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 persistenceThey 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 onI 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 hellsFather 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

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