Redemption
for Daddy

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Walking with my father through sliding doors at the airport,
we say goodbyes with tainted smiles, exhaling sighs of relief
parting with resentment
my father surprises me, in front of the security line,
with an extended hug lasting longer than five seconds.
I let go, aware of stares.

Becoming embarrassed as spectators witness our affection—
freezing in time, pulling our emotions that begged to be restrained
drawn to their obvious thin, fragile surface. My father's tired, stone face
apologetic. Whispering “sorry’s” that cause tears to stream
and cautioning “I love you’s” that attempt to wipe them
we hold on to Kodak moments that take more than
a snap to capture—we are no longer required to unite.

Dividing in opposite directions
our feet shuffle apart to a comfortable pace
neither of us glancing backwards, we only long to escape to
the freedom ahead. Rewinding to last words of farewell
we greet departure, surrendering our forgiveness.