

EAST MOUNTAIN VIEW

PAUL TRAN

The first time we left
my mother said *Take
only what you need.*
He was passed out
on the couch, fifth time
that week. I decided
there was nothing
worth keeping. No trinket
to prove I was there
except my busted lip,
a punctured lung,
The Lion King
on VHS. I watched
my father hooved to death
in a gorge. The dream
a pattern: Its raw wind
whistling through the hole
he punched in my chest.
I wanted my life back.