

For Papi

You know he doesn't have long

We've been ticking on the edge of time
And each day, one of us walks over the ledge,
Up or down, sideways maybe
Into the elevator to who knows where

It's like making orange juice from fresh oranges
You squeeze as much
Out of the pulp as you can
And you drink from the cup on a hot day

I know he doesn't have long
More than you might ever want to know
From the very tissues of his heart
I can see them through the lens of medicine

A burden to know all the ways
We break down
All the little accidents that happen
And the final show

I wonder how you will remember him
I think of him nodding off
In the living room
Surrounded by your family

Everyone is talking, loud and sweet
Who bought the corn for dinner?
Who graduated from high school?
Who changed jobs?

Forever blinking in and out
Of sleep in the sunlight
In the afternoon and
The wind rolling by outside

At the end of the day
What can we say we have
Skins of oranges and the spray
Of citrus to remember the taste by.