Intemperate Times  
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Hawaiian tides tossed me  
through crowds of silver fish  
—who watched me with eager eyes  
that knew I was alone.

The waters rammed into me,  
moving me away  
from familiar shore.

I groped with curled hands,  
grasping onto a volcanic rock  
that I could not keep.

But my father came drifting by  
and he wove himself around me,  
guarding me against the rock  
even as waves tugged my legs.

Surges flung themselves at us,  
but still he held on,  
shielding me from being  
torn away.

And when we reached the soft shore,  
he stood there,  
poised,  
as I molded my raw feet  
deeply into solid sand.
He said nothing now
and he said nothing then—

after mom passed away.

His iridescent eyes flickered,
but he would not burden me
with a thousand words of his hurt.

He would not let himself falter,
for he knew he still had
to be strong for two girls,
to be both a mother and a father.

So he placed himself between
the aching unknown and my spirit.
He was an immovable rock
in the ocean of time,
a fragment of love
which I could cling to,
as I tried not to float away.