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My Father's Ship

Patricia Keller

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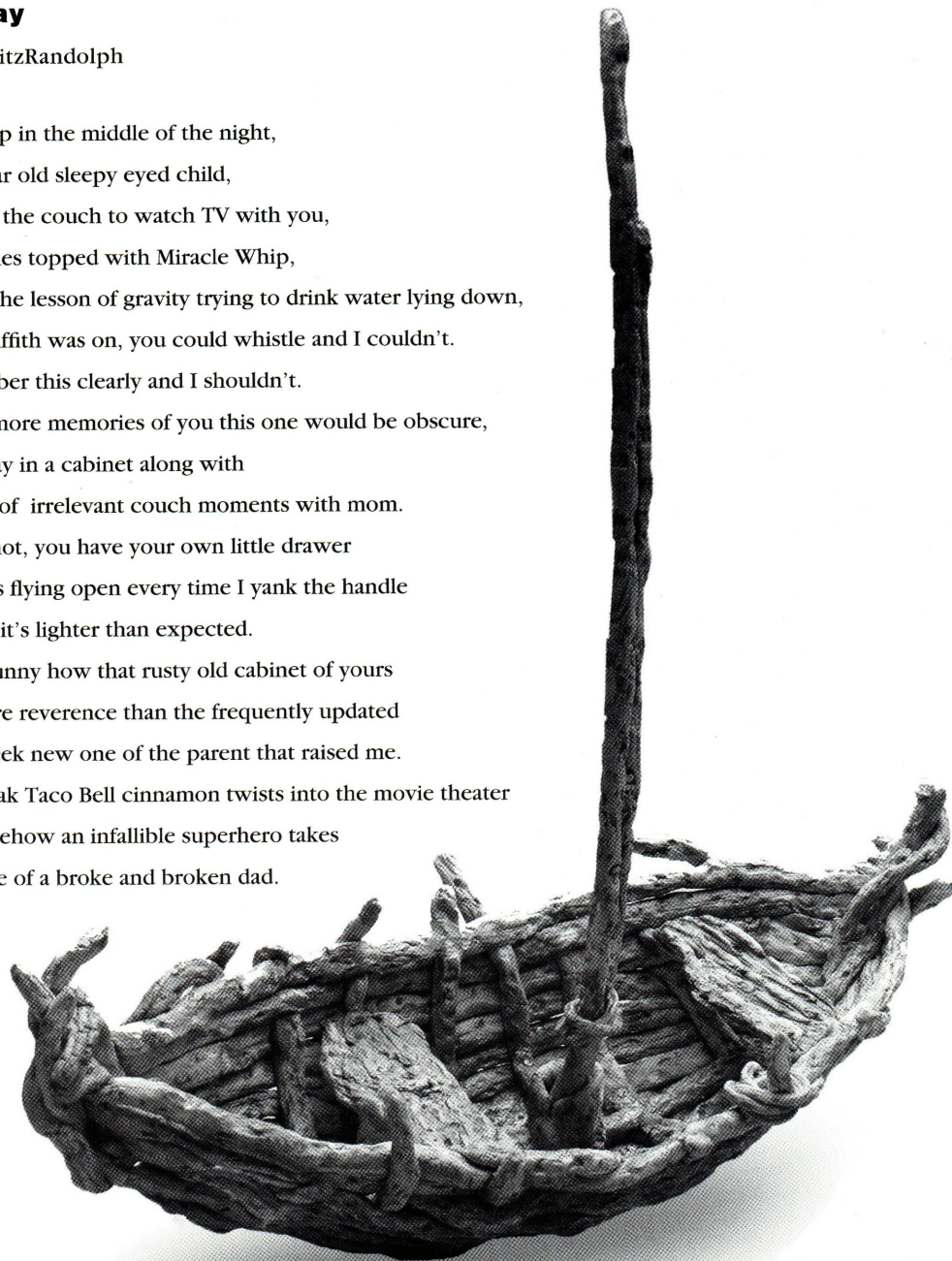
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Filed Away

Kaitlin FitzRandolph

I woke up in the middle of the night,
a five year old sleepy eyed child,
snuck to the couch to watch TV with you,
ate Saltines topped with Miracle Whip,
learned the lesson of gravity trying to drink water lying down,
Andy Griffith was on, you could whistle and I couldn't.
I remember this clearly and I shouldn't.
If I had more memories of you this one would be obscure,
filed away in a cabinet along with
millions of irrelevant couch moments with mom.
But it's not, you have your own little drawer
that goes flying open every time I yank the handle
because it's lighter than expected.
Isn't it funny how that rusty old cabinet of yours
gets more reverence than the frequently updated
shiny sleek new one of the parent that raised me.
You sneak Taco Bell cinnamon twists into the movie theater
and somehow an infallible superhero takes
the place of a broke and broken dad.



MY FATHER'S SHIP Patricia Keller