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# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Andrew McFadyen-Ketchum: Three Poems

Andrew McFadyen-Ketchum · Wednesday, December 16th, 2020

### The Lie

My father has been silent for minutes  
At his spot at the dining room table,  
My sister logicking her way  
Through another lie, my mother  
Washing the dishes, when something  
My sister says shifts the animal  
Behind his eyes, and he brings  
His fist down so hard on the table,  
It sends the silver mixing bowl  
Of raspberry preserves flying into the air,  
The room's yellow walls "dripping,"  
With what looks, my sister says  
Years later, "like blood."

\*

### My Father's Sneeze

So loud  
And violent  
And emulative  
Of his rage,  
One once  
Startled me  
So much  
I snapped  
The Number 2  
Pencil  
In my hand  
In half,  
Its sharp point  
Of graphite  
Piercing  
The flesh

Of my palm—  
A mark  
Left inside  
No scarring  
Could cure.

\*

## Lure

She flicks her foot  
In a ray of light  
The way my father  
Taught me to draw  
A trout with a flick  
Of my lure  
From the shadows  
And shallows.  
She draws me  
To her surface.  
She pulls me  
From the waters  
Where I cannot  
Breathe. She kisses  
Me tenderly  
As I thumb open  
My knife and place  
It in her son's hand,  
Its steel flashing  
In the light the way  
Steel flashes  
In the light. "This  
Is how you clean  
A fish," I tell him  
As he adds his tears  
To the river, this  
First catch his  
First kill. "This  
Is my heart," I say  
To his mother.  
"Take it. Do with it  
What you will.  
You are the last woman  
I will love."

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