Father

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Lift off the lift chair
and shoot brown woodchucks
off the deck past my bedtime
and let me watch. Bruised boy blue,
wipe your black eyes, chase
your whiskey with swallows of lake water,
from Goguac
and dye your beard black.

Call the camper a cocksucker when the tires are flat
and the mosquitos kiss with the singe
and the stars on their side.
Man of army men and summer browned skin,
don’t shoot your father when he hits your mother
hang him
with your belt when you leave it
looped around your waist.

Unbraid your veins from IVs
and dig from the dusty flesh
your fossilized spine. Carve
an oar from the bone
and paddle backwards. Teach me how
to shoot machines in the woods,
not animals, dryers that died full
of clothes still damp inside them,
warm refrigerators and
immovable lawn mowers. But Dad,
I can’t shoot my own dog.
Hug my mother when you make her cry
Store the wedding china
together “handle with care.”
Broken down bodies creak as they
crystallize. Native chief,
where are your feathers?
Lies.
Paint the house of colors tan,
Tuck your tie-dyed
behind the tree line and tell me
where you think you came from.

Don’t trust
The electric respiration
whispering women lullabying you alive.
Unplug yourself from the wall
and whither your way home.