

## MY FATHER'S FEET

They are thoughts, on earth, in shoes, stepping  
slowly over the layers of leaf  
and heaven decomposing.

He was a mailman for twenty years. Twenty  
miles a day through rain, and...

The hedges between one day  
and the next, one  
day and our deaths, were dark

but immaterial. My father  
walked straight through them, shod

in diligence, without

self-knowledge, or pretense,

and without stumbling. He

suffered, but did not question. He  
rowed his lotus boats down that river in no  
particular direction, this

world growing heavier as he carried it, and still,

he plods on.

My father, my first  
and only messenger of God.

Laura Kasischke