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My Daughter's Name Is Poetry

P.H. Liotta

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MY DAUGHTER'S NAME IS POETRY

We must take something from the dark. Holding her now, in the dark, her head pressed to my chest, she hears the roar of blood rush from my heart. From our balcony we look to a far peak, the residue of city air a thin shadow cast by a clouded sun. I know there's no way out. What rises before us is a field of black birds, the stunned silence, and then their wings in the air. Two days gone, another one, like me, who loved his daughter, shot in the street. He lay on that sidewalk ten full minutes and no one moved. Bled to death. *They are looking for you*, I hear the air say. Out there, the clouds boil in fire. A man's fate, claimed Heraklitos, is in his character. What I see are the flaws.

Politeia, Athinai