

U-Haul Truck

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I'm stretched out on my daughter's
Serta Perfect Sleeper,
propped up with a million feather pillows,
late afternoon, the day after Thanksgiving.

Both lazy and queasy, we drink
McDonald's strawberry milkshakes
while watching *Days of Our Lives*.
The big question: can we trust
The National Enquirer?
Will John really die?

I recall how, years ago,
on a sunny Saturday in September
I drove a U-Haul truck
down long congested Granville Street
from our home in Steveston
to Anna's new home in Kitsilano.

Since I was old enough

Journal of the Canadian Association for Curriculum Studies
Volume 5 Number 2 Fall/Winter 2007

to rent a truck
I was the designated driver,
a reluctant Loomis courier,
conscripted to deliver
my daughter and her bed
to an apartment where
her boyfriend waited with a grin.

Nick and I heaved
the Brobdingnag bed
into his Lilliputian apartment
where it ate everything
like a voracious Godzilla.

Now I'm lounging on the bed,
the same bed that a few weeks ago
in August I helped carry back
from Kitsilano to Steveston,
to Anna and Nick's new home
(stories need no other compulsion
than the physics of inertia
and hardy hope).

The joyful news of pregnancy
turned on the lathe hit a knot
like mountain mahogany
and the whole apparatus
of fear and prayer
(understood any way
your theology leans),
kicked in with ER urgency,
each completed day of bed rest
spelling one more sturdy yarn
knit into a scarf for winter warmth.

As a father I know only
I never get much right,
just muddle through
the day like Mrs. Dalloway,
the days of our lives always
filled with enough twists
and turns to guarantee
there will be few nights
of certain perfect sleep
even on a Serta.

After more than two decades
of yearning for Marlina
while sparring with the DiMera's,
John will end his contract,
but his fiction is his,
not ours, and lying
on my daughter's bed
drinking another milkshake
while we wait, I know I will
wait as long as I need to,
with a grin or grimace,
while the sand falls
through the hour-glass,
for the U-Haul truck
full of stories I can't control.