

The Father I Will ~~Never~~ Become

I doubt I'd be trusted
with a head so soft
or a little one that doesn't know I lie to myself
for a living.

And I want a child? I want to commit?

I love the idea of naming someone I haven't yet met.

My father taught me how to be kind mid-argument.
My mother taught me how to keep loving strong.
Maybe I can pass those things down at least.
Maybe, I won't have to unfertilize their tree.

I imagine a kid with my brown eyes
watching me lose it over dishes in a sink
and still believing I know
how to fix their world.

Yesterday, I saw a toddler throw a jar of jam on the floor
and laugh like God created the mess with him.
I wanted to cry—and give him my life.

I knew life & love. Real living & love.
Unspoken, repeated, worn out like my godmother's couch. I knew love that avoids
showing itself because it assumes you remember.

Can I give that back
in this 21st century circumstance?

Love is not rebellion.
It's showing up. Repeatedly.

Love is not rebellion.
It's grocery lists. Repeated.

Love is not rebellion.
It's letting the kid fail and not fixing things right away. Repeat.

Love is not rebellion.
It's repetition.

Repetition—
until, in time, you are your father—
and it all means something again.