

THE FAMILY FOOL

Jack Peachum

Irony of ironies—
I bear the family face—
Me—the one you would not have
And held in such disgrace!

Stand in this space,
Look in my mirror for awhile—
Here, you'll find your father's eyes,
My mother's smile.

Beneath the aging skin, by time defiled,
Discern the lineaments of bone,
The shape of generations
Come and gone.

Ancestors we have never known
Look out at what we see—
A heritage of gene and blood
Make common heir of you and me.

But never fear—though this might be—
I know little enough of being kinned.
I will not come to seek your company,
And I will never call you friend.

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