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To My Father

Rita Ann Best

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To My Father

Rita Ann Best*

When your mind broke down
Like your old Chevrolet, exposing naked
Wires, scratching us with need,
We hung inside your wiry arms
Like unplugged sockets searching for safe
Walls; a hospital would do.
You begged us not to leave you there
Alone. I saw your eyes in me
And almost stayed.

*Mrs. Larry G. Best is a student at Brigham Young University.