

# Ruin

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*It would take much more than a lightning-stroke  
To create such a ruin.*  
"The Colossus," Sylvia Plath

Even after my mother passed away, Father  
ate a runny breakfast at the head of our family's  
solid-oak dining table every weekday morning.

The Wednesday afternoon that I found him  
dead was no exception. Still sitting, dressed  
only in bright white underwear and a crewneck  
undershirt, his glazed eyes stared at the bronze  
knob of a closet door. His cheek stuck in a glob  
of golden yolk and slimy whites. Along with  
a sticky silver fork, burnt grape-jellied toast  
dirtied the floor. And while his hairy arms  
hung straight down, thick legs spread  
to reveal heavy genitals resting to one side.

I dropped two bags of groceries.

Cans rolled until they bumped wood trim,  
a bunch of bananas splayed to resemble  
a giant claw, a carton of brown eggs broke  
and spattered on ceramic-tiled floor.

Suddenly rushing to his side, I kissed  
his forehead as if checking for fever –  
but his skin felt so cold that I knew –

and wondered why he wasn't blue –  
but more the color of a struggling sun  
ray passing through a grey cloudy haze

– and already beginning to crumble. 

