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A Small Girl's Reflection on a Means to an End

Rob MacInnis

It spoke in volumes, thick and heavy like the stench
Of the restroom the morning after St. Patrick's Day.
Or maybe that time he had to clean out the
 tampon dispenser in the
Ladies room that had been left there by the last crew . . .
21/2 weeks old.
Some things are just more pronounced than others.
But this time it didn't smell, or wash over the body like a
Demonic perfume of old saliva, penetrating between
Every little strand of cotton in your clothing that made you feel
Like you might as well be
Bathing in it.
A little girls creation, a symbol of affection, a recollection of
Who he was, what he did to meet ends, putting his life into it
So the artist would make it out. Make something better
Of herself in the real world.
It spoke volumes.
Flat on the dining room table, anticipating his arrival,
 crayon scratches
Across a white page . . .
It moved mountains,
Divided seas, raised the dead, spread a plague and cured
 all wounds at the same time.
Her name . . . on the bottom, violently etched into the paper.
A vision of a small hand gripping the crayon,
Putting her mark for the father to know and understand.
But she didn't know what she did.
Naive to his feelings.
The picture was naked, a portrayal of himself, a reminder of
Unrealized dreams, unspoken truths, unsatisfied lifestyles.

Why . . .

Hadn't he tried College? Wasn't this *not* the life he wanted?
But not washing the undesirable things away from the place of
Peoples behinds plopped on porcelaine buckets.

Where random pubic hairs were just as common as
the astray piece of

Paper towel with someone's snot in it.

That's why rubber gloves were worn,
so the feeling of what was being touched
Would never sink in.

An unbelieving Janitor,

Hovering over the dining room table, looking

At a multicolored, chicken-scratched reflection,

A 5 year old girl's creation, that *angel's* creation,

Pondered a life in a small fleeting moment, dismissed

It with a wave of a hand, picked up the drawing

Posting the sore-spot of his life on the refrigerator door.

A small magnet, thing that clinged to the coolers wall
through paper,

Holding it up for all to see.