

THE MAN IN THE RIVER

Again I find myself by the river
Sitting
Squinting my eyes at the image in the water
Reviewing the reflection
Seeming to remember you
Worse than you were, better than you could
have been
So hard
To get a clear picture.

I've longed to stand by your side
Go where you would go
Stand where you would stand
Say what you would say
Think, feel, act
As if I was standing in your shoes
Feet that never quite fit

Today, I long to stand face-to-face
Perhaps in your face
Yell, hit, shame YOU
Or cry with, smile at, hold you
So hard to decide
To get a clear picture
Of the place where my darkness lies
This rage, this eternal boyhood longing
For MAN
To Be a Man who is a part of and apart from FATHER

I decide
To look deep into the reflection in the river
Envisioning a man
Not my father
Only a striking resemblance

Chris Frey.

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