

## Unknown

*By Jason Gallic*

Many a jigsaw represented less of  
an enigma than my Grandfather.  
Trapped within the confines of his mind,  
shying blissfully away from those who needed to know,  
smiling away the questions ...  
the responsibilities.  
Revealing only by his choice.

Oh, he charmed many  
behind the curvaceous flow of those  
distinctive jowls.  
But the few that knew him were not deceived.  
The sugar-coated struggle of an  
unspoken history raging within.  
Imbedded bullets the plot twists in the story  
of a private man  
unwilling to provide those who cared  
with any peace of mind.

The unwavering emotions of history's future  
the casualties of a calculated ignorance.  
Eternal questions of a son  
stretching deep into the heart of France;  
inquiries into a man's soul  
forced into submission by a deeper need to survive—  
And survive he did.

So, then, did this man of the Bay,  
a polar legend, provide a mastery of know-how with children,  
of seemingly unapparent wit?  
Or perhaps stricken with the inability  
to parent in typical fashion?  
The questions are unanswered.

The fire lit for financial dominance blazing,  
it was an influence at one time absent from his life  
finally providing a settling of his perpetually rotating psyche.  
Japan's finest import, the committed soul  
of survival held his heart until God took over.  
As strong as she was serene, as courteous as she was independent,  
it was Mineko, the blood in his thinning veins for the past 27 years,  
who extracted a man from the safety of his shield.  
And so reflection must also include reverence  
for a human being willing  
to teach a man already aged 70,  
already committed to a life,  
already a legend.

Yet life speaks, certain to have the last work,  
leaving this man after 94 years.  
A Gallic indeed, who much like the Dolphin he had come to define,  
roamed free and defied the odds,  
an enigmatic silent warrior.

