STRANGERS

One morning freshly showered staring in the mirror brushing my teeth I thought about winter in Dresden during a holocaust. For that moment whether my teeth were clean or if I made it to work on time didn't matter. Like expecting Gladis from next door and getting a tribe of religious peddlers. Or hurrying to work late one morning wrecking your car on the wrong end of town outside a coffee house with bad service. Like looking at yourself in the mirror for the first time. my father is more a stranger to me than other strangers because I come from him because our faces are similar, we have thoughts in common, we suffer equally and hug on departures like strangers.