

## *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 rigeuer,  
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.