

Sometimes I worry

Because the air mattress you slept on
Popped 10 months ago and
the futon that took its place
Now has worn in dents

Sometimes
at 1am
I hear your
Muffled gasps and
Wet breaths
Against your pillow
And I worry

Because when you speak
of the future
You think I don't notice
That you don't include yourself

So, sometimes
When I come home and
you're not there and no one
can tell me where you went
I fear you're crushed
within mangled metal
I fear I'm newly orphaned.

Because ever since
I can remember,
You have folded your hands
and asked God to take you home

At age 13 I stopped folding hands
To a God that let your every step
to be over broken glass

But sometimes
Sometimes, when you talk about
Walking across cobblestones streets,
The Mediterranean to your left
and new freckles squeezing
onto your already crowded skin
I think I see your shoulders soften,

And scar tissue forming over old wounds.
My hands get ready to fold and thank God
until you tell me "I'm fine"
and I worry some more.