**Putting my father down**

Propped up

in the velvet wing chair

in my parents’ bedroom

my father looks like

a fevered child waiting

in the principal’s office

to be taken home.

Quietly, knowing

my role I slink

to the basement

and make the call.

Bring him in

I am told

his numbers

are way off.

As if luring

a puppy into a cage

I offer half truths

and help him pack

the old razor, the one

that won’t get stolen,

into his soft-sided

luggage next to

seven hundred pages of Serum

and crosswords.

He jokes about the cute nurses

at the General

And I, laughing,

follow his shortcuts there.