

One of the First Places

by Matt Mason

When both your parents were dead,
you took your wife and daughters to Disneyland.

Because it made sense.
There's a family trip
when you were four
that you remember—

not so well
with your head, it's
one of the things
inside you,
old sparks
still warm
in your wires.

You don't pretend to know what is
reaction and what is
accident when such normal
but extraordinary things happen
and leave your life
as something you don't recognize.
You miss them.
You're looking for them.

This is one of the first places
you remember seeing them.
Maybe
something's still there.