



### **At the Park**

A young and handsome man,  
my grandfather,  
whom my father doesn't remember,  
watches the camera  
with a soft smile.

Grandpa wears a heavy grey suit  
and no hat  
over his Brylcreem hair.  
Perhaps it's Sunday.  
He rests a hand against my father's back,  
the little boy in the striped shirt  
who shares his bench,  
who holds an empty soda bottle to his mouth,  
and whose eyes are shaded  
by a mop of dark, wavy hair.