

Maria

Even though you have more grey than black hair,
and your skin is spotted from the sun,
I can't tell if it is you or I who is young.
You ramble on and on,
about the world,
and how it turns.
We walk to the fountain as you point to the tree dangling pink peppercorns.
You pick one and give it to me.
I crunch the pepper and notice the palomas above me,
all hunting and buzzing.
We arrive at the fountain and sit, submerging our feet in the algae-filled water.
I look out at the ripples and start to ponder.
You snap me out of my day dream,
as you begin another story.
Your eyes close,
does that make your story feel more close?
The stories move in and out of different tangents,
but I notice one in particular.
The one about your daughter.
I notice your pause,
do you miss her?
Is that why you act so indifferent?
What if I told you I was no different.
That I too pause,
When someone I miss,
leaves my lips.
Because hearing their name,
means seeing their smile and pain,
their kindness and vain,
their sunshine and rain,
well,
sorry if it's not necessary to explain,
as to maybe why you pause that way.
I just want to say:

Keep saying their name,
because maybe they will hear it one day.

Maybe they will hear it one day.