What I Want

By Megan Van Horn

I want to go
back to my
grandmother's apartment
stacked
and
sandwiched
between Cape
Verdeans and Nigerians
and I want to sit
at the folding
table and press
my palms against the
sticky crackle
of a red vinyl table
cloth.

I want to make
myself a space
between jumbo
pill boxes and red
envelopes and
cross my legs on
a stool in
between
bird cages and orange
trees.

I want to walk
across tiled
floors in slippers
three times too
small for my feet
but that still protect
my soles
from the cast-off grease
from thousands of operatic
feats with a wok and
two arthritic
hands.

I want to settle
down my bowl of
rice at that
sticky crackle
of a red vinyl
tablecloth
and I want to sit
across from a legacy
stacked on a defunct fireplace,
photographs of a
family lineage branching
out from her children
into theirs.

I want to pull
out boxes from
her closet and
ask her,
when the night has
settled in around us,
why she has torn out
all the faces of her
husband in the albums
while she still
visits his
grave.