

Kiel M. Gregory

## Physiognomy

In my dreams you are still six years old. We play in your bright red crab sandbox filled with dump trucks and action figures and plastic masonry tools. I try to show you how to build a home, but my side of the sandbox is too dry. I cannot hold anything together. You mold and shape an empire and I want to tell you how proud I am of you. I want to tell you I love you, but I can't get you to turn toward me. I reach out over the sandbox, now a massive desert. Across this distance between us, I can no longer remember your face. In bearing your loss, I look to the sky and see that the clouds have stopped looking like anything but clouds.