

If someone asked me to describe my father in one word, I would probably say strong.
If they asked me to be honest, I would probably say mad,
Referring to both definitions:
Extremely angry and insane.
But one word is not a full explanation.
See my father is not always insane,
But he is always angry.

Some days my father's anger is a sleeping bear.
On those days, I am not afraid of my father.
I have long since mastered the art of walking on eggshells;
It does not take long to learn that waking a sleeping bear spells disaster

Some day my father's anger is a kettle of boiling water.
His screams pollute the air.
His wrath is inescapable.
On those days, my tears do nothing but salt the scalding water.

On the worst days, my father is a volcano,
Bubbling up with magma,
Spewing out lava,
Erupting at the most unexpected times.

On those days, the air is full of his excuses,
His accusations;
Ash raining down on me
Blocking out the sun,
Blocking the air from my lungs.

On those days, I am afraid of my father,
Afraid I will never see the sun again,
Afraid I will never be able to breathe again.

But like all things the eruption passes, and in the days following,
I cough up ashes,
Squinting at the too bright sun,
Flinching at the shadows it casts,
A cornered beast
Wild and dangerous,
Sign on the fence saying, don't come too close - this dog will bite
Whether you are friend or foe

On those days, my father would describe me as the one who's mad,
Referring to both definitions:
Extremely angry and insane.

And perhaps he is right,
Perhaps I am mad
Perhaps we are both mad,
Perhaps I am my father's daughter.
But at least I have that excuse.

I am My Father's Daughter

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