



Alf

He was strong.

Not of body but of spirit.

To a child he was fully formed, secure, the finished article. But then, inexplicably, he cried.

And the sight of it was bewildering. He was the painter turned subject. The rugged features a pleasure for the deft of hand.

A landscape filled with light and shadow. Though wisdom is not a colour it can glow. But nothing prepares the heart for grief.

Not wisdom nor solidity of spirit. Three score years and ten is not enough.

Love can do that to a man, any man.

Define.

He showed me that much.