



The You I've Never Known I Can't Remember Every place

Dad and I have
called home. When
I was real little, the two
of us sometimes lived in
our car. Those memories
are in motion. Always moving.
I don't think

I minded it so much
then, though mixed in
with happy recollections
are snippets of intense fear.
I didn't dare ask why one stretch
of sky wasn't good enough to settle
under. My dad
likes to say he came
into this world infected
with wanderlust. He claims
I'm lucky, that at one day till
I turn seventeen I've seen way
more places than most folks see
in an entire
lifetime. I'm sure

he's right on the most
basic level, and while I
can't dig up snapshots of
North Dakota, West Virginia, or
Nebraska, how could I ever forget
watching Old
Faithful spouting
way up into the bold
amethyst Yellowstone sky,
or the granddaddy alligator
ambling along beside our car
on a stretch of Everglade roadway?
I've inhaled
heavenly sweet
plumeria perfume,
dodging pedicab traffic
in the craziness of Waikiki.
I've picnicked in the shadows
of redwoods older than the rumored
son of God;
nudged up against
the edge of the Grand
Canyon as a pair of eagles
played tag in the warm air

currents; seen Atlantic whales
spy-hop; bodysurfed in the Pacific;
and picked spring-
inspired Death Valley
wildflowers. I've listened
to Niagara Falls percussion,
the haunting song of courting
loons. So I guess my dad is right.
I'm luckier than a whole lot of people.