Papa

Every once in awhile
when I am alone,
I crawl into the silent corners of my mind
and think of you.

The way the sun spots on your hazelnut skin
made you look like a painting.
your pure white, whimsy, hair
like brush strokes on the top of your head.

The way the smell of stale smoke
clung ever so lightly onto your linen shirts
that clung ever so lightly
to your delicate body,
the ones you saved specifically for summer,
the ones stored away in the back of your closet,
that you waited until the first hot day of the year
to bring out,
the smoke itself stitched into the fabric
reminding you of the stories you stored away
in the back of your mind.

Your cologne hid the ash
and I'm glad it did.
the only time I could smell it
was when I rested my cheek on your belly
when wrapping my arms around you
and at the time it felt like a secret
one that was unspoken
between you and I.

I wish I could go back in time and sit on the floor of your office
my skin pressed to the deep brown wooden planks,
watching from the corner of the room,
admiring the mahogany cabinet that held delicate gold picture frames
which held delicate little photographs of Nana,
her young, her old.

She always said she looked so much prettier young
you turned to me and said
she looked pretty young, but now she was beautiful.
she scoffed at the comment
but I know now
that it made her blush.

I would slide open the thin glass doors
and reach inside to touch the embassy of crystals
that lined the dark wooden shelves.
Amethyst
Citrine
Pink quartz
Tigers eye

Obsidian
Sapphire
I never knew what they meant,
but you did.

When you sat on the brown leather chair
in the corner of the room
the chair felt like a throne.
When you sat me on your knee and placed one in my hands
and brought my tiny fingers on top of yours.
“wish for anything in the entire world —
and anything you want
will make its way to you”

you’d laugh when I would say I wanted
a million, bajillion dollars
but you always taught me that
whatever i wanted in life was right at the tip
of my tiny fingers.

and if I could,
I would sit in the corner of your office and watch you at your desk
your incense burning
on the right hand corner;

the line up of beautiful, heavy
pens,
pens I would die to hold in my hands now,
to feel the weight of the words you wrote.

I would watch you get up from your desk,
close the thick wooden doors at the entrance of the room
gently,
move your body towards the leather chair,
turn on high vibrational music
on a soft volume
and meditate

(I wish I could sit in the corner of your mind during that)

I am not rich in regrets
but I would be lying if I didn’t say my biggest one
was that I never sat with you
and experienced your life through your words,
a man who has seemingly lived a hundred lives —
only one of which I know.

how selfish of me to only exist
in the one I was in with you.

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