

# The Old Man in the Picture

BY STEVE BORKETT

The old man in the picture I've been drawing this week reminds me of someone I must know. He's sitting in a cell on an iron bunk with a lost look on his face. His hair a white as washed cotton, his eyes as deep a blue as any sea. Looking like they could peer into your very soul.

The iron bed is bolted to the wall with a small barred window just above and to the left. These walls are a dull gray without any paint, without any feeling ~~the~~ The old man in the picture has huge shoulders, they are slumped. His clothes, both pants and shirt are blue and well pressed, his black shoes have been shined into mirrors.

He's just sitting there holding tightly onto his cane with combersome hand a large iron ball chained to his leg. With one quiet glance one can see that he has a heavy load to carry.

As I line pass the mirror at the end of the cell I take a last glance at the old man in the picture.