CHILDHOOD

WILLIAM ARCHILA

When it comes, my father's presence
stands behind the weight of a country
I've lost, like I've lost him, on his way out
over the hill, flooring his decrepit wagon
exhaust pipe exhausted, which brings me
to bed, to the sleep of a sunken log
at the river's bottom, & my father in it
like some huge bear wavering through
the thickest depths, all the while, I keep
my eye on the shimmering surface of light
wishing to come up for air, but I don't
want to forsake this absent god
tired in the pale grass.
He's been leaving
for so long, it almost seems natural, his aimless
driving, aimless thinking. Outside, a helicopter
that may or may not allow me to continue
keeps announcing its presence
clambering out of the rain clouds.
It's so frustrating, knowing all I have to do
is turn off the light to occupy the dark.

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