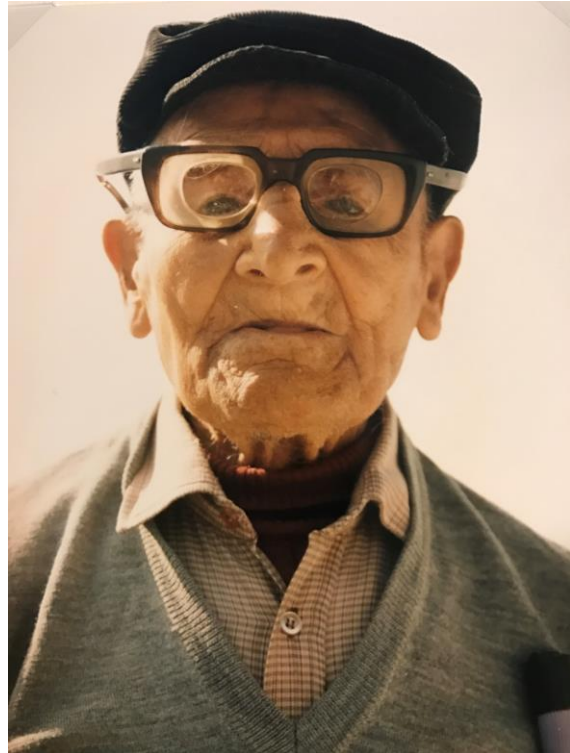


Portrait of my Wife's 114 Year-old Great Grandfather

he raised the twisted fingers
of his right hand
to his forehead
where they rested
beneath the brim
of a black beret

he stared at us
through the fog and shadows
of the past century
his eye balls pushing
against the yellow glass
of black-framed spectacles
that rode the wrinkled
sun-spotted flesh
above his ears

the left hand
assumed its cupped position
behind his good ear
while his shrunken lips
opened and closed
mimicking conversation
and occasionally revealing
a single, rotted tooth
jutting forth
from the bottom gum



Alberto Quiñones Saavedra

Steve Brock. 'Portrait of my Wife's 114 Year-old Great Grandfather'.
Transnational Literature Vol.9 no.2, May 2017.
<http://fhrc.flinders.edu.au/transnational/home.html>

breaking his silence
on occasion
with a sudden
high-pitched
gracias mi hija!
for a cup of tea
or some food
or whatever it was
his elderly daughter
placed before him

Steve Brock