

Good Old Dad

around 6,
dad comes home in powder blue scrubs that hang loose on his bones.
his keys clatter
violently on the kitchen counter.
his quieted sigh somehow
shakes the cabinets.

hi, he says
shortly before padding up the stairs.
i pause, waiting to hear the bathwater
spurting, and imagine that maybe
tonight, by some miracle,
the scalding water will wash his troubles
down the drain.

even if it will,
i know he'll open that door again tomorrow
and bring home
that all-too-familiar dejectedness.

no, that's not the right word,
but i don't know what is.
all i know is that
those who save their worlds
never save enough for themselves.