

Behind Blue Eyes

by Frank Vander Rasky

“You don't know what it's like, to be an old man, to be alone man, behind blue eyes,” he said to the downtown city sidewalk. The sidewalk said nothing. People with someplace to go rushed by him, not stopping.

“You don't know what it's like, to be an old man, to be a poor man, behind blue eyes,” he said to the store window. The window said nothing. It stared past him, reflecting in its glass pane only customers with money, not empty wallets.

“You don't know what it's like, to be an old man, to be a sad man, behind blue eyes,” he said to the pecking street pigeon. The pigeon said nothing. It continued to peck, ignoring him, seeing only discarded scraps of food, and nothing else.

“You don't know what it's like, to be an old man, to be a dead man, behind blue eyes,” he said to the oncoming transit bus, as he stepped off the sidewalk. The bus said nothing. It ploughed into him, crushing his worn-out frame.

“You don't know what it's like, to be an old man, to be afraid man, behind blue eyes,” he whispered to God, as he lay there, dying. God said nothing. He carried him up, high into a sky bluer than the old man had seen before, to the start of all beginning, where the old man was to be a young man, to be a new man, to be re-born man, behind bright, grinning, baby blue eyes.