

Wrapped in String

at our stone fireplace
my Dad read his newspaper
warming his old bones

he sat in silence
pretending not to notice
I wrapped him in string

“time for bed, you boys”
I thought I had him tied down
up the stairs we went

first thing next morning
I could hardly wait to see
if he was still there

string was on the floor
Dad’s at the breakfast table
how did he get loose?

Setting: My childhood home near Knoxville, Missouri, circa 1950



Photo: Mom, Dad, older brother Jon (sister Deana took photo with a Kodak Brownie)

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