

My father's tragedy

by [Charles Hughes](#) in the [May 6, 2020](#) issue

See better, Lear. (King Lear, 1.1)

You lost your bearings. Lear, too, loses his.
He gives his kingdom, all he's ever had,
To two of his three daughters. A mistake—
Lear's an old man—he's left with nothing, mad.
You slipped into a similar abyss,
Misled by the mirage full in your eyes.
Lear dreams two daughters love him for his sake.
You loved a dream too raw to realize.
Business gone bust, life savings gone, you fought—
Exacting more and more from family and friends—
And kept on fighting, though without success,
To make dream annual sales pay dividends.
Hard to discern what's real amid what's not.
When Lear takes hate for love and love for hate,
Thinking he sees Cordelia acquiesce,
His unglued world starts to disintegrate.
You didn't see!—but we all can be blind
To love that would presume to change our mind.