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My Father and the Arab Spring

My father died believing—
and this is an important distinction,
to die with opinions even as
the things you love are wrested
from your grip because it is mad
heavy and putrid—
that he was right about the Arab Spring.
Somewhere up there, or down there,
or in the middle, hovering,
like a brain that is no mind, but organ,
and the others flatlining,
he is chuckling up against Arafat or Nasser:
“Where is your Arab Spring now, boys?
Your Isis, your Amen Ra,
the cultivation of your agriculture?”
My father never had much use for lyres
or virgins;
he couldn’t do business with them.
They haven’t the wits for the art
of negotiating.
He is where it is so much more
accomplished than Paradise, because
the argument goes on and on and into
Perpetuity.