The Recurring Dream of His Bridging Affection (c. 2000)

_Para Felipe—for want of making my dreams come true._

By Daniel “Xetini” López

A heavy, pale wind meets us in front of the preschool.

We sit on broken limestone and watch cars go into
the fading of day. The wind’s knives—conscious of my

divided heart—pierce stealthily into my tiny lungs;
as it tries to shear my fears—the battle in the wind fails me.

I exhaled. Felipe grabs me with warm hands; they feel like

Day—they don’t belong to this night. My head fell onto

his wide shoulders of marigold: _Danny—_
_dad’s not coming back… we’re all we’ve got now._

I felt an undulating warmth from his voice, even as the bridge
towards a man not dead, though not alive, chars our feet;

and I search for his tired, wet, oak eyes: _will that ever be good enough?_