

# 1945; a handful of memories

"This, is my son" is how you unknowingly introduced me, to a crowd of same-olds.

I consider the reasons I cannot sleep, yet name each of your losses until dawn.

Your face, cast in bronze and black soap, valleyed with visual history

Grandma. I shrink beside your crumbling shoulders, a boy

repeating echoes of your memory, hugging your ears into my chest

so they cannot wash out into sea, only into blood. I kiss

your forehead, and you swot me twice

little mosquito.

You say you hate it

though a slipping a child's giggle betrays this

**And suddenly, sleep turns thief of these minor joys.**

Awakening in the polyester pool of my childhood. It's 8pm. I've wet the bed.

As if fresh air to a winded kid, you hoist me from shallow deaths. Stem my elegies.

Teaching me perseverance before I could count the letters.

Unjudged, we trade sheets for stories

**And lament, how the spectre of sleep turns thief of these minor joys.**

Stirring on dry land, a cribbed and wailing new-born

you hug me into your chest and sing of the audacity to choose your own destiny

reminiscing on your own great escape to these shores

To be here, wholly intact with this baby of your blood, and sound, and wind, and gall.

A baby who innocently, and unknowingly begins to mimic the echoes of your memory

**Learning for the first time, how sleep can turn thief of these minor joys.**