

FOREVER LIVING

button down collar and narrow tie
a suit now out of date
he gently held the chair
for his wife to take her place
I watched the old man dine
he wore his wrinkles well
beneath a freshly shaven face
though thick and gnarled
his tired hands still worked
I could almost see the grease
caught within the creases
of his callused fingertips
yet a face so mild with honesty
greeting age and dignity
like autumn and aspens
providing splendor for the snow
the corners of his eyes crinkled
with his laughter strong but low
as he nursed his second drink
his family sat around him
three women and a man
to let the old man smile
offering for an evening
another night of father's time
a lifetime's gift of giving
I sipped another glass of wine
helping his woman with her coat
he then lingered steps behind
his son, the man, now hesitated
and reached and touched his hand
the sunlight shone within again
in forever living eyes
"Thanks, Dad," the boy said
"My pleasure, my son," the man replied

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