

Nathan

Vic Chesnutt

The great grandfather, with his pious beard
Bathed in the river, all his years
Many books, that lined his walls
Jews and gentiles, held him in awe

Nathan stepped through the broken window
And looked to the river where his mother once floated
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He had four sons, all healthy and proper
One was converted, became a christian doctor
His daughter filled with typhus and succumbed
He grew quiet his wife fell dumb

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His granddaughter recalled, the day he died
She was six years old, frosted with fright
She clutched the toe, the stiff cold toe
And renounced the wrongs only she could know

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