MY FATHER

My father played blocks
with me,
winter’s fatigued breath
falling on our cold floor,
and I felt all warm
because my father
played blocks
with me;
the only toys I knew,
toys he gave me,
and I placed them
one on top
of another.

Meanwhile,
they came tumbling down,
blocks strewn
like discarded fatalities
all around,
and as I picked them up
to place them,
he was gone,
a parting memory
of my father
whom I saw
no more.