Thoughts While Brushing One's Teeth

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Cover Page Footnote
For my father in recognition of the pain and joy caused by keeping things too long.
THOUGHTS WHILE BRUSHING ONE’S TEETH

By Rebecca D. Beach

There is a poster in the upstairs bathroom. Every day I look at it thinking maybe it won’t be the same.

How could something so simple only appear in that little room with the hoarded junk of my father?

“Here is Something to End the Day,” it says.
I see specks of its lessons on kid’s cartoons and the last story of the nightly news.
It’s only a finger dipped in a pool too vast to conceive.

There is a poster in the upstairs bathroom. It’s falling from its frame.