











Submit your poetry and visual art to:

PACE CE

Kristen Tucker, Purdue University

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.

Designed by: Jenny Neese Photo by: Cathy Hayt

Words on the Go 638 North St. Lafayette, IN 47901 Check guidelines at: wordsgo@hotmail.com or http://gocitybus.com/wordsonthego/ Volume 1, Edition 4

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.