

# 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.