

## Home

I walked  
into  
    that room.

That room  
that used to embrace me  
with vapor rub,  
ginger tea  
and the smell of rain before it falls.

Can I ever sit in that room again?

That was our little nook  
of whispered gossip.

I walked into that room.

That room is now like an *attic*.

What happened  
to cleaning every Sunday?

I used to call you,

I used to call you  
every Sunday

And your voice would echo through my phone.  
You would press all the bottoms  
With your small fragile prune hands  
And the call would last hours.

I used to walk into  
    that room!

Arms longing like a dog  
begging for a treat.  
Your hands were  
Like a cat's tongue  
But I let them embrace me  
The same way you did  
    When death called you one  
                    Night.

I used to walk into that room!

Your avocado sofas,  
mosquitos buzzing,  
and you looking out the door  
smiling that gold front tooth  
at the sight of me!

Today...

today I walked into that room.

Abuela

please,  
please hold me  
like that last time in June.