

Father's Day in a Bathroom Mirror

White Carnations

I watch my father shave each morning.
The whiteness of the shaving foam matches the whiteness of his hair
I glance, and in peripheral vision his eyes twinkle in response.

We have the same eyes,
although his were brown and mine are blue.
Have we had the same thoughts, too?
I wonder.
Did he feel the way I sometimes do?

Or have I been able to program myself
design my life
control impulse and strife
free from parental interference?
Before I began shaving as a teenager, I was cocky enough to think so.

Now, as I shave, I wonder if I was always preprogrammed?
We do look alike.
It's hard to tell since all I have is remembrances and the bathroom
mirror.

His glance catches mine in the mirror and we match smiles; it is his shy,
playful smile--
the one with which he told me that life is a grand adventure, even that
last great adventure.

He watches me shave each morning,

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