

Small

Your dead father comes to you in a dream,  
holds your hand as if you were a kid again.

What to do with the image that lingers  
like an echo in the canyon of sleep—

this pebble dropped into your sea, this  
tsunami. What you thought had dwindled

to a postscript, a yellowed tome,  
a newsprint smudge on the thumb,

the struck match sulfur-whiff of life,  
the if of it—whiskers, lather, razor—

revived now in terrible wonder. Something  
almost too small to notice falls, unbidden,

into your palm, and the forgotten washes  
over you. Button, key, tie tack. Pebble.