I wore your size 11 black leather dress shoes every Christmas eve.

I always wanted to fill your shoes; the archetype. The opa, the one who could call everyone back to the oak wood table.

I remember our family quarrels like sparklers. Makes life more interesting.

We were these small brief moments a vignette of a family.

Remember when you guys left.

I was still sitting at the oak wood table when parenting out of all things oma blamed mom for bad parenting like a weed telling a flower it didn’t blossom properly

I was still sitting at the oak wood table moving my fingers across the starches left behind from the good times, the times of way too much food and laughter like santa claus before Christmas eve rosy cheeks and light light

as bright as roughs red nose.

I am still sitting at the oak wood table wishing to wear your size 11 shoes Wishing my tiny feet could hold a foundation to a least start building a home.