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An Ode to Pop

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An Ode to Pop

By: Collin Trehan

They say I am just like you.
That me and you are two of a kind.
We are something special
In this cold bitter world.

We have the same favorite Sinatra song.
Because no matter what you or I do
It has to be done My Way.

To drinking our Jack Daniels the same way.
You **MUST** pour it over four ice cubes
From the cracked ice cube tray in the freezer
No more, no less.
Then you **MUST** let the dark liquid sit for ten minutes
No more, no less.
Any other way well, it's just undrinkable.

I may not have ever got to meet you
As that cruel disease attacked your lungs.
I never got to see how our facial hair
Was styled the same in Mo's old photos.
I never got to talk to you about the 67' Corvette
And how I would get to drive it one day.
I would never get to see the look
On your face of how much you loved my mother and Mo.

I may have never got to meet you Pop.
But for my mom and for Mo
Who you had to leave too soon.
They get to meet you in me
All over again.
Because they always say you're just like me.