Memory of my father (with Parkinson’s)

The television sits on a brown plinth.

My father stands before his chair. He scrapes

salad out of tupperware. In the first

act of the movie, Keanu Reeves leans

over the street, then retreats to the handcuffs

of Agent Smith. My father refuses to sit.

In the second act, as Reeves backflips,

my father’s socks stutter-step

along the carpet—

caesar-soaked romaine

stains the back door

before falling

to the floor.