

Christian Kjellvander, Log At 25

Unspoken were the words I felt as summer nights sub-merge
Into another nine months nightless dread
As happy as a young girl guarded by her fathers words
You lay on your brothers' twinsize bed
Of all the words you said
These won't leave my head
You will always be a little side of me
I recall a girl who was not ready for my love
For we knew barely of the tools required
For love between two parents was of secretive design
And ours was neither labored nor acquired
Drunkard spender dad
And so mothers leave the bad
But you will always be a little side of me
From the woman to the world and to the womb again
We return when it burns and it burns amen
As we now descend on through another love affair
We question why it cannot be as then
The answer is but one
Fathers' daughter mothers' son