

Sam

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There's a heavy smell of home-brewed
beer on my dad's breath
Beer he doesn't even like but drinks because
He doesn't know how to ask "hey, you got a Stella instead?"
And my mom figures now would be a good time to
interrupt the silence with
'Sam says happy thanksgiving
And that she
loves you'

Nik watches Peppa pig in his car seat
Buckled in tight with his puffy blue jacket
Spilling over the seat straps
He doesn't understand
He doesn't know that the dad who's had
Too many drinks is the dad who finally gets
angry
He doesn't know that this is the dad who
Shatters plates and who's loud voice
Shakes the walls of the house
He doesn't know this dad

He's a good guy, a great guy
The funniest man I know, he's my dad
He's lately an angry guy
Angry that my sister left home
Where she said she wasn't happy anymore
He's angry he doesn't know where she is
Or who she's with and what she's doing
He's angry he gave her everything and she
Walked away
My dad's a good guy, he's a hurt guy

There's a staleness in his eyes
Like they're frozen just before his mind reconnects with his body
He begins,
'My heart aches for her'