



By Sullivan Treadwell, Marker

Who I Look Like

By Charles Van Wyk

Because my father wandered far away
And forgets to call on weekends
(the war damaged his brain)
Bahala blessed (Bahala cursed) me with his face
So I can never be apart from him.

I look in the mirror so I feel less alone
(so I can see my father's face again)
But it's only me.
So I microwave rice (I haven't the patience for cooking) and top it with leftover curry.
Is this what I am supposed to be?

A girl in my class called me "spicy mayonnaise"
When I told her my father was asian.
Is that what flavor he is? Is that what flavor my Lola is?
Exotic spice pillaged from some faraway island.
Perhaps that makes me valuable.
If you bite into my flesh, perhaps you can taste traces of those islands.

I think it'd just taste like blood.