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but we say we are sad because we cannot see him

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but we say we are sad because we cannot see him

My father asleep under the crawlspace of our old house so we cannot
find him where

we expect him to be. My father wrenching my Cousin Claire's broke car
smoking a cigarette

in the dark. My father driving a Peterbilt truck around the block pulling
the horn chain

looking very happy. My father hunched over asleep in front of the TV,
a grid of un-played

solitary cards before him. My father waking from the crawlspace as I
throw small rocks

into the opening asking him *dad are you okay?* My father smoking on
the deck at night

a single porchlight on his face before he turns and looks into the woods.
My father not calling

our house a trailer but calling our trailer *the old house on Eagle Drive.*
My father playing

cribbage with my Uncle Shaun drinking Bud Light. My father trying to
figure out the camera

on his laptop as I read in the other room. My father shrinking from cancer
as I deliver mail

two hours away. My father passing during an ice storm so I cannot be there
when he goes.

My mother gifting me my father's laptop a day after the service saying
he would want you

to have it. My father's three pictures taken on his laptop camera trying
to figure out his

laptop's camera. My father's three pictures gazing back on a screen.

About Casey Fuller

Casey Fuller is an English PhD candidate at the University of North Dakota. His poems have appeared in *Nothing to Declare: A Guide to the Flash Sequence*, *The Portland Review*, *ZYZYVVA*, and other places.