

Radical Face "Family Portrait"

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So we start with my father as a boy barely spoke a word
of english fell in love from a distance he watched her
working from the back fence.

He learned some words and some clever turns of
phrase from his father's book of poets, she wasn't
taken in that instant, but grew impressed with his
persistence.

They met each other out by moonlight, made love in
the nearby woods, then her folks became suspicious
when her cycle broke and (?).

They stole away without their goodbyes, got married in
a foreign town, made their way as best as they could.
Found jobs and settled down. And then time moved on.

I was born in a river of blood on sheets from the
wedding day. The room was dark and the stench was
thick my father couldn't stand the smell of it.

Mama died in the night cause the nearest doctor
couldn't stem the blood loss.

Father cried out on the back porch. My sister held me at
the neighbor's house.

Oh my there was a storm then, there was a flood of a
different kind. Father's eyes were often vacant, but his
hands were rarely quiet.

Sister learned to take her hits well, both from life and
the physical kind, but I was never one to lie down,
despite who picked the fight.

So we designed our hells.

Father turned into a drinker, a dark bastard with a
wooden heart. Sister learned to be a mother, before
she ever played another part. And I became a little
terror, I lashed out at whatever's around. Took some
time before I settled, to find a mind that was somewhat
sound. And like it always does, time rushed on.

Six years later father died in the very same bedroom.
Many said it was the grief that did it, I have to say it's
cause he hung himself. To be honest neither sister nor
myself ever much regret his passing. But I admit it was
a nice thing, to always know that we could feed

ourselves

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