

# The Prairie Light Review

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Volume 29  
Number 9 *In Medias Res*

Article 49

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10-1-2008

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## Recommended Citation

Nicholson, Natalia (2009) "J.J.N.," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 29: No. 9, Article 49.  
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol29/iss9/49>

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Now where did I put you?  
If I were a dead father,  
Where would I hide?  
Are you still sitting in the driveway,  
Smoking  
And listening to the radio?

Or are you in the kitchen,  
Smoking and working  
The crossword puzzle  
With a glass of water?  
Nah, I checked there once already.  
Unless you've moved since then...

I can see you in the backyard  
With the kids  
Making magic  
With a shed door,  
A magic phrase,  
And a concealed garage door opener.

Where's the magic now, Papa?  
Where's your strong hands,  
Your laugh hewn from granite,  
Your marble hewn from tears?  
You've never been this late  
With dinner before.

Maybe you're in this book here  
With your photo...  
Maybe in the poem  
With no strong verb nor rhyme...  
Maybe in the cricket song  
Or in the garden outside the window...

I'm so wanting a glimpse of you  
When you aren't even in the same county...  
What about that trip to London?  
You promised!  
Even if I remembered where I put you,  
I'm too tall to reach it now.