

Daddy

Nicholas McKay

Dad, did you know, if I spoke with an accent,
that familial title of yours, could be pronounced
'dead', and it would suit, for that is all you are to me.
Although air continues to fill your lungs
somewhere on this Earth, the one thing I learned
from your lacklustre teachings,
is how family, especially our own,
is a non-existent formality, whose sole purpose
is to teach the young of lonesomeness
and decay. A dust ridden cobweb
serenades your heart with the wails of dying flies,
the trap of glistening thread, having once enthralled
my flailing limbs in its tender vice.
When copulation occurred, all those years ago,
it was not done in a fit of happiness,
but on the cusp of a spontaneous accident,
the membrane of your heartless self,
poisoning the egg shell I emerged from
in the moment it was cracked upon the frying pan.

You flayed me on the gas lit stove
on a daily basis, dancing across the kitchenette
with an invisible partner, the sound of tears
hitting the crystalline floor with a tsunami
of worthless dread, being the music
caught between your ears. Perhaps there was once a time
I had been looking for fatherly affection,
but the hand you outstretched to mine
was not out of kindness, and after my strength
discontinued in its waning struggle, I forced
my agenda to escape upon the psychosis
of your inebriated mind, and before you could
swipe at me with those arms of yours, like vines,
I descended into the underbrush, and until these words
filled the page before you, never had I decided
to ever again come up for air.