

The Satin Man

Kate Cantrell

The summer I turned seven
my father went missing.
The earth opened her mouth
wider than before and
we stopped at Jimmy's for dinner.
Dad ordered salt and pepper squid
and a side of salad.
I wanted a Bubble O'Bill
but I got a slap on the back
and cod with lemon.

The next morning the beach was open still
but my father's factory was closed.
A paradox like the weather:
it was hot, a real hot bastard of a day,
Dad said hot as hell. But inside
our house and in Glenelg
it was cold.

In the city, one pound notes
fell from the sky, or more truthfully
from his wallet.
In the ground was a bag of bones
gifted with fingerprints
and scraps of lemon.
And there, in the newspaper,
the Beaumont children:
Arna, Jane, and Grant.
Bitter fruits, my father's last words.
He was wearing a smirk
and a blue satin dress.
Four people went missing
that summer.