Inheritance

by Larry Strattner

My father died, I took his clothes, really not in fashion. I need to get inside his skin, I couldn't while he watched me.

In life we were so far apart. Now I put his pants on, knot his tie, don his coat, wear his shirt, I am him.

I wish we could have known each other. It's far too late for that. In addition to the clothes I chose He knew some things I might have used.

My son is a larger size than I, his thoughts, as mine, obtuse. I watch him move inside his life. I should have saved my father's shoes.

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