Background

Eugene Rinehart

Dominican University of California

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BACKGROUND

Eugene Rinehart

Dad stands in the back aisle
And smiles
I know, he prefers it that way
To being up front and
Not having a good time.
Too many people,
He always hated too many people –
There are less in the back
So he stood in the black—
Where he could have a good time.
I don’t mind.
Of all the faces he sees mine.
I know he is there
In the open air
Where the crush cannot touch him.
I feel his relief
And the odd sense of peace
That comes from his aisle.
He’d rather not be in the paternal pile
Where breath is too slim.
That man, the smiling man
Beyond the din,
Where you might miss
Him in the thin
Light; that is my father
And he is having a good time.