

Somebody's Father

He knows despairs' colors:
Monochrome, ghastly,
the brilliant face
a rather strange grey.
This is a surreal setting,
the one that he sees, not
making out a thing
but what's behind his own
eyes.

The story's all there.
You can see it, a glass clear
fever where heat waves waver
on a day actually overcast.
This is evident.
He's got on a raincoat, dark
business suit & tie.
The coat also is made of
several shades, terribly bright,
Mourning making a Frankenstein.

He stands before a doorway.
There's a watching priest & saluting guns.
He clutches a flag. The stars, silver,
they as well are just way too shiny.

(Also available as a poetry-art hybrid)