

# *Watching My Daughter's Tap Recital*

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I think of Mrs. B, my typing teacher  
that summer before high school,  
and how my mother would drop me off  
those too-bright Saturday mornings  
to slump before a Smith Corona  
in the cool, tiled basement classroom  
of the all-boys prep, and I remember  
the satisfying snap of the letters  
hammering the ribbon to the clean  
white page, tattooing their gibberish  
(asdfg) amidst the dropped-coins clatter  
of my classmates, all of us stumbling  
to keep up with her endlessly patient  
encouragement to work the pinky,  
semicolon P, semicolon P, over  
and over in a gently lilting cadence  
coaxing those synapses that free me,  
thirty-odd years on, to type without  
hunting or pecking or ever much  
considering (her routine over, we're  
wildly applauding) those drawn-out  
hours, that once hypnotic voice.