## **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

He hands me the deflated tire

un costal

of river muck

Quieres que la tire

& I know he means no

when brows roll off the cliff

of his large forehead

his frown & mustache

dismantle

onto his bare chest.

My shoulders

begin to unbuckle

my spine arcs

like a C

against the tire's inner belly

I fold my knees

surrender one leg at a time to the dark lips of tire