Small

Your dead father comes to you in a dream, holds your hand as if you were a kid again.

What to do with the image that lingers like an echo in the canyon of sleep—

this pebble dropped into your sea, this tsunami. What you thought had dwindled
to a postscript, a yellowed tome, a newsprint smudge on the thumb,

the struck match sulfur-whiff of life, the if of it—whiskers, lather, razor—

revived now in terrible wonder. Something almost too small to notice falls, unbidden,

into your palm, and the forgotten washes over you. Button, key, tie tack. Pebble.