From: Don Poss
To: Poss Don
Subject: Where are you son?
Date: Tuesday, April 22, 2014 9:01:05 PM

Family searched the fertile field where the wee told their son was buried.

Weathered wooden stakes, askew from trampling feet and and those still unburied awaiting eternal rest.

Still, they plodded trying to decipher scratches of tattered paper

Praying for a few remaining letters of his name...to no avail.

Where are you son? Lord tell us that we might take him home....

A gust sept a whisp of dust across the field. Silence ruled the moment.

Thank you,

Don Poss
Sent from my iPhone=