

My father's picture

the picture they sent
of him in his 40s
was evil
the smiling face
and selfish, proud eyes
scared me
shook me for days

bad memories
of not being seen
by him
as he appeared
and disappeared
in my life
of his power
to do as he wished
wrecking hours
and lives
wasting chances
for understanding

much better
my memory
of the weak old man
accepting help
from others
and able
at last
to really see me

it was a miracle
I was glad to see
my father
as a humble man
showing love

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