

# TAKE HEART

## A Conversation in Poetry

*Edited & Introduced by Wesley McNair,  
Maine Poet Laureate*

Michael Macklin is poetry editor for the *Cafe Review* and divides his time between Portland and Islesboro. In this week's poem he remembers how a tragic accident during his childhood led to the expression of his father's love.

### Resurrection

*by Michael Macklin*

The night Bobby Inch died  
my father came home wild-eyed and crying.  
A cattle truck charging through the dusk  
caught the paper boy high on its horns,  
threw him breathless to one side.

We wore the same shirt that day.  
In flashing reds and blues,  
my father saw the shirt, still  
against the blacktop.  
Felt me slipping from him.

Seeing Bobby's face,  
some other father's son,  
he raced home to rage and rant  
and hold me, looking deep  
into my wide open eyes.

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