

Visiting My Father

So often,
You seemed unappreciated
Unnoticed,
Not there,
Except for a few memories.

Your hands
Trembling now,
Calloused by many years of labor
That made your body firm
Are but symbols.

The fatigue
Sitting upon your face,
Echoing hardships
Is a scar of your working life.

A glimmer,
Resting in your eyes
Catches fire,
That spark in your soul,
From days you suffered most
And survived.

Your voice,
Often exploding in anger,
Reflects hurts and haunts,
A final fighting of past images.

But mostly I see the smile
That proudly warms the room
As you greet me at the door.