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Vibrant Domain of Atoms

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Vibrant Domain of Atoms

Kris Price

He sits there in his blue suede recliner,
thin grey hair combed to one side, tie
hanging like noose.
Eyes: blood shot with memories no one can decipher,
lips split and yearning.

I sit across from my chemist grandfather
blank faced and thinking
how that drink must be destroying his liver.

Dim photos, behind him glorify
his son on a beach,
his daughter with horses,
his grandkids playing golf.

Somehow
we're all here in the room
as the grandfather clock rings
over the charcoal stone where the embers died.

Raking a gnarled hand through his hair.