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Old Man and the Marriage Party

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Old Man and the Marriage Party

He totters on three wobbling
Legs across the manicured lawn.
He stops to wipe his etched brow
With an old yellowed handkerchief.

A lonely pit reaches out, beckons
The cane — the man crumples.
The Samaritan swoops in,
Using the lifeguard grip.

Body heaves, ribs shudder,
Bones creak, life is leaving him.
He huddles on the doorstep,
Between here and where

Life is easy and no more.
He wants the fight to be done.
The marriage party in the backyard
Pays no attention, gaudy blue hats,

Silk flower bouquets, wine, and baby's
Breath mingles among the crowd.
The old man turns toward the party,
Yearning. His hat has fallen off,

His left lens, cracked. He turns to
The Samaritan and begs
To be left alone. The party
Roars on, and the old man

Closes his milky blue eyes.
A dark cloud drifts overhead.

Trish Klei '97