

**Ghazal for my Father**

I'm a lot more polite, especially to people I dislike, now that you've died.  
Please come visit me more often, please, stay now that you have died.

The smell of ouzo, semi-sec wine, acquired tastes, these like your acid  
silence (how can I forget), *I don't want to forget* now that you have died.

Is it too late to say I'm sorry, so very sorry, for not calling you back?  
It was Christmas, I was in Greece, this stays alive now that you have died.

I miss your Greek accent, your rough English, even the cruel refusals,  
a language that recalls you, vivid, no longer bitter now that you have died.

You wanted us to appreciate what you considered such precious good luck:  
Good meals, trips, but it's your difficult life I respect now that you have died.

We remember your siestas, we, your children, tiptoed, trying not to giggle,  
terrified of waking you, wishing, so wishing you awake now that you've died.

I wanted to know more about the war years, your brave youth, battles  
in the mountains, death your teacher, is it familiar now that you have died?

Conversations were not easy, your words often harsh, still, tell me something,  
I only hear you repeating *Adrienne, stop! Enough*, now that you have died.