It’s funny. I think it’s taken pops dying for me to find out who I really am. If only I’d seen earlier. If only I’d stopped being so selfish, listened to mum, her crying, then maybe I could have done something. But what? Pops wouldn’t listen. He never listened. He was always somewhere else. When we were kids he was always on business, selling. He was in and out of our lives. Even recently it seemed like he was never really here. Why couldn’t he see that was all that was important to us? Him. Him being there. Mum needed him, I needed him, Hap needed him. He needed *us*. But he always felt we needed more.

That was part of his problem. He never stopped and stood still with us. He was always planning the next big success: The Loman brothers, the U of Virginia, being free and clear. The man didn’t realise he had everything he needed for success right here.

I can only remember a few times when I thought dad was ever genuinely happy. When he worked on the stoop or the house, you could see a pride in him that he never really got from his work. I think I may be more like him than he or I ever really knew. Sales never really worked out for either of us. The night he died, he was planting seeds. I don’t know why. I thought he was crazy at the time. Now I see it. Now I think, “like me pops. That’s what I want.”

Hap and I disappointed him. We never really became the boys he wanted. He used to call us ‘god’s. Gods, huh? No man is a god. I used to think Willy Loman was the perfect father, a perfect man, godlike. We were such pals. But that’s what he didn’t get. It all shatters. No man is a god, no man is perfect. I found that out in Boston.