

**LAUREN CAMP**

**Father to Narrow then Stranger**

I said, Fix  
your buttons.  
He said, We have to see

if it is Saturday.  
A man with the weight  
of belief

in one of his pockets,  
and these fill up  
fast. He said, We have to move

the bodies, and since he was not  
broken  
by such talk, I endured

his broad  
deviance. He said  
he would have to —

and when he said it  
again, then left it  
at that, I smiled

with terrible tangles  
in my love. We were told  
to expect such

knots. He wanted  
it to be  
Saturday. He could go empty

those hidden days  
in between. I watched his fingers  
scan his glossy picture

on his door. This was all  
of him. His fingers formed  
his own double

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collars, ecstatic  
exhausted cheeks. Lost,  
you might say,

but we didn't. I said, The sun  
has again become  
rain. I said Dad, and he tried

to arrive  
with a new sentence. He said, Out  
in the earth, time moves

like an angel.  
His watch swept

the hours. I said, Let us  
take what's not  
even there. He listened.