

# Inheritance

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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.

