



Rhubarb Wine

by Harold Orville Kempka

“...Daddy’s dying of cancer,” she continued, “and the doctors don’t think he’ll live past the weekend. I know you two have had your differences, but you need to come home and make your peace...”

...He stood with clenched fists over his father, who lay sprawled across the floor dazed and bleeding.

... Why the hell did I even come here, Everett wondered. The old man probably won’t give a damn anyway, despite what Mom said.

...Thoughts of lashing out to relieve the anger held within for so long vanished, were replaced by the soaring emotions of seeing his father so fragile and helpless.

...His lower lip quivered rapidly and tears streaked his cheeks, “But, I guess I’ve always loved you too. I’m glad you’re not suffering any longer.”

“...To Dad.” They toasted, and he took a long, slow drink, engulfed by warmth he hadn’t felt in years.