

Metaphor

Kate Marquam

the fall is not a
metaphor for my
father. the sunlight
strained orange and
gold through brittle
leaves is not his

eyes when pumpkins
replaced flowers in
grocery store parking
lots. my smile is not
that of a jack-o-
lantern—hollow

but glowing. when
people ask if I'm
ok, I tell them that
shit happens. people
die. the flowers die

every year and the
world never ends,
but the fall is not
a metaphor for my
father. my father

is not a broken
tree that couldn't
survive the long
winter, is not a

season, but I can't
watch the pumpkin-
orange sunset without
searching for his

eyes somewhere
beyond the horizon.