HAUNT ME

Against the greenhouse he built, the soul
of Tío Arturo leans, smelling faintly of brillantina.
Abuela drifts beneath cherry blooms,
thumbing her rosary, whispering prayers.

Mother—where are you?
Even the twins, who were never born, are here,
tossing big-headed mums, each one
a soft grenade of memory.
You died four years ago,
your silence unfolding like petals.

And still
you haven't stepped into my garden
or caressed my amapola blossoms.
What are you waiting for? Haunt me.

Crush lemongrass under your heels,
let me smell you. Ring wind chimes
when there's no breeze, so I'll know.

Or become the breeze itself,
and lift my petals one more time.
Eyes open, ears wide, I wait—

But you never come.
The twins giggle,
brush against my flowers,
and pollinate your absence.

Cobalt Poets Series # 674 ~ September 2, 2025

JOSÉ ENRIQUE MEDINA

José Enrique Medina earned his BA in English from Cornell University. His poetry collection *"Haunt Me"* won the 2025 Rattle Chapbook Prize. His work has appeared in *Best Microfiction 2019 Anthology, The Los Angeles Review, Tahoma Literary Review,* and other publications. He is a VONA fellow, and the founder of Chickens & Poetry Residency for Writers. Instagram @MedinaWrites and www.MedinaWrites.com.