

## By Ocean Vuong

There's a joke that ends with — *huh?*  
It's the bomb saying here is your father.

Now here is your father inside  
your lungs. Look how lighter

the earth is — afterward.  
To even write the word *father*

is to carve a portion of the day  
out of a bomb-bright page.

There's enough light to drown in  
but never enough to enter the bones

& stay. *Don't stay here*, he said, *my boy*  
*broken by the names of flowers. Don't cry*

*anymore*. So I ran into the night.  
The night: my shadow growing

toward my father.

Source: *Poetry* (February 2014)