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My Father's Car

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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.