

SARAH GLAZ

Love Story

“If I ever write about you,”
he said,
“it will be a love story,
a story about
how much you want to be loved.”

Father, do you love
your little girl?
I brought you
a soup full
of numbers,
formulas chopped to perfection,
integrals fried to a crisp.

Father, is it algebra
you wish
for supper,
or higher mathematics?

I lie at your feet
looking up
at your busy mouth,
waiting for a smile to appear,
a few words of approval and praise,
one word of love.

How long can one wait?

A lifetime if necessary.

Even beyond . . .

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