



What I imagined about my father:

Dark hair

Dark eyes

Tall, like bone aches, like collapsed shoulders to hide his height

A thick bottom lip

What I knew about when I was born:

My mom shaved off her eyebrows and drew them in, hair by hair. Her makeup bag was from then on full of pencils. She had a terror of discontinuation. Her arches were perfect, realistic, and never made of hair again.

What I imagined:

He was still alive.

What I knew:

That she learned to wipe me clean of him. I used to believe I could be satisfied just holding something of his. A ring, a money clip, a religious medallion of a favorite saint. Anything that had spent time in the warmth of his closed palm. I taught myself not

to ask why he wasn't curious about me—the same gnaw of every fatherless child.