

## A Reminiscing Daddy

Daddy, where are you? You asked.  
Words winged through our cell phones  
that sunlit day when  
I drove onto campus,  
your first semester, full smile  
cut clean across my mouth.

You're here? You're outside?  
You're here? You're outside?

I pulled up to your dorm  
in Greenville, where I had run track,  
the mile relay twenty-five years ago.  
It wasn't long  
before I'd know your bird-quick words.  
Their cadence against my ear  
made me believe in inquiry.

You're here? You're outside?  
You're here? You're outside?

Now you're three years dead,  
your twisted car long since scrapped.  
Your dresses still hang in the closet  
in your room where your mother and I  
half-sleep, half-listen to rain—  
half-wake for your return.

You're here? You're outside?