

lake saint faith

my father gave me
my eyes from the great lakes.

byzantine blue, they ran like rivers,
connecting greats 'cross country
in ways my father never would
even when we stayed
a bedroom apart.

separated now, by styx and stones,
storms disperse, and tranquility
washes over me like a heron
diving down to capture its next meal,
yet his stalking eyes still hunt for me.

eerily, in lieu he will find
my same cerulean eyes,
wide as a doe,
beyond his headlights
and in that blinding scarlet,

i will stain his car, his firstborn,
and i won't have to wait to know
which he saves first.