

# To Found Juvenile in Pahrump

Andrew Romanelli

Your mother was (is) my friend.  
I've only known your father  
on reckless driving nights—  
bars and the moon  
up all our noses.  
This—  
before you were born.

Closest I got to meeting you was  
your mother's baby shower at a bar  
not far from where I now live.

Still, I know you.

Back of the squad car.

The wild scratches  
all over your face,  
unbathed for days—  
eyes off looking  
for love.

Mouth opened.

But it's pointless to speak  
if no one is listening.