**Lava**

*for my son, at 32*

Annette Sisson

Your childhood stories rehashed a single

narrative arc: *happiness, hot lava, victory*.

When your father left you revised the plot:

All ended with his move to a house on our block.

The splintered years heaped in piles, dry

twigs on an angry brushfire. Your silence simmered,

smoldered, earth’s veins, the igneous core—

a fevered gash, scalding silicon, sulfur,

magma. Red dust charged the air,

a striated sun. Then lichens and ferns

unfurled, cracked crust into particles of soil—

old stories new closure. Now your words

are water, smooth and cool as glass, your voice

sea spray, your longing a river of pebbles,

inlets of blue islands, troves of ash.