

### Consider my father as a child

consider my father as a child skin still taut and brown, not yet thundered upon, consider him now collapsing into another century, finds himself a mountain, finds himself the mouth of hell and sits and waits for his death, prays wrist to the sky for lightening, his back in moonlight, slivered, his back in moonlight iridescent scars, remembering the story of everything that touched him, he is silent, stares out towards the wet gash below the horizon, calls it by another name *badda* , calls it by another name, turns to it sometimes, and walks all the way to it, to where it almost braces his ankle *badda*, dreams and wakes up clutching his wrist, holds it aloft, *god witness my brokenness*, take me to the *badda*, then one day he got up and walked into it

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we trawled the sky for his body, we tried to follow him, we turned salt and attempted to dissolve, the sea is already thirty-five parts salt, the sea could not consume us if it tried to, even with our wrists raised, we were heavy with memories and sorrow, water can't wash that away . water won't wash that away