

**You Are Not the Enemy**

Hey Dad,  
remember when I wanted to be POTUS?  
For Halloween, I was Abraham Lincoln.  
I stood small with a long hat and made  
Honest Abe look Indian.  
I can't even imagine showing up for a play  
to finally have a good time  
only to have some stage actor shoot me from behind.  
It hurts to know his mind that needed rest  
from the history he made  
felt a bullet break through all that memory.  
Imagine, a bullet,  
no different from the ones that sent soldiers  
to the ground,  
the same ground where he addressed  
our nation fragile as light snow before it  
burns back into a scam of spring.  
As you often say, Dad,  
at the end of the day, we still love each other  
no matter the family feud.  
I'll take that.  
I'll keep that conviction the way you keep  
my birth certificate secure in a box  
you once showed me will survive any house fire.