

## **Crimson**

You would see it in his deeds, his smile, his quiet support  
His roses he so carefully tended with peaceful concentration  
His dangerous work, an honorable but blue collar job, with a loud truck and flashing lights  
His fiery Irish blood, his passion for his family, his love of reading and self-education  
The collar of the mutt he adored as he would a child, as he adored me  
His requisite oath, and the flag of the country he swore to protect  
His unwavering loyalty  
His magma anger, that never volcanoed  
He was my Santa Claus, my dubious Cardinal, my Kool-Aid, my Iron Man,  
My slippers that would always take me Home  
He was my heart  
If only his had been stronger  
Dad.

- Lynn Henschel