

THE MOVE

In the creeping hours of the morning,

Under a dim downlight glow.

A cardboard box smoothed over with packing tape

Emerges from the darkness.

Lately I have been gazing out the window

Staring at the adirondack chairs I built with my father

Imagining myself rocking, one last time, on the patio swing.

As the song of the cicadas quiets,

I stare at the full moon and whisper:

“Will I ever be able to move on?”

How can we be sure that

These curtains will fit new windows?

What would happen if

Our clothes stopped fitting growing souls?

Then I remember that curtains can be

Hemmed, new clothes sewn whole.

But it is impossible to capture

The joy that echoed through the walls.

This week I have learned that

No net exists that can capture laughter at all.

If only I could carry

My mosaic of memories:

The day I shattered the window

While trying to *limpiar*

The surprise as a constellation of cracks was born

My dad's chuckle, followed by a dramatic "Oh, dear."

The week I spent in my room

After it became clear my feelings weren't returned.

Sobbing into my pillow,

Charting a world of "what ifs" on the ceiling and

Writing missives that I could never send.

We cannot take with us

The timeline of upward inches on the wall,

The hallways guarded by murals of crayon dinosaurs.

Our house seems vaster than a fledgling's first nest

Each room is a microcosm of someone I used to know

Together they create a panorama of memories

And who could cage up an entire horizon?

Around midnight,
When the U-HAUL came to rest,
It sounded like a Kodak, rewinding.
I wished it were all a picture.