

## My Eyes

At 27  
on my father  
in the mirror  
standing behind me  
tying my tie...

Funny to be learning this ritual now,  
getting the trick of it, how the longer end  
wraps double, loops through an opening  
the shorter end tightens.

He has this down pretty well,  
though not much of a tie man himself,  
only on special occasions, only in the way  
an extremely unspoken bond pulls at us,  
the knot holding while not being a noose.

Father, despite years of many small strung-  
together words, despite times unavailable  
& privacy gestures freeze, there's certainly  
a larger time, a given, no photo has ever cramped

For we weren't snatching at closeness then.  
It lived on its own with the knowledge  
we could not possibly fail  
in our strange love territory.

It is this knot my eyes find in this mirror  
tying us in the trusted distance  
locked finger firm