

My Father is in my Closet

My father is in my closet
His smell, hanging way back,
Bent over in the dark

I remember a yellow plaid
In our old house
He didn't feel the need
To toss 'em in the laundry
So his shirts ripened
Overwhelmed the mothballs
Shuddered a bit
When I checked on them
As if they felt
A subway trembling past

And I thought I felt him
Put a hand on his own shoulder
When illness visited
And the stale air stirred
And his shoes reshuffled
And my mother's perfume
Seemed so very far away
And the winds breathed sadly
And the sky failed
To lean in
To stroke his hair...