# Collections

*for Red McMillan*

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My father studies the intricacies

of a 1976 Bicentennial Ike Silver Dollar.

Freckles on his hands fluctuate like bemused insects.

Those hands, once thick with calluses and bruised

by the burden of building houses, enfold
the coin gently as if it is a fragile, living thing.

If I could have children, I imagine he would hold

my children that way, tentative, intently memorizing

every detail of their small round faces, recalling

their perfected flaws even in his sleep.

In his dreams, or maybe mine, their fingers flitter

like tiny lightening bugs and come to rest on his cheeks.

They beg him to build something. They ask questions

that make him feel like the smartest man with the strongest hands.

He calculates their value. Immeasurable, he decides,

infinite as imagination.