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What Does Not Kill, Fattens

Carol Christenot

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WHAT DOES NOT KILL, FATTENS

Sitting across from him
at the supper table
makes you want to confess
things you've never done.
Those black far eyes.

Daddy it was me
who scratched my name on the back
of the philodendron leaf
in the hall.

And it was me who
left the three encyclopedias
at school, the ones you paid for
on installment.

It was me who never
read the Great Ideas
lined with leather and green
along the wall.

And Daddy last of all
it's me who writes
words you would never
want to see.

While I unravel
this confession at the end
of a napkin, you carry me
pale in your wallet. Daddy
your charcoal eyes.