

The Lieutenant

By Madison McCarty

Cherry blossom
Korean triptychs
don our crisp
white trimmed
walls,
above the antique
angel encrusted
gold
square frames,
ornate mirrors that have reflected
spirits
and many a living face--
most of them one in the same,
the bronze dragon
lantern
light sashays
where my tabby
loves to play
and chase
down the Corinthian pillared
hallway,

fire breathing
in the dark
I can see the shadows
between sconces,
smell stories through scotch
and cigarette breath
painted pictures
from the war,
the time faded facts
the multi-generational
lore...
I fit into his world
so small
brown eyes, mystified
trying not to look scared
of them all.
Protected by his pale embrace,
freckle filled rosacea
I gingerly trace,
shrouded by the tiny thousand
stalks of strawberry
blonde hairs,
that contrast the lush ocean
of dark, Baltic waves

carving out the coastline

of his forehead...

above green eyes

smoldered

into his Slavic face.

He has the same sharp brow

as his father,

but gentler,

kinder,

more educated.

Birthed from a generation

of privilege and information.

Old money I've never witnessed, didn't understand

it actually existed.

His grandfather was a Lieutenant

Colonel in the Marines—

he and his wife had dinner with Putin,

tea with the Queen.

His father: Sergeant

uncle: Colonel

All uncles: Marines

on both sides.

We live a charmed life,

amongst vintage family portraits

that he grew up with,

forgets...

but I love to study their faces,

their regal body language

and see him in his ancestors,

they make me think of pictures I've never had,

and wish I could study.