

## Visiting Dad

I won't ask how you are, Dad  
He would tell me in a thousand words.  
I'll say, it's good to see you Dad.  
He'll grunt—It's about time.  
I feel guilty because I'm forty  
And don't move as eighty does.  
I'll say—let's go for lunch  
And buy you a new suit.  
Then he'll say,  
Your Mother always bought my suits.  
Then I'll feel guilty again.  
I can't bring Mother back.  
I'll say, how are the meals?  
Are you eating well?  
He'll say—no it's not the same  
Nothing tastes like home.  
I'll say—Who is at your table now?  
Is Jim still there?  
He'll say—Jim is gone—and no one talks.  
I'll tell him—Joel and Aaron play hockey.  
We get up at five for practice.  
He hardly hears and doesn't care.  
I hug him and say,  
We'll bring you home for lunch on Sunday.  
He stares past me.  
What should I say?  
How can I make him come alive?  
Why do I feel guilty?  
Goodbye Dad, I'll see you soon.  
In the parking lot, I weep  
And feel guilt rising in my throat.

—Naomi Wingfield