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.