Home Alone

When I pick the phone up, my father asks me if I miss him.

It’s been three years since I’ve heard my father’s voice.

I will always miss him and I will always love him,

but we look alike in every way,

so I guess you can’t really miss someone you see in the mirror.

*Claro*, I tell him.

*Yo tambien,* he says.

He says to pack some clothes and a toothbrush;

he’ll be over in ten minutes; he has a trip planned for us.

I sit by the window with an empty bag.

In my pockets, I squeeze a picture to calm my nerves.

I was about two years old in it, tiny and smiling

sitting underneath the kitchen sink.

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I waited hours for him in the windowsill,

elbows growing purple from holding my hopes up,

but he never pulled into the driveway to save me.

I watched the cars flash past,

laughing at me for believing that he ever loved me.