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## The Father I Hope to Have

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## The Father I Hope to Have

### Description

This is how I hope God works.

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# THE FATHER I HOPE TO HAVE

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GRIFFIN MESSER

Leaning over heavenly rails, beaming,  
peanut butter wind pools in His chest,  
even as his son hides his face—  
waiting for stones.

Giggling through clocklike pages, peaceful,  
earthquake laughs shake through His breast,  
rereading the story  
of one of his favorite characters.

Leaping across roller coaster crosswalks, frantic,  
quicksand breath crams His throat,  
all to catch a kid—  
dancing in traffic.

Peeking through my window blind fingers, shaking,  
arctic licorice drains out of my too-tight veins,  
somehow Dad holds my gaze—  
standing with pride,  
smiling.

Skipping between bleeding fudge stripe cracks, careless,  
cotton colored cirrus lies wisp around my tongue,  
disregarding the one  
risking to save.

Sitting on my father's bouncing lap, content,  
morning blanket shoulders for me to rest my head,  
rereading the story  
from my favorite author.