requires this love—to remember a ride with my father, stuck in traffic with no place to go. He turns to me and shakes his head, says I’m quite a man.

—Joseph P. Wood

When you laid your hand on that wall to feel a name in the grooves as if you were blind— if you were blind you wouldn’t see the birches lined above the granite to make slivers of shade across the walkway.

If you catch it just right the sunlight will shimmer off the wall where your hand still reaches through the letters searching for the words we share.

We can speak in the silent car and I imagine the names you’ve known.

Driving home through the lower district where carving names on walls is still called graffiti.

—Jim Yagmin