

Christopher T. Keaveney

The Swiss Cabinet Maker

For John Fandel

That is my father as a boy,
spareframed,
how prepositions like memory
understand only the physics of ambush.

On the day I turned thirty
there were signs everywhere
that I chose to ignore.
There is a word for this
in almost every language
except mine.

The wood troubled,
the warp rendering the pieces
useless.
We found ourselves sorting,
looking for orthodoxy.

Early on
my father learned to fend for himself,
a pale boy with amazing posture.

Christopher T. Keaveney teaches Japanese and Asian Studies at Linfield College in McMinnville, Oregon. His poetry has appeared in the *Straylight Literary Magazine*.