

Sam

*Gabriele Eimontaite*

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'