

“Elvis”  
~ a vignette ~

He never actually visited our tiny white half trailer, never came inside to see the smooth, crow colored leather couch, he never sat near the box fan to cool down, to chatter about his all too busy life or ours. But at the close of each day, after our dinner, I heard his mellow voice crooning from the scratchy cement porch. Sometimes his velvety words made me want to cling to my always angry parents and say “I love you”, to rest my cheek against Papí and to breathe in his musk oil. Most evenings I sat still as a photograph perched on the skinny porch steps and daydreamed in his, deep as a well, blues and rock. Every so often, we sang, like good friends, together- all of us. In whispers, in full voice, with laughter, in harmony. Everyone, my collection of treasures, resting against the coming night. Five voices, our voices- Mamí, Papí, Julianna, me and Elvis. The audience, my crazy blond chihuahua Chico, a crippled apple tree bending heavy with tart fruit and an orchestra of radiant shimmering flecks flying patterns across the lawn. Chico, fireflies and Papí who smells like musk oil.

by

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