

My Father's Car

Tonio Zacco

---

One of these days I will remember what it felt like  
to be the child in my father's car.  
I will recall the rear-view glances  
and the mercy his eyes carried,  
benevolent light clouded by scars I struggled to understand.  
I will remember, too, the temper he could not dispose of,  
how I learned to be silent and look to passing landscapes.  
There is now a hushed sputter of steam  
where the roaring fire in his voice used to be.  
With each day I neglect to call him  
the task of picking up the phone  
seems at the same time more daunting and crucial.

I have drawn up the same home many times.  
Only today does it become clearer in my imagination,

gentle but  
empty now.