

You Would Have Been Seventy-Seven Today

Well, supposedly, your birthdate was recorded in a Koran and eventually someone went and registered the day. but I imagine you must have been a Leo—for sure —fiery, and possessive. My king of the jungle who came to America and reigned, who needed the adoration of his nephews, nieces, cousins, daughters, a family that kept sprouting and growing. Oh Dad, my *Baba*, last night I sat on the huge handmade rug from Tabriz that you gave us as a housewarming gift, playing bad daf and guitar making up songs with my son. Could you hear us? Could you hear him dancing on the carpel? It's magic, they say. When you were in the hospital, he was watched by my sister-in-law at home. She said, at the time you stopped breathing, he started to talk to the carpet; three-year-old Dylan bending to the patterns of the wool rug searching for your face, *Baba*, and talking. It is statistically proven, we are psychic. Abacus beads, worry beads—it's all the same—measuring concerns. Move across the day—somehow. Move from left to right or right to left. Iran to New Jersey. You stepped on these rugs. It must matter.

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