

Three Wise Men: A Collection of Poems

By

Mark Eublera

English B41a

Mr. Mitchell

19 March 2018

The Child

I was born an empty vessel—

without a father.

Instead, three wise men had come into my life

and brought gifts that go far beyond

myrrh, frankincense, and gold.

Each brought me the gift of

lessons, values, and wisdom,

in the hopes that I will be reborn.

A barista, a mechanic, a farmer:

Mark, Larry, and Pacifico.

Thank you all, for filling this

vessel and showing me what

a man is.

The Barista

We stood at the bar—  
at work or at the gym.  
“Go to my side, don’t go far,”  
you said, like a sergeant’s hymn.  
Together, we are one in the same.

Same name, same job, same race.  
The advice you give me is wise  
shown by the wrinkles in your face.  
You listened in on my silent cries,  
you are not as mean as you claim.

I was once weak,  
until you taught me how to lift weights.  
You pushed me past my peaks  
and so I pushed open the heavy gates—  
inside me was an inner flame.

Thank you for teaching me:  
how to lift over a hundred pounds  
how to swiftly make coffee,  
and there are no such thing as bounds.  
Brother, to me, is what you became.

The Mechanic

Finding Nemo was on the screen.

I lied down, head propped up against your belly.

For such a big scary man,

Disney movies made you cry.

The movie ended and you turned on the Lion King.

I rode shotgun, front passenger

you drove down Cecil Avenue.

I was six years old.

I should have been in the back seat

instead, I was your partner in crime that day.

The year's 2017, I'm twenty one

you shown me keys to a '02 Honda Civic

it's white and you replaced the old engine.

"Three thousand for the car," you said.

You sold me my first car and you gave me freedom.

Thank you for:

teaching me how to be both strong and soft,

being by my side even if I'm 6 or 21,

showing me that hard work is rewarding.

They call you Uncle, but I call you Dad.

The Farmer

All your life you worked on farms.

Your hands grew tired, cracked and sun-dried  
and I can still smell the dirt and dust from your arms,  
when you came home, opened a cold beer and sighed.

At 4 am, you would awake  
to go pick grapes. Out in the sun  
for hours as your body aches  
but did not stop till the work was done.

I inherited your strong work ethic  
along with a bad temper, a love so kind.  
Your laughter was like magic  
it was the sun as it burns and blinds.

Thank you, grandfather, for teaching me:  
that the most important things in life are love and family.