

LIES MY FATHER TOLD

He kept a diary

Who would have thought it

Of a tough old guy like him

It reflected his strength, his wit and his gentle irony

It was several journals actually

Entries in the latter years of his life

Although the pages were dated

I could tell from living at home

That there were periods of time

Unaccounted for

I read them after he died

Carefully

Slowly

Trepidatious as to what I'd find

In death

As in life

I found he was a bigger man than his frame

Never writing a bad word

About one of "his boys"