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POETRY/FICTION

A Poem for blue

He hasn't changed his style in seventy years,
size 34 levis, traditional stitch
Taking pride in their hue of blue
Shirt buttoned to the top, starched to sharp corners,
the same size he fit into when he was 30

His cheeks hang below the edges of his mouth now,
swaying ever so slightly,
as he cries mutely without tears,
dryly through the bifocals that make him feel old,
brow furrowed to veil weakness, emotion, love

He watches each movement of his companion intensely,
graying eyes at half mast, eyelids suspended by union
no restoration by slumber,
yet with each motion, moan, noise,
he shuffles bedside, investigating, hoping, praying for a reset

He uses every bit of energy to make his posture intimidating,
like the 20 year old ruffian he once was, as authority approaches
"Sir, I'd like to have a discussion with you about your wife"
Stone faced and wordless, he nods,
emanating dominance, refusing to sit, a swaying rock

One hand clenches in the other behind his back,
bleaching the pink from his cracked hands
"She won't ever be the same"
Quicksand below his feet, he shifts, nodding again,
never gazing away from his partner whose eyes stray toward the window

Alone, he leans in, slowly entering the atmosphere of her aroma
A dry kiss and an unknown whisper, his bifocals slipping as he returns
Shuffling to the windowpane he grabs his collar,
unbuttoning his top button only as he looks out
at a sky with a blue jean hue

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