

The Red Silk Tie

The red silk tie was not
fire-engine red,
it was a rich aristocratic red;
deep eddies of raw ruby,
disturbed by a fleck of navy,
a subtle salute to Italian design.

His dress shirt was starched crisp cotton,
bright and meticulous, French cuffs peeking
just so, the white gold cuff links
punctuating the perfection.
Narrow notched lapels, careful charcoal wool,
a freshly hand-tailored jacket, his alone.

His expression was relaxed, a smile, not quite
there, the strong jaw line, set deliberately.
His full lips parted a bit, so sensuous
for a man, off set by his shadow stubble,
by the bristle of black hair, just trimmed.

The warm luster of the mahogany casket
shown heavy and dark, a rich embrace of calm,
a quiet serenity my older brother required
in his life; a quiet he searched for, fought for,
prayed for, and finally, surrendered his life for.

A precise, self-inflicted gunshot wound
from the barrel of a 357 Magnum
promised the desired outcome:
a swift explosion aimed at his heart,
and then the relief and ache of silence.