

Blood and Alcohol
By G.D. Goya

I wake from a nap.
Almost five o'clock.
The sun begins it's
Long journey to the
Horizon

The lake is warm but
I don't swim for long.
On the patio
I lay out to dry.
It's a nice day.

My dad opens the
Side gate and stands
Next to me. His 100
Dollar silk tie is loose
On his neck.

My dad stands and
Stares into space
His hand on my shoulder.
His nice button up shirt
Is stained red.

Dad? I ask. He doesn't
Respond, he just stares
Into space. I go get mom.
She comforts him
And he jumps into the lake.

The blood comes off
And he sits on the
edge of the dock.
He tells his story.
I listen from a far.

The biker had been
Going about 60.
He passed my dad and sped
Around the corner.
His bike lost traction.

My father had pulled
Up beside him.
The man was a Mess.
Coughing up blood
And bleeding from his ears.

He tried to help.
But the people around him
Didn't. An old couple
Standing not far away,
Just staring.

He screamed for
Someone to call 911.
Everyone just stood and
Stared, too shocked
To do a thing.

Beneath him the smell
Of blood, and alcohol.
The ambulance came.
Perhaps too late.
And it was only 5 o'clock.