

TO MY DAD WHO IS DISGUSTED BY ME

by Sarah Vance

Sometimes in the middle of Wal-mart I see a man that looks like you and for a moment my heart sinks at the thought of your eyes, filled with disappointment, falling on me. It has yet to be you, but each time I spend the remainder of my shopping shaken and reminded of the contempt with which you hold me – the only embrace I can recall of yours.