

Watching Dad

A fruit knife and your father, coughed
Into retirement, saunter through the garden.
His lines of halved wine barrels offer up
Their bell peppers, their tomatoes,

Their crookneck squash. He deposits them
Into the lumped bowl of his shirt stretched
Before him. When you watch your father sweat,
You die a little—

The skin on his head thins,
The eyeglasses live on his face for longer

Portions of the day—and you brace for a fall
Among the artichokes. You do what you can.

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Untitled



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inklight

a publication of afterimage: the journal of media arts and cultural criticism

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