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The Dead Dad Omnipresence Conundrum

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The Dead Dad Omnipresence Conundrum

Andrea Rupp

If ghosts or Heaven or whatever exist,
any metaphysical setup where my dad can tune into my life from the afterlife,
I'm totally fucked.

Probably.
I still want to be a little bit optimistic about it.

I hope that he tells every ancient specter that'll listen,
just like he told every Mennonite farmer that came into Sam's Agway
that his youngest daughter is finally back in college
and she's *finally* doin' just fine—
getting published, baking cheesecakes, meeting friends in Vegas—
and now she writes about lesbianism, demon cock, and sex shops.
(*but she writes about lesbianism, demon cock, and sex shops*)
and she chopped off two and a half feet of that trademark black hair.
(*but she chopped off two and a half feet of that trademark black hair*)

but
she said "fuck you" to all his half-brothers and half-sisters
'cause they didn't say shit to us when he was alive,
and the father and the Father may forgive,
but I sure as hell will not.

I can't think too hard
about how much of his love might have come with the silent price tag
of "but."

I am always afraid that I never knew my father as well as I thought I did,
and that he knows much more about me than either of us wants him to.

I do not think it is overly delusional, though, to believe
that he forgives all my perversions and blasphemies
much quicker than the way my Chevy Cobalt flies
down the Aurora Pike,
blasting The Thong Song
at 10 PM like I think deer don't exist
even though I know damn well
how quick somebody can be gone.

I still hit every goddamn pothole
between Sabraton and Stemple Ridge,
but I do it staring out at the country starscape

joy-shocked by the realization
that I'm *finally* grateful to be alive.

If he can see that, I know he's proud,
and I think that's worth the humiliation of my dad knowing that I write porn on the Internet.