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Crappy Father's Day

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Cr

H[^]appy Father's Day

Brooke S. Ohren

My dad is a much better uncle than a father.

With mismatched feathers, his five sisters laugh with shared skills,
a quintet nested in their voice boxes.

They've each hatched eggs of their own, and he is

the take-them-fishing uncle

the randomly-show-up-at-their-birthday

(despite living a state away) uncle

the hand-them-back-when-it-becomes-a-burden uncle.

My mother always says he was a much better boyfriend than
husband, so it seems like

he has a problem with permanence

and I have a problem with abandonment. He is also

the disappear-for-three-years father

the buy-you-a-bike (and refuse to drive you)

so-you-*have*-to-exercise father

the "yes or no *thereisnomaybe*" father.

He disguises his predatory plumage as the tickle monster
and the songbird sisters applaud these qualities on Facebook,
declaring him a proud father on Father's Day.

They praise him for a talent he keeps selective.

He is the father-who-doesn't-care-to-be father.