I've Always Wondered

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I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED

Luis Garcia

I've always wondered
If Pa' ever loved us.

In our one-room home,
All seven shared a bed
But I don’t think Pa’ loved us,
He would always sleep
On the ground.

On winter nights,
Back-to-back we’d cram, fighting
For an inch of warmth, an inch of skin.
I don’t think Pa’ liked that
He’d lie alone, shivering,
Blanketed by the silence of the night.

Papa didn’t like home.
He’d leave before the sun was up
And come back when the sun was down.
Pa’ liked the fields
More than us.

Papa didn’t like the food
At home either.
We’d all get enough soup,
But Pa’ always took the smallest bowl
And no milk or bread.

Pa’ only smiles when we aren’t looking,
And cries when he thinks we’re sleeping.

I wonder no more.