

# Father's Day in a Bathroom Mirror

## White Carnations

I watch my father shave each morning.  
The whiteness of the shaving foam matches the whiteness of his hair  
I glance, and in peripheral vision his eyes twinkle in response.

We have the same eyes,  
although his were brown and mine are blue.  
Have we had the same thoughts, too?  
I wonder.  
Did he feel the way I sometimes do?

Or have I been able to program myself  
design my life  
control impulse and strife  
free from parental interference?  
Before I began shaving as a teenager, I was cocky enough to think so.

Now, as I shave, I wonder if I was always preprogrammed?  
We do look alike.  
It's hard to tell since all I have is remembrances and the bathroom  
mirror.

His glance catches mine in the mirror and we match smiles; it is his shy,  
playful smile--  
the one with which he told me that life is a grand adventure, even that  
last great adventure.

He watches me shave each morning,

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