

Missing You  
By Alina Cantero

Up at night flooded with worry and nausea,  
thinking something dreadful is about to happen—  
something wicked always does when this feeling plunges inside,  
12:03am, time of day  
time of day

Lost gazing into the ravine known as the television,  
splashing through the computer  
trying to distract from the feeling of utter disaster that has happened.

*No it couldn't be,*  
*it's only Thursday,*  
*where would you be going,*  
*surely not to work.*

Jolting up with the abrupt shaking and choppiness in my father's voice

"Mija, I have to tell you something"  
cascaded out of his transparent lips.  
Paralyzed, I knew what was crashing in.  
"It's Ramoncito, isn't it?"  
I asked with a creaking voice

The tears not coming out,  
but building up inside waiting to burst free  
waterfalls flow down my cheeks  
my tear ducts drained with nothing left.

Six months to the day—  
Six months of you dancing in the purple rain.