

The Mourning

1

I haven't called my son since he moved
into his dorm. He calls it his real home,

maybe he's coping with homesickness.

I haven't called because he never picks up:

I left a voicemail last Sunday & he didn't answer,
but he texted me. *I will never call you again.*

So I called him that Monday & left another voicemail.

Call me back, please, I need to hear your voice.

2

My father kept calling me the week I moved into my dorm.

Every night I've had the same dream

that he broke into my home in these university walls:

he would sob

beside the bottom bunk of my bed

& my roommate would shove him

out the door.

Still in the dream, he would call me in the morning

because I woke up late.

Son, he says, you will never find a woman if you're acting like this,

& it is around that line

the dream ends.

3

I wake up & the alarm is still beeping. The snooze is pressed in. I'm the only one
in bed. The air conditioning is screaming & I can't hear what remains
from last night's dream. You are dead, I want to miss you. The dream ends again.