

My Dad

Micah Frenkiel

My dad
takes his morning with juice
and long, translucent sheets
of Atlantic smoked salmon
laid to rest like apricot stained glass
flat against the sourdough
and the radio too loud
so that a monologue by Garrison Keillor
takes up the room like
hot syrup in a jewelry box
drowning my mother in her sleep and
staining the walls burgundy
a shade she calls scab
and hated anyways