



CONFESSIONS OF MY DYING FATHER

Stevie Leigh

ON EASTER SUNDAY, MY FATHER TOLD ME—his lesbian daughter, his youngest child—his deepest, darkest secret. Did he tell me because he was dying? Did he tell me simply because I was the one who had asked him to take a walk? Did he tell me because he knew that I knew what it was like to live in secret, to avoid the truth, to lie to myself every day?

We were on the sidewalk outside my sister's house. The sun was warm. The breeze was slight but the air was cold. His lips were red. Not bright red, but a red I never recognized before, almost maroon. He wore a red cardigan, so maybe that had something to do with it. His lips were like mine: the top one thin, the bottom one plump. I don't remember ever before being that close to his face