

# “Memento Mori”

by Connie Kinsey

Daddy is whole  
as in my memory  
eight years and nine months before the battle—

Ngok Tavak  
May 10, 1968.

Mama birthed me in the desert—the shining night  
given over to morning.

From her I get the motion that blurs the image.

In his eyes adoration.  
Her eyes open to the sun.

Daddy is dead,

And I am not at ease  
with the falling grains of sand  
that are my mother.

Remember you must die.

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**Connie Kinsey** is a former military brat who has put down deep roots in a converted barn on a dirt road at the top of a hill in West Virginia. She lives with two dogs and a cat and is pursuing happiness, one cup of coffee at a time. Her award-winning writing has been published online and in print. She is also a spoken word artist and the Writer-in-Residence for the Museum of the American Military Family. Connie has blogged at <https://wvfurandroot.com> since 2008 and is wild about comments.