

Crucible at the Kitchen Table

By Glenn Currier

The dad raised his voice
to the bill boy on the phone
whose voice was somewhere
between ice and arrogance
in a banal "sorry, it's policy"
quoted from the script of the Beast
who printed his paychecks.

Dad's sudden shout at Goliath's young buck
was heard across the room by the baby
whose eyes were then wide with fear
and a flow of tears...
now a little less innocent.

Dad hearing her cries
turned red
with shame and regret.
Regret for so loudly blaming the call-guy
as powerless as he.

But what's a dad to do
here in this small crucible
at the kitchen table
of deafness and disdain?

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