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Home In One House

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Home In One House

By Theresa Lopez

If I could squish home into one house, I'd choose Nana's.

The first living room would have walls with pictures of family we didn't get to know

We'd have a wall for Nana's side, and one for Tata's

And then the third wall would be for Nana and Tata

On the shelves made of wood planks and bricks, we'd keep a box of notes from them

Like Tata's handwritten grocery lists, and Nana's cursive on the back of receipts

I hope the rest of us live long, and fourth wall can stay empty

The kitchen would still have that old linoleum tile, with light pink stripes and little blue flowers

Enough space for us all to listen to and retell our family ghost stories while taste testing sopa

We'll keep the comal on the back right burner, where it will always sit

We'd never lose track of the pots we need, and still have mix match tupperware

There would be a new dishwasher, and Brother will still wash the dishes by hand

I hope we can all eat together, happily at a table with enough chairs

The living room would have pictures of everyone who's still around

A whole wall of just us kids, and a row for our caps and gowns

Our couch will wrap along all the walls, and we'll still make our movie night bed on the floor

Use some of the blankets Nana made, and save the rest for when we need a little extra warmth

Snacks can go on TV trays that still have rings from Tata's daily cups of black cinnamon coffee

I hope mom still scares us when we fall asleep on Celebrity Ghost Stories or a scary movie

In the back patio we'll put a swinging bench and wind chimes

It'll always be big enough for everyone's parties

Just the right size for the drunken, sincere heart to hearts that happen past midnight

The lemon and orange trees would hang heavy with fruit we'd pick and eat

Make sure to weed the yard, and keep the rose bushes trimmed like Nana did

There's still gonna be bees sometimes, and mosquitos at night

Mostly, I hope we still remind each other to put mud on our bug bites.