

Coping

My Father Called

I was asleep when he called,

My phone under my pillow vibrated and rung,

I stirred from my slumber

When I saw his number

How *odd* I thought

It's been months since we spoke—

Why is he calling me?

I hesitate,

I answer with “hello”

He tells me of his travels

Oregon to Washington

He's living his dream

I am across the ocean, yet he asks

“When will you be *home*?”

Corona and a lime

My father drank corona with a lime

We shared conversations on the balcony –

all the time

The sunset over the ocean lit our faces golden

These the moments I hold within

I sit in apartment; I do not belong

The smell of sin is strong

They pressure me

“Drink with me”

I refuse to drink corona with lime

Afraid of the memories the rest of the time

When the sunset didn't light our faces golden

And the cigarette burned bright--

Get me out of his sight

My father liked me with a corona and a lime

But regretted me the rest of the time

Cigarette

I will not deny that I smoked.

I could lie—create a hoax.

smoking,

like my father.

How younger me would deny,

that I smoked a cigarette—

and cried.

## My confession

As each day passes, I am slowly forced to realize it will never matter how much money I acquire

A chateau in France will not fulfill my soul- not now anyway

I am unsure what I am searching for or what

I am running from

Vulnerability and loneliness?

Maybe

This is my confession

You were right

I couldn't run far enough

Not fast enough

From the things that weigh my heart down

They've gotten heavier to be frank

I don't know what to do

But I ought to do something