

**NAYELLY BARRIOS**

**Recurring Dream as Tire**

My father appears at my doorstep

he wears the tire he curled in  
when crossing the border

It is raining

The tire's rubber            the rain  
   un espejo  
& I can see the weight of my dream  
pulling down  
   on the soft flesh of my lids

I want to apologize

for not being fluent in tire  
for worn tread

*No mires hacia atrás*  
his speech            pocked  
   a pumice stone  
but I catch some strands  
   *Nunca*  
   *mires hacia atrás*

he's recycled this line  
from my first mass  
in Reynosa

He begins to peel himself  
from the tire  
   like an old water hose  
that has been too long embedded  
   in dry ground

Without the tire            he is a pale twig  
   with severed stubs

He says  
   *Siempre seré llanta*

