

Elliott Cchette

MY FATHER KILLED AIDS



I think about the way he laid there,
the loud gasps coming from his body;
I knew he was gone.
Such a disappointment:
a glorious youthful man died
like a coward, with a tube stuck to his penis.
His body orange with blue bruises,
bloody mouth,
and 80lb body, with all of it poofing
from his stomach.

I remember when I got four minutes
alone with him.
Everyone waited outside the door,
while I pretended
everything was normal.
I simply held his hand,
changed his hot steaming cloths
for cool ones,
placing them on his bare chest
and sweat drenched head.
While humming the first song
he ever taught me.

You could feel and smell *it*.
In the eerily silent room
except for the clicking noise
from the IV pole, and the horrible
half-flem, half-screaming gasps
coming from his core,
that my ears refused to hear.

Such a glorious man,
died like an incompetent boy,
with cheap Jell-O dishes, cards, doctors,
and nurses weeping for their co-worker,
as I stood aside
with wide eyes, waiting to see
what would happen,
making sure to exude calmness.

When was someone to tell me
it was more than a nap?
All I ever wanted was to go to the beach
one more time, or have him
watch me graduate, or see him stare
at me, like that time
he cried
when I tried on my ball dress, he
spilled out the words, "Your
mom is missing out on such a
remarkable daughter."

