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'