## FAMILY PORTRAIT IN COLOR

Dusk. No sun. October. Rain. Chills. Cold. Coughs.

Steven keeps gunning my blue Volkswagen In the driveway running over the pup-Py. The tires are white walls. All flat.

In the kitchen Tom holds a half-filled quart Pepsi bottle in his cut-up left hand. He is glaring at Joe. Joe glares at him.

My red brick paper weight in his left hand Joe, sweating hard, stands by the kitchen door.

I take a swig of Pepsi from a cup.
I pick my nose. I am reading a green
Textbook on Dante in my gray bedroom

Dreaming of black sexual abandon Planning a term paper explicating

The concept of nothingness in Sartre.

Praying her new jade colored rosary Mother drinks orange pekoe tea in her room.

Jerry holds my ball peen hammer in both hands. He peers over the kitchen window plants. Foul black phrases roll through the green drapes.

Michael is crying and crying. The tears Soak his Cathedral Cardinals T shirt.

Upstairs my sister pulls her pink quilt wrap Tighter around her thighs. She screams out threats To call the police department. Now!

Father has been dead for four and a third years. Enough rain has fallen on his green grave In gray South Omaha to float a battle ship.

To float two battle ships.

-- John McKernan

Huntington WV