

Father Son and Holy Ghost

By Audre Lorde

I have not ever seen my father's grave.

Not that his judgment eyes
have been forgotten
nor his great hands' print
on our evening doorknobs
 one half turn each night
 and he would come
 drabbled with the world's business
 massive and silent
 as the whole day's wish
 ready to redefine
 each of our shapes
but now the evening doorknobs
wait and do not recognize us
as we pass.

Each week a different woman
regular as his one quick glass
each evening
pulls up the grass his stillness grows
calling it weed.
Each week a different woman
has my mother's face
and he
who time has changeless
must be amazed
who knew and loved
but one.

My father died in silence
loving creation
and well-defined response
he lived still judgments
on familiar things
and died knowing
a January 15th that year me.

Lest I go into dust

I have not ever seen my father's grave.

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Source: *Collected Poems of Audre Lorde* (W. W. Norton and Company Inc., 1997)