

# Shad, A Story No One Told

Picture life etched in stone  
Life sketched in poems  
On sidewalks in dry chalk next to homes  
Picture all youve left alone  
And kept in reflections shown  
Your dome sketched in subjective tones  
Picture life on a sidewalk  
frame it - so all view  
all youve ever felt  
try to name it - its called you  
picture it  
in the space between steps  
its the grace between breaths  
and the message in this make-believe text  
picture

v-1

God exhaled  
The moon shivered in a blue river  
Stardust fell  
Through space released and gave its peace  
To a man in his place beneath  
Graciously as he laid asleep  
draped in sheets  
with his honest wife  
in the gold days of his old age  
and on this nice August night  
his soul raised  
he saw this light - the calmest bright -  
like Coldplay, it was all yellow  
and in its gold rays, he saw his plight  
as it showed him the youth that hed forgot about  
like how he block the spout on his houses hose  
and not let the water out  
he thought it out and wondered  
how hed remembered it all?  
how younger hed enter the halls  
when summer surrendered the fall  
then he wondered was his life through?  
In slumber under this bright moon?  
Like skies after thunder, the light grew  
And more from the limitless stash of images flashed  
And poured from the reservoir to mimic his past  
He saw himself with his wife growing old  
his childrens lives  
He filled with pride as the light showed his soul  
Then its brilliance died

v-2

And it was dead black in his eyes  
A voice said that it was time  
But he was steadfast in his mind  
So he said back in reply  
Please! Seeing my life like this  
It made me think  
I could state succinctly everything life is  
if you gave me ink  
And I could maybe print every speech and thought  
And release my plot on these streets Ive walked  
With a piece of chalk  
To paint the sharpest image of a heart  
Cuz as much as art can mimic  
Nothings as real as a life told from start to finish  
Suddenly the man awoke with a violent cry

That strangely didnt seem to disturb the silent sky  
His wife was still beside him under the blankets enclosed  
And when he looked up at the clock he saw the hands in it froze  
So the man just arose, put his hands to the roads  
And began to compose the most candid of prose

v-3

So he wrote every quote spoken  
And left every breath kept  
Sketched in the next step of concrete  
Then Death crept and lead him to his bed  
As the sun began to rise  
He titled his surprise  
The Story of the Man that Died  
Then his wife and the townsfolk awoke and were shocked  
First by his passing, but then by what he wrote with his chalk  
They got the roads blocked by a flock of postmen and cops  
He wrote from his lot to the edge of town close to the docks  
Where he used to watch the boats and often joked with his pops  
His folks had not long ago passed and now both with him walk  
People came from everywhere  
They read the story through for days  
It wasnt nothing new or strange  
Still they were moved and amazed  
It wasnt the places hed been or the people hed met  
It was the spaces between and the secrets hed kept  
They wept joyfully, for the greatest story no one told  
Was just the story of an ordinary man growing old

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