

## You Always Wave Goodbye

Growing up

I was always in a hurry to leave.

I longed for California (my mirage of paradise),

And when I left home

You stood together waving, Mom crying, Dad videotaping,

And myself with unexpected tears

As Dad shook my hand,

Looked into my eyes,

And spoke his trademark phrase,

“Be careful.”

The first attempt ended by a blown engine,

The second by a blown illusion,

I returned,

Three thousand miles of separation

Cut to thirty minutes.

Yet, I still feel a deep sorrow

Every time our day together ends.

There is emptiness, and silent tears,

As I drive away.