

SHANE LAKE

Some Nights

My father doesn't drive straight home
from work but finds some empty
parking lot where he can sit
in thoughtless silence, close his eyes,
leave the world. He says this calmly,
as if being afraid of going home
to what you have created
is a point in life all men progress to.

It's easy to say I'm not like him,
will never be, but then I hear
the timbre of his shoot-first voice in mine
whenever I scream at you, feel
the strength that comes from trafficking in fear.
My fist splits the bedroom door,
and just like him, it's not my fault

until it is, and I come back softer,
offering all my best excuses. *Please*, I say.
My instincts—so often they are wrong.