He likes burnt toast. I like mine warm and a little undone. It matches both of our covers. Burnt toast has a distinct smell, an upfront this-is-me kind of scent. A kind of crispness you find yourself loving. And there's no changing burnt toast.

Words don't quite do that man justice. Michelangelo might have shaped his hero David out of marble, but not even he could chip a solitary piece of stone to form a good enough figure — good enough to encompass the true image of my father.

His heart is enclosed in gold like the corn he grows, in an openness of no words. But when my father speaks I soak up every ounce. Hoping beyond hope that I will soon be pruning in his quiet wisdom and rational reasoning.

My father is like a gallery of silence — a gut feeling — a smile you don't have to hear but just know. There's a blood blister on his thumb and even though I'm all grown — I will always be his little girl.

I can see right through him. Right through those crystal eyes, transparent like glass. Those windows let me catch a glimpse of a level-headed understanding. Like when I see him thinking and that glass reflects a luster upon its texture. A glittered glow deep in those eyes.

People can confuse an enclosed cover, a man of few words. Like burnt toast, a hardened piece of ground is mistaken as a little unrefined.

But all he needs is a little butter. A little girl. All it needs is a little cultivating. Both soften up their edges, release their riches, unlock their nutrients in the ground surrounding them. Ground his children are planted in.

And when I look over at him my heart bloats. My insides swell with a smile.

They are all different. Fathers of every kind. Each precious in their own little way.

With daughters and sons that know their every cranny. Run their heart's hands across every craggy crevice, every grainy base. And can read these individuals, their surfaces like braille. Despite their coarseness. Especially when they don't say a word.

Father's Day merely gives us a chance to brag a little. Remember where we all came from, were woven together.

We are all strung together with our own special kind of sturdy fibers. I'm linked to a steady and stable kind. A straightforward type of burnt toast. Beautiful in its unrefinement. Its textured grains. And loved for each and every crisp chunk.

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