

A Father Never Found

The telegram arrived early
as you got ready for work.
“Dad died Tuesday. Stop. Funeral tomorrow. Stop.
Salinas, California.”
That was it. He died.
Heart failure.

Years later, thinking
it would be good
to say goodbye,
you carried flowers
to the graveyard.

The cemetery office was closed,
so you searched the better part of an hour
for his grave, walking along row after row,
among thousands of markers,
until you grew too weary to search more,
and laid the flowers on the grave of someone

who, in death as in life,
you didn't know.

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