

# AS THE FATHER OF DAUGHTERS

written by Jasmine Dreame Wagner | October 20, 2016



As the father of daughters, the hurricane is a rumor.

As the drone of queens, all I see is a dog limping to its owner.

As the cock of eggs, my sky is half a Rothko. A purple cloud speaks up.

As the hart of hinds, everyone in the park is a damaged hair shirt.

As the stallion of mares, I've lost the crude mystery of grass.

As the jackass of a herd of foals, I stub out my ash in a hill's widowed unibrow.

As the cob of cygnets, please consider how damn long it takes  
for the pussy light to creep into the moon.

As the head of my ostentation of peahens, a streetlamp flicks on,  
my own father's menthol ember. It sucks the night from my hat.

As the tomcat of kittens, my Rothko desaturates.

As the tiger of tigresses, my cloud's a lilac hamburger now.

As the leopard of leopardesses, I jingle sharp entries in my pockets.

As husband to a wife, each level offers its own unique monster.

As the son of a mother, I think, do I destroy the love monster.

As the buck of foals, if bucking commences before bucks are conscious of  
bucking.

As the boomer of joeys, you know what's holy? Chocolate donuts. The feral  
parrot

who cums in my throat will laugh. As the drake of ducklings,

these watercolors should be all light, like photographs of JonBenét Ramsey.  
Let me show you how to paint them. As the gander of goslings,  
let me show you. Let me show you. Each night, I close the window.  
Each night, I open it. It sounds romantic, but it's purely logistics.  
As the lion of cubs, there are bars and a screen. What goes through gets  
squeezed.  
As the bull of a cow, I own the butterflies' heaviness.  
As the tiercel of a hen, when they choose leaves over me.  
As the stud of a filly, I liquidize their assets. Leaves are bad water. Ice  
cubes hound me.  
As the pup of a bitch, the dark is fluent in their psychotic symmetry.  
As the ram of a ewe, I institutionalize pageantry.  
As the stag of a doe, my satellite isn't cancerous yet.  
As the rooster of chicks, my plus-sized moon stains the city with its blue  
ass.  
As the boar of sows, my roar of numbers rears in my daffodil harness.  
As the father of daughters, cunt light heel-chinks on the concrete.  
As the father of daughters, seasons pass. They blot each of me out equally.

---

Featured Image Credit: By Ben Husmann from Chicago, USA (Monroe harbour Uploaded by Gary Dee) [CC BY 2.0], via [Wikimedia Commons](#)