

Pa

by Victoria Huntington

On Saturday morning
(coffee, cartoons,
cigarettes, ashtrays,
homework)
Dad and I talked.

For a time he stood at the windows
watching
winter come—
horses running, cornfields blowing

Strength passed between us.
Sometimes to him,
sometimes from him
as the coffee pot strained
up against the grounds.

His blue eyes were tired behind speckled glasses.
He said he needed a friend.
What a sad thing to have to ask—
I've always been his buddy.

As he cried I held him
in arms not strong enough
to contain his loss or bear it for him.

So we cried.
A tear cooled his coffee
How odd,
we drink our own grief.