

Father gone

the door opened
you entered my room
you came in quietly
you sat on the edge of my bed
your hand moved, onto mine,
resting, touching, holding.

how strange
was it the first time
I froze in disbelief
your skin was warmish
my thoughts shivered

hiding in still
shrouded moments
down down down
into the folds of white sheets

your hand slowly moved away
and you followed
with forgotten words
good words gone
you left the room

between us the unspoken
the door, closed quietly
leaving silence
this man, my father
my mother's husband

I opened the door
I entered quietly
stood by the box
how strange to see you
looking like life

seeing your hands
I felt your skin
some words formed
from here and there

slowly
I moved away

