

A Poem for Your Pocket

FOR THOSE, WE GIVE OUR THANKS

I thought I had it figured out
I's dotted, t's crossed, cheques signed
Tie straightened, shoes shined, shirt ironed.
Then you opened my eyes.

Somehow, a few things fell through the cracks—
I walked along a trail of humanity.
No beginning and no end.
People creating history before me.
Then you opened my eyes.

I wanted to give them thanks,
For what they had done for me.

They came, they lived, they loved, they worked the fields
Sweated tears that got lost in the soil they tilled,
Worked 'til calluses bled, skin cracked, bellies ached with hunger -
Worried for their families.

Put clothes on their children's backs, food in their tummies, hope in
their hearts
There for each other, for the community, for their country
They made a difference for you and me.

On this day, I sit with a roof over my head, food on the table,
Family giving thanks with me,
I will remember those who can't join us around the table
Those we loved, those we lost
I'll have a place set for them,
Around the table in my heart.

BY GREG TURLOCK

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