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Daddy

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DADDY

By Amy L. Shafer

To uplift corners of a mouth
held tight, I attempt to pry lips loose
before teeth bite my intentions
in two. It's not so easy. Hammering thoughts
drive your eyes backward through your head,
out the back of your brain where they
slide down your back and
rest there, heavily, until you ache and your eyes
dull as they look at me,
staring and wondering who I am and
what I'm saying to you or perhaps about you,
you're not sure which.

Corporate hands yank at your
right arm while I pull on your left,
weak, out-numbered, and unable to hold you
for long, I have tried.

Cashmere college fees drive you on for three
who would gladly exchange it for you and younger
days when there was enough time to break in a
baseball mitt in one evening,
but, you didn't think so.

The days my humor touches you are the days I feel
I've climbed a mountain, and stand in wonder
that a mountain does have the capacity to
appreciate such a cool stream
determinedly running through it,
smooth against the rocks and a steady
rhythm against Time.