



# the dissection

text - keith mcclary  
art - ken knudtsen

my father

'the old eagle'

was the proudest man i knew

as a child i ran with him  
stood by him while he shaved  
let him lift me into the tall branches

and when i watched him curl  
into an old man

i ached

the child and his strapping pa  
fading into memories

as i sat with him  
shaved his face for him  
watched him gaze dumbly  
into the tall branches

now he lies prostrate  
awaiting prayers

to keep him  
in the earth

in these times  
when death  
is not death

my own child's blood  
drying

on his tongue

o father, know

as i destroy you  
that i have loved you  
as you destroyed all i loved

perhaps this is what it is  
for all fathers

for all sons