Father’s Day

A.

His father
was the town’s
leading tailor,
but he’d prefer
denims & sneakers
that raised his mother’s
gentle voice:
Why does their son
embarrass his parents
with his shoddy looks?
When readymade pants
& shirts became de rigueur,
the shop had to close down
& his father
would look for
business spots
but it was too late
a time
for custommade apparel
to be king again...
(Seasons are always
cruel to
old souls
who raise the artisanal
roof...)
Now he rues
the superfluous brands
the market offers
as terrific loot
whenever he preens
before the mirror
like a faded peacock
& longs for
their once-upon-a-time
loving reproach.
At his father’s wake,
by his urn of ashes,
lay the scissors
& tape measure
of his trade
that signified
an epoch
& his insolent youth...

B.

“We who are fathers
are ourselves fatherless,”
the first line of a sonnet
he uttered at 19
his past drawing up
a future
that is his present now...
Should he have feared
its sad, sad gravity,
like a shot
wildly fired in the dark?
He is thankful
for that open-eye blindness
that stopped him
from keeping it
like a secret letter
of the arcana
in his heart.