

An Ode To My Father

My father and I have the same nose,
The same arms blotted with dots,
Our faces both dotted with blots.

We have the same temper too,
Both too quick to anger,
Too quick to retreat,
Too slow to apologize .

But his eyes are blue,
His hair blond.

Mine are black,
Hair and eyes alike.

In him, I see difference.
In me, he sees solitude.

He is a man,
I am not.

He is the oldest son,
I am the youngest daughter.

The responsibilities he bore
Are nothing but stories to me.

The responsibilities I carry
He sees them as nothing compared to his.

But he does everything he can to support me;
Came to all the games that he could,
Every recital,

All my academic feats.

Can I say the same?

Am I able to look at myself,

And say,

“I support my father?”

Or,

Are we once again

Screaming at each other

In the parking lot?

When I was a little girl,

It seemed like it was just the two of us

He misses that little girl,

And I don't know how to tell him

That I miss her too.

I don't know how to tell him that I've lost myself

Because he does not understand what it means

To not have an answer.

All he sees in me now,

Is a half-grounded illusion

Of the daughter he used to know.

But now,

He gazes at me,

Shakes his head,

And says, “You're different.”

And everyone in my life,

Roots for me,

Encouragement I do not deserve.

I have not let them down
The way I've let my father down

I let him down again
And I think he has given up,
Given up on this person I am now

He will never be angry at her,
Could never raise his voice
At the girl he held the handlebars for,
When he taught her how to ride a bike.

Anger didn't exist toward this girl,
That once held his hand with every step she took.

And, although he does not want to acknowledge it,
It dawns on him that she is gone.

But he still longs for that little girl to emerge,
Waiting,
Always waiting,
For the person I used to be.