

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.

