

We Came to Dinner

JOHN BARGER

We came to dinner out of the rain
shook our jackets
laid down our umbrellas

We came to dinner at the designated time

Everyone was there
tasting soup
sipping wine we came to dinner

The fathers met us at the door
in oversized shirts and jeans and beards

Out of the burning train of evening
we came to dinner
clambering over the fathers

We cheap photocopies of the fathers
we amnesiacs thrust by unseen hands
toward the fathers
we came to dinner
fathers you naked you stumbling toward us

Clawing tumbling backwards like horses we came to dinner we came to

Hearts open sleeping dreamless eyes shut
stepping light upon the threshold
our dumb insistent pulse
we came suffused
as our fathers were with light
before they held too long
the fever dreams of ancestors on stained glass
to dinner

Crying Fathers Fathers your light
does not love us enough

May we have more may we have more

