

Grey

by Michal Anna Fox

An ancient man slumps against a tattered stone bench,
Protecting himself from the rain.
His drab coat is pulled up to his ears and silver hair.
His face, wrinkled with age,
Is clouded, shaded by his dusty old cap.
When he becomes pent up with anger,
His gloomy expression darkens.
He spits out harsh words about the world
Splashing and drenching the pedestrians
Walking by.

He is shy, so much so
That he doesn't want to be seen.
He melts into the crowds full of color,
Hiding in shaded and smoky places
Alone.

He has witnessed wars won.
And battles lost,
He has sat with the mourning,
Grieving over deceased loved ones,
As he sulks across their ashen faces.

This man stands up from the bench
And walks away.
Away from the sorrows,
Away from the misery,
Away from the depression
That comes with colorlessness.