



FICTION | POETRY | ART | CREATIVE NONFICTION

Jeddie Sophronius

Poem to a Father

After all this time

my return is still inconvenient:

you have to set up a mattress & pillows

out of dusty self-help books.

I no longer have my own room

& I can't find my violin. You say it's because I slept

with a Moslem girl.

I guess home is a purgatory

where fathers offer their children's rooms in return for heaven.

This pillow says: *To forgive one must say the name out loud,*

one must pronounce "Father" properly.

Don't you agree,

My home

is a sculpture of my past,

a childhood song

I no longer remember?

*

In this shelter of a sunken temple

I submerged myself to sleep,

to find my body

in the hands of a drowned God.

He sank when he crossed the oceans to find my mother.

He gently starts praying with his eyes

as though they were looking at a dead body.

The way I say “Father” sounds like a broken violin.

I can see now, this God,

he is made of stone,

his head & cheeks are dry,

like the once bleeding hands

of the sculptor who created him.

*

Sleep now in this strange city

this moving castle.

Forget your son,

put a blanket over your head.

It will protect you from bad dreams.

Look at my wrists, I am still alive. There's no need to worry,

I have had many homes,

Jakarta, Indonesia

Perth, Australia.

Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Homes, but none where I had a father.

Once, I went to school carrying an empty bag.

Now I drift between oceans:

ancestry & my mother's old stories.

Sometimes I wish I was the farmer's son,

plowing the fields with his father.

Jeddie Sophronius was born in Jakarta, Indonesia. He is a senior at Western Michigan University, majoring in English with an emphasis in creative writing. He currently lives in Kalamazoo.

Crab Fat Magazine est. 2014