

“Dear Dead Dad, I Moved to Tucson, Arizona, and Other Mundane Musings”
By Caitlin Myers

It's been almost twenty years-
I've bought three cars,
had two dogs,
and facilitated one major breakup.
I've had apartments in
cities you've never set foot in.
I went to college at a school you wouldn't send my brother to-
I've done activities you said you couldn't do because
you were too old for it.

And, yet, I still find ways to annoy you -
Like, I still leave the clean laundry piled
high in the basket for days,
I still blow bubbles in my drink in a crowded restaurant, and
I still click my pen maniacally to ward off boredom.

And I see you.

I see you in brisk October mornings,

In bright, colorful autumnal leaves,
And in the weakening afternoon sun.
I remember our last conversation on photosynthesis
before you met winter's kiss.
And although I have
not yet reached out so boldly before -
I guess this is all to say...

that when you left I did not break cleanly.
I find shards of glass
embedded in my skin,
that glisten against the bright
Sonoran desert sky.