

## Wilderness House Literary Review 14/3

*Francine Witte*

### **My Father Walks Me into the Field**

tells me, weather is your family now.  
thunder is your cousin, and that's what  
forced my hand across your mother's daisy  
cheek. Then he lifts his face into the one o'clock  
sun and sneers it behind a cloud. There is enough  
of an afternoon to wonder what comes next.  
A hit, or worse a drunken kiss he will later  
shred he truth out of. Field mice around us,  
scamper warning at my feet. No need, I want  
to tell them. You can't ruin what's already  
rotten. Once, when I was little, my father  
held a length of cord and tied it to a kite.  
We ran, laughing, as it eagled into the sky.  
It wasn't until later that I watched my father,  
in secret, as he played with that length of cord,  
snapping it, whiplike against the railing.  
Clouds on the horizon balling up  
Into a fist