

she sat there gasping for air. animated yet paused. on her way.
dad and uncle and husband hovered over with me. a vigil over
warmed up arroz con pollo and fried plantains. whiskey in hand.
it was her drink. two fingers... no more, no less. on ice, of course.
the smell of "ta" filled like flannel wrapped warmth this february
night. channel no. 5 and corn oil thick kitchen walls like plantain
skins. dad and uncle tomás would keep watch for a few more
days. travis and i would board the b train a few more times that
week.

ordering boxes
filled memories forgotten
notes reminding us
like archives form tomorrow
lost forgotten daydreams told