Father's 86th birthday
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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.