

# What the Bourbon Does to Him

*Dex Fee*

I felt like  
I was getting him back  
but now I'm  
losing him all over  
again. Daddy's drinking vodka  
'cause he heard somewhere  
that Momma couldn't smell  
it on him, but the alcohol  
seeps from him—a stench  
you can't shower off.

He drinks himself  
a personable fool,  
friendly until the fuse sparks;  
then his anger manifests  
in fist-sized holes  
in the walls and broken  
televisions. I used to watch  
the images splinter  
as he stormed out of the room.

One night, he backed  
my brother's truck  
into the side of the house,  
drunk stupid. One day,  
he took a swig  
every time he passed  
the bourbon, running laps  
around the kitchen island  
for an excuse to circle back.

I don't know  
when I'll have to say goodbye  
to him, but I hope  
it isn't before  
he says goodbye  
to the bottle.