see.  
Hide and seek out after dark,  
Summer days long and roaming free.

Soaring high on home-made rope swings,  
So far above the leaves.  
A field of wildflowers blooming,  
The Golden Days of childhood dreams.

Socks sizzling on the woodstove,  
Snowballs scatter on the iron.  
Maple sap reducing to a solid,  
Time again to start the fire.

Flying bareback down a dirt road,  
Piglets rolling in the mire.  
Geese chasing poor Laura,  
Dad is putting up the chicken wire.

We are jumping into snowbanks,  
Always wishing they'd be higher.  
This is growing up in North Wolcott,  
What more could a child desire?

Roller skating in the basement,  
Falling hard on one wheel.  
Spray paint in James's eyeballs,  
I bet you can hear that squeal!

Battery acid on Dad's jeans,  
We watched the fabric peel.  
His big toe smashed in the four-wheeler,  
But Dads are made of steel.

Smoke fills the attic,  
This chimney fire is for real!  
Carrie wakes the family,  
We retreat to a snowy field.

Wake up one winter morning,  
Mom alone in a rocking chair.  
The world somehow quiet,  
With crying everywhere.

How could this happen? How can this be?  
What went wrong and why?  
Where did he go? When did we leave?  
We didn't get to say good-bye.

Horses, pigs, and chickens now gone,  
The fire fades and dims.  
The woods empty, the four-wheeler dies,  
Dark and cold step in.

Carrie tries to save them,  
Speaks to each individually,  
Compromise won't be reached this time,  
Six children hang in the breeze.

We see no one is coming,  
We strap boots to our feet.  
We cross the stream hand in hand,  
The mountain ahead so steep.

One by one we reach the top,  
We look around to see.  
We've made it here but not together,  
One was lost in the deep.

How could this happen? How can this be?  
What went wrong and when?  
Did you see it coming? Did you lend a  
hand?  
Did you offer to step in?

Yes, I saw it coming, yes, I lent a hand,  
But still, she slipped away.  
Is this how she must have felt back then?  
When she too was powerless to save?

So long ago, decades now,  
And the storm no longer a threat.  
Standing in its place a bank of fear,  
To face old pain unmet.

Pain buried under snowdrifts so high,  
They reach the cabin roof.  
Buried under an avalanche of snow,  
Covering up the truth.

The truth of sibling love and loss,  
Of magic and despair.  
The truth and tragedy of an empty house,  
That once was filled with care.

Winter always lasts so long,  
Will the snow ever melt?  
Is the sun ever coming back?  
Will its warmth again be felt?

We move away, we build our lives,  
We find that shining sun.  
We still hold pain in our hearts,  
But deep down we feel we've won.

We create our own Most Magical Beings,  
They supply us with endless joys,  
Smiling faces with big ideas,  
These most wonderful girls and boys.

We live each day for their success,  
Their happiness and their love.  
We hope they live the life of dreams,  
And reach the stars above.

We teach them all the tricks we know,  
And pay for those we don't.  
For all that we went through as kids,  
We pray to God they won't.

They certainly won't come out unscathed,  
For we know that no one can.  
Everyone must face their demons,  
Jesus, who dealt me this hand?!?

Have we given them enough kindness,  
Enough patience, love, and care?  
Will they do better than we have?  
Will this legacy be shared?

Their struggles will differ from our own,  
Of this we can be sure.  
But life's greatest gift so far,  
Is watching my children SOAR!