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To My Father, Whose Ashes Are Scattered Over Nevada

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To My Father, Whose Ashes Are Scattered Over Nevada

Listen.
I've been reading your letters,
the dozens you wrote home from school,
those years in between—
dreaming of rocks, and operas,
and accidental encounters with
willing women,
women as far and funny as you
from the impossible intellectual . . .

You need to know that I'm waiting for you
around ten years' bends,
the girl you said you'd call Angus,
anticipating your best mistake.

You need to give up this frantic wandering,
and late night wondering;
let go of this chosen exile,
written in tent light
across the desert page.

I'm what you long for.
the woman inside you—
wild, abandoned,
the dark space after letters,
the stars' prehistoric light.

Even now, I'm unfolding,
as the words curl, one by one,
from your pen, into the stillness
of the past, into the blank years forward
that become your death.

Listen: I'm the part of you
that escapes it,
and I will spend my life
trying to find you.