

THE INVISIBLE FATHER

You might have worn bandages,
Sir, like in the old story.

After all, you were a wound,
Or at best, the breath of Absence.

One of us said, once, that you stood
On the dark side of Mother.

I think now that you stood
Behind us, like the sun,

Fathering our shadows toward her.
You have become the music

You practiced hours and hours
Elsewhere in that strange house,

The difficult passage I hear
Suddenly in context.