

Sanctuary

My father is disappearing and my father
is the feast I want to always remember,
so I collect another phrase
for safekeeping. No need to do more
than hold his fragrance: egg, anger, each thick
river of rejoicing. On my fridge, a scrap
of my father, his perfect print
which held all the black of a day
and its losses. Now he learns the equation
for why I tell him this beginning.
From the first morning of my childhood
when he lifted me up, with iron
in his body and my apple-sized eyes. My father,
I looked giddy and exhaled.
That was Sunday. The village. I was a baby sugared
with indulgence. Fat and dark-haired. Those years
of his unfolding wallet and the ongoing thorn
of origin. We knocked on the heavens
with our knees. Such boredom.
These days, the body holds its heat.
We begin with my name: a portrait of belonging.
We pantomime conversation.
I never want to feel more than I do. No,
it isn't that. Twitching all night again. Is his presence more
of a parting or a start? My father.
I separate each hollow. I always knew

four months of snow. We bought sweaters,
he tested my algebraic solutions, my mother danced
in our hotel rooms. Her arms were pale.
*If train A and train B are traveling at different speeds
from two different cities
what is the time before collision?* My father.
I am not looking for a way out.