

GARY FINCKE

Watching *Californication* to See My Daughter's Painting

The painting, my daughter explained,
Is in David Duchovny's bedroom,
Just watch, and when the first nude woman
Rises from the designer sheets,
I follow her body past a wall
Of unfamiliar art. Somewhere else,
I think, and soon, because he fucks
A succession of women in that bed,
His teenage daughter often nearby,
She, too, sees those women naked,
Entering like a maid, all of them
In that bedroom with my daughter's painting
That doesn't appear in episodes
One or two, David Duchovny
Bedding those women in Los Angeles
Where my daughter lives with her daughters,
Seven and three, who ran naked,
This summer, under the sprinkler
In my central Pennsylvania yard.

I fast-forward through each external shot,
Hurrying toward my daughter's painting
In David Duchovny's bedroom,
The naked woman in episode three
A creative writing student
Like those I teach, nineteen or twenty,
Sliding one step to the side so
I can see the chairs suspended
In the tumultuous blue sky
Of my daughter's rented painting
On either side of that girl's bare shoulders.
She talks and talks until, at last,
She turns into profile, her breast
The focal point of this artless scene,
The painting completely exposed,
Half of the dark chairs silhouetted
By the faint light my daughter allowed
Behind that storm of identical chairs
In David Duchovny's bedroom.