

Family Reunion

By Patrick Harvey

Bodies on floors, to some you're related
Sat at the table, feet not at the floor,
Listening to Shaky behind the Green Door
Those names and faces time's pixelated.
Presents and cards are always belated
Stories of conquests and stories of old
Whiskey helps to get the tale to be told,
Guaranteed to be exaggerated.

People and voices, now they just echo
Through empty rooms where you live on alone.
Days go backwards and the future's so slow,
Months drag their feet. You are lower than low
Till they all came back and call you their own.
Gold at the end of this fading rainbow.