

Jane Attanucci

Pacific Time

Jet-lagged and bleary-eyed,
that January morning
I wasn't prepared for warm
breezes, soft California skies,
the pastel, sun-shiny nursing home
(in Carlsbad of all cities,
you loved so many others,
Pittsburgh, Chicago, New York).
Your sensible second wife, Mary,
had to move you there.

Dad, it was your watch that
caught my attention,
the large, simple face of it,
the stretch-gold band
you always wore, by then
loose on your frail wrist,
bare arm fully exposed
by the hospital Johnny.

Father of eight, only three
at your bedside near the end.
Mary was thought to be crying wolf.
You, so clear-headed, scolding us
*I gave you directions. What the hell
took you so long?*

We ended up laughing
about the old cast of parish priests,
their homilies. You hadn't been
to church in the twenty years
since Mom's death,
but you were relieved to have
a plan— we'd take you back
east for mass at St. Paul's
where you & Mom married in '47,
back to her grave at Calvary.
The weekend passed quickly.
My tears were too few.

With your watch and your wits,
you died alone a few weeks later.

Jane Attanucci grew up one of eight children in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. After attending Emmanuel College and Harvard Graduate School of Education, she taught at Wheelock College (beside the Muddy River). Her poems have appeared in *The Aurorean*, *Bird's Thumb*, *Off the Coast*, *The Pittsburgh Poetry Review* and *Third Wednesday* among others. She received the Barbara Bradley Award (2014) from the New England Poetry Club. Her chapbook, *First Mud*, was released by Finishing Line Press (2015). She lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts.