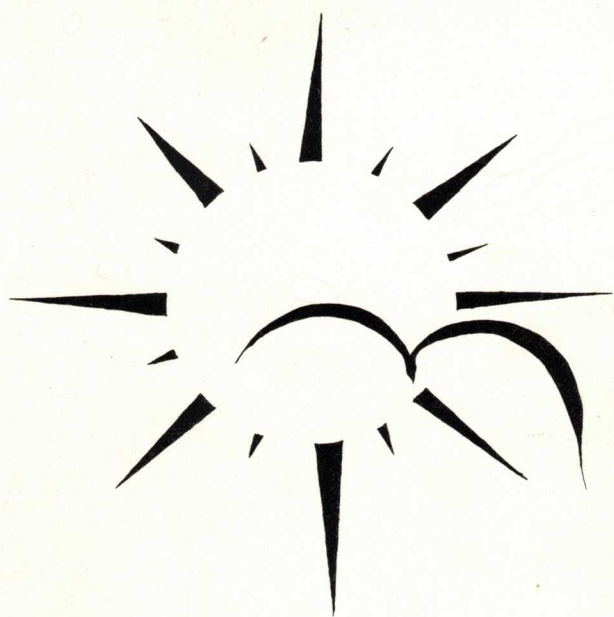




West Chester University

Spring 1990

DAEDALUS

Phuong Spedding

Scotch And Dust

One day I found
my father's cedar chest.
Its brass latches
lifted to
a picture of us,
my father and I
saturated
from head to toe,
but still
proudly grasping
on to a six pound bass.
Farther in the chest
I saw the yellow polka dot tie,
too tacky to wear,
that was a gift
from me
many years past
and also
the ribbons,
all of them,
even the ones
I had forgotten about.
Underneath,
shining silvery pale,
his flask.
A shake found it still
half full
of his favorite scotch.
Emptying it,
I toasted
to my father
and to all the things
that should have been said
but never were.
I left that day
blaming the tears on
bad scotch
and dust.