

Carlos Del Monte's Verse

Chorus Verse

by Chad Smith

He was a quiet man

Greasy hair parted off kilter, pale flakey skin
Mustard yellow suit jacket, brown polyester pants

My father stood and talked to him before the service
I sat and stared from the church pew, oddly fascinated
Back then my parents had
Quite the cast of characters for friends
My father gave him a dollar
The man reached into a box and pulled out
The new issue of his recently completed magazine

Created and self published by the man
Goldenrod paper cover folded in half
Staple on the spine holding it together
Probably thirty typed and xeroxed pages

My father thanked him, thumbed through the pages
Too young to stay interested for long in the words I was reading
My father said the man was very intelligent and
Most of his writing was hard to understand

Religious ruminations, theological theories
Also numbers and equations with
Some conspiracy thrown in for good measure
I thought each issue of the little pamphlet was amazing

Yesterday puzzling over my own manuscript
Papers strewn everywhere working on the correct order

Scratching my unshaven chin
Wearing my coffee and mustard stained white tee shirt,
Army green sweat pants two days late for the laundry
Suddenly I remember the man and burst out,
“My god! This is what it feels like to be him!”
I have become someone's weird uncle
I am now one of my parent's friends

