Family Portrait

Radical Face

So we start with my father as a boy barely spoke a word of English
Fell in love from a distance.
He watched her working from the back fence.
He learned some words and some clever turns of phrase from his father's book of poets.
She wasn't taken in that instant, but grew impressed with his persistence.

They met each other out by moonlight,
Made love in the nearby woods,
Then her folks became suspicious when her cycle broke that settled it.
They stole away without their goodbyes,
Got married in a foreign town,
Made their way as best as they could.
Found jobs and settled down.
And then time moved on.

I was born in a river of blood on sheets from the wedding day.
The room was dark and the stench was thick.
My father couldn't stand the smell of it.
Mama died in the night cause the nearest doctor couldn't stem the blood loss.
Father cried out on the back porch.
My sister held me at the neighbor's house.
Oh my there was a storm then, there was a flood of a different kind.
Father's eyes were often vacant, but his hands were rarely quiet.
Sister learned to take her hits well, both from life and the physical kind.
But I was never one to lie down, despite picked the fight.
So we designed our hells.

Father turned into a drinker, a dark bastard with a wooden heart.
Sister learned to be a mother, before she never played another part.
And I became a little terror, I lashed out at whatever's around.
Took some time before I settled, to find a mind that was somewhat sound.
And like it always does, time rushed on.

Six years later father dies in the very same bedroom.
Many said it was the grief that did it.
I have to say it's cause he hung himself.
To be honest neither sister nor myself ever much regret his passing.
But I admit it was a nice thing, to always know that we could feed ourselves.

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