

The 2 1/2 Minute Conversation
Chris Ocken

As the conversation on the phone continued, he told me the trip was a good idea. He needed to see me too. My father was coming, and I would get to see him for the first time in 11 years.

Finally, he saw me and came walking. His eyes locked onto me as only a father's could: they never left me. The man in the coat and the red-feather tie moved closer to me. He was tall, in his late forties, with deep set eyes, the frames of his gold-rimmed glasses just slightly covered his eyes. The stresses of his job did not show in his face and his very long hair was combed, as nicely as one would expect from the train ride. The finely groomed hair outlined his face. He looked nothing like me.

His face tightened as he came closer. His eyes became red and his face aged with every movement.

I was surprised he came up here on such short notice. I mean, I called him only yesterday asking him to come and see me. Our conversations lasted only two and a half minutes. But he was on a train up here.

"What do you need to see me for..."

The anger of his step frightened me. I wanted to turn and walk away.

"I hope *your* mother is there..."

My father was walking towards me in an ecstasy of rage, almost a vengeance, a turmoil which seemed to shake the whole station.

"Dad, I need to see you. Could you come up..."

As the vermilion of his eyes came closer, the worry of violence to come brought a demented desire to scream, to run, to cry.

"God, I need to see..."

With each step he came closer my heart rate rose and my gut feeling was to turn and RUN out of the station.

"See you tomorrow, bye, kid."

As my father came within one step of me, the pressure on my body was overwhelming. I felt as if I were going to burst. I turned to escape.

The only thing that stopped me was the warmth of my father's kiss.