It wasn’t until he fell off the roof that she saw him for what he really was.

The ladder refused to hold him and gravity pulled his strings to the ground. She understood how this felt, over and over and more and more, until he raised his head and accused her of delaying the ambulance.

She watched as his secret vulnerabilities, trapped too long, too deep in the bone, leaked from the shattered shoulder blade. So, fathers do bleed after all, just as she did for the first time last Thursday afternoon.

She was now a woman and her father, a falling man.

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Autumn Royal , Flash Fiction , Short Story

5 Comments