



Meeting My Father for an Afternoon Drink

I say without saying: Rye. A dash
of bitters. Sugar. The bartender stirs.
Then cherries, pierced

with a skewer. Zest of an orange
rind as he rims the glass.

For my father, I order a Screwdriver—
watch its ice melt... *What a waste.*

Sunlight whitens the big window.

The bartender fixes another drink.

If he looks my way again,

I will simply nod. If possible, I'd like to
make this easy for both of us.