

Fathering

Sometimes I recline in the fathers' chair, where arms rest on wide leather, feet propped. I order a drink, hear the father in myself who knows what he wants and that someone is willing to bring it. My fathers like feeling important. They fiddle with dials, check sprinklers, and carry heavy ice chests outside. They do not see their arms and legs, they use them. My fathers are not ashamed of their bodies. They wear them in t-shirts from the St. Louis Cardinals and "Don't Mess with Texas." My fathers would like to be large as Texas so they eat large cuts of meat. I find them in summer at barbecues or sauntering slowly around picnic benches and talking to the willows. My fathers are not afraid to be silent. Sometimes they turn off the sound and still watch the TV. My fathers live inside me, ask: how am I? could I use any help? When I strike and miss they are there, bringing me water. My fathers say there's a next time. And because they are so often right, I believe them.