

Absent father

[Family](#), [Father](#)



No Love Lost, No Love Found That father and daughter bond, the sweetest love I've never known. I've seen my father over a thousand times wondering if he's ever seen me. Looking with his eyes wide shut. It seemed as if over the years he was disappearing, fading into the black. A fragment of what I thought I needed but in all reality became as pointless as the conclusion to book that I'll never finish My father has managed for eighteen years to be a part of my life without being a part of my life. He lives right around the corner from me in a two story home that's painted light brown.

It looked like s fluffy double stacked pancakes and when the sun hit the satellite dish on the top of the roof it made the top half of the house shine like syrup running off the top. For a while all I knew my father by was this house, I got ideas of what he might be like by looking at this house. I thought of him as a full bodied man because instead of having one front door he had two. So I thought maybe he couldn't fit through just one. I imagined him as a strong wide bodied linebacker with a soft side due to the fact that he had a colorful; well-kept garden on the side of the house.

The day I met my dad not my father who had raised me but my dad. I truly realized that I was imagining him with my heart and not my mind. He stood as tall as a palm tree sighting beach side, with arms as long as a boardwalk. He never even attempted to say a word to me or ask me how I was doing in school. Instead he pieced me with his beany brown eyes that appeared to be rising off of a yellow back drop. He looked at me as if I had stolen his joy. I reached out to hug him but he reached out his hand for me to shake instead. His fingers felt like ice cycles penetrating my skin.

I thought to myself how someone with such a warm appearance could be so cold on the inside. Sad to say, I know this doesn't sound like the best first impression but over the years as bad as our first encounter was it was the best one yet. Because from here on out my so called daddy began to look a lot more like George Washington and Andrew Johnson. All I saw of him was the money he sent every month. Even though my dad may have stopped looking at me I kept my eye on him. Like I said earlier he lived right around the corner from me. I could look out my bedroom window and see directly into his backyard.

I would watch his every move like if he were my favorite TV show. He moved very quickly like a fire running through a dry forest. It was like he moved so quickly but looked as if he took his time because he was so smooth with it. All he did was go to work, watch late night re runs of games, and order out. At least that's all I got from watching through his backyard, trash and sliding glass door. He was so consistent like just as sure as Monday was coming after Sunday. He was very predictable, I felt as if I'd seen enough. I know this may not sound like much but this is all I knew of my father.

I haven't seen or looked for him in three years. I never even knew his name. I named him Randy due to the fact that I'm his only child and my name is Brandy. I may have never got to have a full blown out conversation with "Randy" I know we are nothing alike. He is so empty. A cactus in the desert would have more life than he did. I never understood why or how my very own father could be so cold and emotionless towards me. But one thing I learned from my father was to appreciate what I do have and to stop

worrying about what I don't have. So if you were to ask me about my father today I will simply tell you " Out of sight out of mind. "