

# Looking at My Father

by Wendy Xu

It's the inside which comes out, as I contemplate him there half in sunlight, weeding diligently a Midwestern lawn. On my persons, I have only notes and a drying pen, the memory of onion blossoms scenting in a window. Reflection is my native medium. I am never arriving, only speaking briefly on material conditions between myself and others. My country inoculates me lovingly, over time. My country grasps me like desire. I will show you my credentials, which is to say my vivid description, if you ask. Here we are, my father and I, never hostile, a small offering: pointless cut flowers appear on the kitchen table when one finally arrives into disposable income. Still possible. Am I living? Do I accept revision as my godhead and savior? I do and I am, and in the name of my Chinese father now dragging the tools back inside, brow shining but always a grin, faithless except to protect whatever I still have time to become, Amen.