

# Tom Miller

## A Stroll

I walked through  
The mists of time yesterday  
In a very unconnected way.

I watched my Dad on a cold gray day  
As he built a snow man.  
He was the tallest and strongest man  
In the world then, my Dad.

“Your brain is mush and that thing stinks!”  
We were seated on a log  
In front of a cabin in the thin trees  
Near the timber line, snow on the mountains behind.  
She snatched the cigar and stomped it out.

“Second half is starting” he said  
As he slapped the side of my helmet  
And strolled toward the field  
Carrying his by the face mask.

“Are you as escaping as I am?”  
Some guy asked over his shoulder,  
As he stepped into the mist.  
“I guess so. Are you?” I replied.

John Denver left on a jet plane.  
Pete took a walk where all the flowers have gone.  
I went where the chilly winds don't blow.

It was 1960.  
Before or after it was 1984.  
Then it was 2001.  
Then it was Friday and the tree in the back yard fell  
And you still were somewhere else.

The blue 38 Buick wouldn't start again.  
But the war was over.  
Don came home but Ron didn't.  
John was too young to go.

The 54 Century became a 57 Chevy.  
I got a diploma in the sweltering sun  
And the 57 became a 64 Vette.  
That became a wife. And kids. And stuff.

Disneyland. Disneyworld.  
Knots Berry Farm. Six Flags.  
Worlds Fair.  
Seen 'em all. Done 'em all.

I did the last funeral I will do  
When my brother died.  
I plan to skip mine.

I really like New Orleans a lot  
Except for the sweltering heat  
And humidity.  
The music is everywhere and the food is fine.  
Shame about the Katrina flood.

World War II, Korea, Viet Nam,  
Cuban missiles, Gulf Wars,  
Afghanistan and...

Some times I wonder if these  
Were just big pissing matches.  
Or some kind of perverted method  
Of population control.

Ah, that shady glen with the brook  
Where I used to lie in the grass  
And watch clouds go by when I was ten.  
I decided that this was the place  
To stay for a while.

**Tom Miller** is a retired businessman from Ohio who lives in Ipswich MA. His work has appeared previously in *Muddy River Poetry Review*, as well as the *Wilderness House Poetry Review*, a number of anthologies and other journals. He is working on his first volume of poetry. Miller is also a voice over artist and appears as a feature performer at a number of venues on the North Shore.