

The Grin

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His grin. I can sense it,
Even though I sit on the other side of his room.
I cannot see his face,
But I know that the grin is there.

A grin built upon the backs of others;
The backs of people like me.
His fortune too big to imagine;
Too greedy to share.

The crumbs that come off of the chicken.
Why does he need an entire chicken?
A whole chicken that would feed a family.
He has no hunger, yet he will devour it.

The crumbs and the meat fall from his mouth.
What a piggishness!
Rich enough for the chicken,
Not rich enough for manners.

His hands. His hands that dig into the chicken.
Twisted, crooked, and corrupt,
Not from hard work,
But from the chains with which he detains.

His hands make me wonder:
Has he ever worked a day?
I wonder if he knows,
What it's like never to have enough.

His grin. His grin torments me every day.
I cannot escape it.
It follows me everywhere.
It is my reality and my nightmares.

George Grosz: *Das Grinsen. Fünffner, Number 19*, Pen and brush on paper; 24 x 19 ½ in., Colby College Museum of Art, Gift of Erich Cohn (1959.077)



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