

# Coming Home

*by* Lorenzo Sewanan

He opens the door and he sees his father lying on the bed, eyes shut. As he picks his way across the room, he is careful not to wake his father, a man that he could never before surprise, only be surprised by.

Yet, steps on the thick carpet are dull, mere whispers in silence. It is quiet and he wants nothing else but to be near his father when he awakens. How many years has he dreamed he would be home again?

He stops abruptly near the edge of the bed. He hears no breaths.

