

# The Persistence of Memory

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My eldest son sent me a photo from a prison cell  
*sorry pops*, he said.  
I buckled—phone in hand—  
like a springbok newly born.

Space and time were spinning  
like the spool of emojis from his follow-up text,  
where he tells me  
he is an extra in a movie.

It took me moments to remember  
what day it was  
why his face looked like the melted watches  
of the Salvador Dalí painting behind bars,

*the persistence of memory:*  
his face my face—a photo this country has snapped  
from the beginning—  
our flesh in the American fireplace.

