I remember getting into the car with my younger self
the tension in the space was high
all precarious with fear

I hadn’t traveled far on the outside
but I had covered a lot of territory
inside roaming
throughout the alleyways of my own veins

He had been everywhere, Kazakhstan, India, Japan, and
Oh So Far Away

With him, I landed two feet on the ground
where the cocoon of our rides swept over the waves and hills
of the countryside

I didn’t know how much of my life was filled with him
until he died
and Then
he showed up Everywhere

In the bird feeder pole he hammered so simply
and planted into the ground
He called the feeder Home

In the hole of the rake handle
and all the rest of the wooden shanked garden tools
that he drilled with delight
in contrast to the manner of his stepfather’s precision garage

He created organization
nails as hooks spread across the wall of crooked order
handles with tiny holes barely large enough
to force the nails through

apertures
suspended bits of light
laughter in small spaces

filtering through