

NOT THE FINAL DRAFT

My dad died on a Friday in April
before

The first break of my conference
Where I was looking forward
To hearing J. Duncan-Andrade speak
Critical Hope

Share support to “the rose that grew from concrete”* (Remember to cite Tupac)
THE Duncan-Andrade
Breathing fresh air into a room clouded with new legislation

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He cleaned out his three-car garage of things he thought he might need some day
(The cars and truck and camper were in the gravel driveway)
Weeks from moving within an hour of his four kids
All of us concerned with
How he could drive Mom with
neuropathy
and cataracts
and a gun under the front seat

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My green-eyed artist confessed to wanting to die in September
Fourteen times around the sun seemed like too many
(even if they aren’t enough)

Making sense of the present journey
Through the past
Taking a machete to the overgrown places
The things we weren’t allowed to speak
The demons whispering in ears
Afraid to sleep
Tiptoeing by the living room

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