

Harry

Head down, chin to chest
feet elevated, he sleeps
filling every edge
of the ratty recliner.

Johnny Cash echos
through the apartment.
His part-time preacher,
cleansing with melodic,
musical holy water.

He seems docile like this
sock-less and harmless
softly snoring,
worlds apart
from his reputation.

Looming remnants
of his past sins
spoken over the family
dinner table
in hushed tones.

A towering man
wielding a
heavy fist.
Accounts of violence
dissolved
in three fingers of scotch
no ice.

Today, he is smaller
in shape
in stature
in memory.

A peace softens
his skin now.
Absolution,
Amnesty,
and Alcoholics Anonymous.