

Your Father Love

Through the cracks
of wrath and ridicule
shame and mortification
like the first, faint warmth
of the spring sun in the arctic circle
shined your father love

How you cut and cut and cut
how you sneered and raged and belittled
how your cataclysmic violence
your door shattering tantrums
your vainglorious Vesuvian effluence
helped my after-dinner vomit
flow

You made me fear
frozen
less than
eternally unworthy
sorry to be
so woefully lacking
ridiculous
monstrously disappointing
terribly bad

I compensated where I could
in orderly perfection
collecting things
the long, lonely silent darkness
when I would ruminate
and cry without a sound
for I knew that disturbing you
could bring death

And then for a moment
after the longest hiatus
so faint and brief
it hardly signified
would shine the slightest semblance
the weakest glow
the aborted nourishment
of your constrained, disdained
begrudged
father love