

Dad

When I was
a kid you shattered
walnuts
in your vice-like
clench
so I could pick
greedily
through the shards
in your open palm
for the sweet bits.

One time,
forsaking physics,
you hacked
with a wood handled ax
at a sealed
ice fishing hole.

The tectonic fracturing
echoed
scattering crows from skeletal trees,
sent families scurrying for safety.
We should've heeded.

My brothers and I remain
still with the wounds
you hewed
bundled, shivering
garden gnomes.

Recently
your spirit
sifted through
the fissure
in my heart.

The cascading truth -
that arrogance is hardly
super power enough
to stave off
death -

settles.