

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.