

Time to Meet

I will be 70  
And you 120.  
Time for us to meet.

Your visage comes  
Before my mind,  
Pale blue eyes,  
Sheepish shy smile.  
Eyes for whom?  
Smile at what?  
Not for me.

You were caught inside  
A maze of facts and opinions.  
Occupied by them,  
You looked out at the world  
And at your son  
Passing by outside.

And felt what?  
Precisely - what?  
You could not express  
What you could not feel  
And you could not feel  
What remained outside.

For example, me.  
You said they said  
My baby smile  
Was worth a million bucks.  
But I would have settled for a nickel  
And a moment of contact  
Inside to inside.

Cellar and garage  
Became retreats  
Of wires and tubes,  
Radiators and lubes.  
You invited us twins, -  
Solder here,  
Ratchet wrench there,  
Connecting many things,  
But never any persons.

Mom perfected her production,  
"Your father is shy,  
Not expressive,"  
Just a regular guy

Hiding in there.  
Some day  
He could  
Come out.

Forty years back  
We talked a bit  
Looking out over  
Your one-time lab.  
You touched your inside,  
A vague hope stirred in me.  
Then Mom spoke for you,  
"Don't upset your father,"  
She protected.  
I retreated.

Wrestling with  
Retreats of my own,  
Treating so many children  
Residing in deeper cellars,  
I awoke with a start.  
You whispered,  
"Come to me  
Because  
I cannot  
Come  
To you."

Waiting these  
Seventy years,  
Outside and confused  
To imagine  
Your inside  
And take your inside  
Inside mine  
To meet  
No upset,  
Protected,  
Together.