

Nicki Avendaño

CON ALAS ROTAS

I entered the church today,
with broken wings.
It was there I saw my brother,
in his casket.

For a moment, he looked
like he did when
He was young.

Sound asleep in his bed
that our Mother made
out of yesterday's news.

My eyes danced
over the navy blue
of his best suit.

I recalled how she
used to sew our shirts
of the same color
with eyelids, heavy.

I remembered the stories
of how he got the scars
on his hands
when I glanced at
the ticks on his watch.

It was then I was reminded
that our time together
ran out.

Running— that's it,
When I saw his shoes
I was reminded
of when we had none.

Running barefoot
Through the dirt roads
of our hometown.

And our home,
that laid atop
the highest hill.

There, we didn't need anyone,
for we had each other.
And he was the father,
we never had.