

Father's 86th birthday

DOUGLAS K. CURRIER

He wonders why he should go another year.
He can barely walk; he can't grip with his hands
– the arthritis and all. He does little of what
he liked: the carpentry, the hunting, the chores
morning and evening – nothing really. Once
a day he creeps out on the driveway ice to give hay
to the horses still there. Now, he reads mystery novels
that hold little mystery and watches FOX news.
He still drives, but glimpses the day he won't
around every turn. He wonders how they'll get food.
He has survived himself, a confusing victory
of birthday cake and remembering.