

Colorful Language

Tracy C. Mansfield © 2024

Whenever it was time
to dismiss our grandma
and amuse his well-belovéd son
our grampa would proclaim:

“Talk to my ass, my head hurts.”

He dazzled the senses with colorful language
and no accounting for taste.

Whenever it was time
to refuse our grandma
and delight his well-belovéd son
our grampa would insist:

“I wouldn’t have it up my ass if I had room for a sawmill!”

He dazzled the senses with colorful language
and no accounting for taste.

Whenever it was time
to obey our grandma
and tickle his well-belovéd son
our grampa would declare:

“I’m gonna strap on a tin bill and pick shit with the chickens.”

He dazzled the senses with colorful language
and no accounting for taste.

Whenever it was time
to annoy our grandma
and regale his well-belovéd son
our grampa would command:

“Get a lot while you’re young... *real estate!*”

He dazzled the senses with colorful language
and no accounting for taste.

Whenever it was time
to offend our grandma
and crack up his well-belovéd son
our grampa would remark:

“Old Italian women don’t need a bra - just a sturdy belt!”

He dazzled the senses with colorful language
and no accounting for taste.

Whenever it was time
to cherish our grandma
and treasure his well-belovéd son
our grampa he would say:

“I love you, my marvelous dears.”

He valued emotions with terms of endearment,
his warmth with which we were graced.

And when it was time
to bury our grandma
our grampa howled out of his mind.
Stark mad for a week,
he worshiped her with all of his soul.

And when it was time
to bury our grampa
his well-belovéd son got locked away.
Stark mad for a week,
he adored him with all of his heart.

They dazzled our senses with colorful language
showing love for their children's taste.

And when it was time
to cremate our father
we were his well-belovéd sons
deciding we would write

A dazzling obituary in colorful language
with no accounting for taste.

Plus, ya know, we planted a tree.