I Will Hold Your Memories

He spent summers hunting for Ellensburg blue agates
And he reminded me of my dad.
I know… countertransference.
But he smelled like Old Spice.
And rainy mornings.
And Alaska.
Knowing he would never have children, he rescued greyhounds.
I walked in and he let death sit with us
We drank tea. Always earl grey.
He let me hold his history
deep in pockets like a burrow
-the graves he dug in France.
He left with soldiers marching between his bedposts.
Now here I sit, holding my father's hands, dense with the disease of forgetting
And once again, prepared to be, the keeper of memories.