Father says, “Luck has nothing to do with it,”
To succeed, to win a race.
My lucky number picked, always derived from eight,
And I wander wondering what luck has to do with it.

Father says, “If I paid for your education, you’d never appreciate it.”
I transfer myself far away,
Accepted with a gulp to a school
Where education is a side note to running meter after meter.

Father says, “How’s my baby?”
As if he could familiarize again
With what has gone wild, misunderstood,
Foreigner daughter speaking a made up language.

Father says, “You were meant to lead whether you like it or not.”
I wonder why I listen to him so much.
Who put him in charge of my Comite Des Monnaies?
He commands his own undone deeds.

Father says, “Socialized medicine is Un-American,”
But the Americans in Canada have it.
If I perish when the meds run out,
I hope to return as his devil incarnate, or am I already?

Father says, “I’m upset at the example you set for non-mormons in the family.”
I thought I was doing pretty well at being non-mormon.
Por Dios, can he forgive me?
Suddenly I see father eidetically.
Father says, “How is my brave single daughter doing?”
Like I was unlucky to be solo,
But I chose to be woman alone,
Luck had nothing to do with it.

Father says, “I love you,”
But I can’t hear him.
I’m busy writing my life’s secondi, in meter,
If he gets a chance he’ll listen.