

Christie Lund Coles

*LOOK AT ME—
I AM YOUR SON*

Look at me, man, look at me!
Get your veined nose off the grindstone;
remove your ground sun glasses;
see the sun, feel it. It is there;
I remember it from my childhood
(Was it yesterday or forever ago?)
prickling upon my arms. Do you
remember it like that?

Listen to me, man, listen to me!
Stop your growling about bills, your
market-chasing; lift your eyes
from the *Wall Street Journal*
and the girlie magazines
(which you thought hidden from me).
Turn up your invisible
hearing aid; turn down TV.

Speak to me, man.

Throw words at me like stones
crossed with roses, with light.
I am your son. And I am still
frightened in the night.