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The Father you Served

Juan Pablo Duboué
Argentina.

The Father you served
once tied me up and told me:
“Men do not gesture.”

The Father you served
once locked me up
and whipped me till dusk.

The Father you served
once forced me to play soccer:
“In search for my lost masculinity.”

The Father you served is now gone,
a blurred version of myself
is left.

The Father you served
once told me I was
a demon.

The Father you served
once told me that
I was ill.

So the Father you served
introduced me to

the shrink you served.

And the shrink you served
introduced me
to lethargy.

The shrink you served
once brainwashed
what was left of me.

The shrink you served
once had me believe
I was wrong.

The shrink you served
once promised
I would feel better

Once I took the pills
you served,
and so I did.

The pills you served
made me drowsy
and inconsistent.

Yet the pills you served
made me laugh
at the bullies at school.

And the pills you served
made me forget
the monster you were.

So the pills you served
at least
served me as weapons

for the pills you served,
at last,
served me well.

The Father you served was,
by the grace of God,
relocated.

The Father you served
could no longer
torture me.

Yet the work he'd done
had been delicate
and well developed.

The Father you served
made me
who I am today.