

Stitched legacy
By Oliver Meek

He wore it when he marched
from Georgia to Maine
upon Appalachian, blue ridge beauty.
He wore it as a grandfather, father, and husband.
He loved us like it was his duty.
I look at this well loved
hiking Cabela,
a shirt that embodies his name.
This fondness I feel is now also nostalgia
but fondness just the same.
The patches on its shoulder
feel like adventure.
I know they are filled with his stories
About the mountains he climbed
The views he took in
all over God's territories.
A red and yellow patch
reads "trail overseer"
and that's exactly what he was.
Overseeing the trails
his kids and grandkids walk.
He'll continue to do that above
His trail name "poet"
shines in tiffany blue twine,
a path I'll continue myself.
The rhymes and writings he left for us,
still sit upon the bookshelf
Now I wear the shirt,
I wear it with pride,
its soft sleeves fit just right.
For it's my Grandpa's
loving, stitched legacy
patched upon off-white.