

A Poem For Uncle Richard

By Paul B.

His star shone bright,
He set the world alight.
With a twinkle in his eye,
Uncle Richard was such a fun guy.

A cheeky chappy,
Who made others happy.
With his sense of humor,
And playful demeanor.

A lover of aircrafts
he was a Maverick
a Top Gun,
Someone I admired and looked up to when I was young.

I used to love the stories he'd share from his past,
Tales that drew so many laughs.

I often thought of him as a good-time Charlie,
A bit of a naughty schoolboy for whom life was one big party.

I loved this about him,
But little did I know how he was feeling within.

This outside reflection was offset by inner struggles kept hidden,
That in actual fact only made him human.

It's impossible to be confident and happy all the time,
Feeling anything less than that is perfectly fine.

I'm not sure Uncle Richard accepted this in himself,
Or that he really confided in anyone else.

Anger, frustration and resentment has a tendency to ensue,
When your minds awash with negative thoughts and there's only you.

It saddens me to think of him this way,
But there's a valuable lesson in it and that's to communicate.

To open up
and feel less shame,
Not worry so much about how it will be portrayed.

I can see him now laughing away,
And feel myself laughing too at something he's had to say.

That's how I will remember him,
Full of laughter with the widest grin.
But I will also remember that it's okay,
Not to always feel that way.

So farewell Uncle Richard
I hope you are now at peace,
Set free with a mind at ease.

No matter what you were going through,
I hope you know that we all love you.