

corazón del capitalismo (*Libros de la Catarata*, 2017).

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## HOLLY DAY

### The Last Day

I watch my son packing his bags and I have to leave.  
As I do, he asks, "Aren't you going to help me?  
Don't you even care that I'm leaving?" and no,  
I can't help him, because instead of folding shirts and pants  
into a suitcase, I can only think of how to fold him  
back into the infant he once was, how I want  
to find some way to do all of this over because I know  
the next time, I could do everything right.

Through the closed bedroom door, I can hear my son and my husband  
grunt and swear as they drag various pieces of furniture  
out the door, out to the waiting truck, they sound like two men,  
two complete strangers, through the wood, and I  
refuse to go out and hold doors open, I refuse  
to pretend that I am okay with all of this. There are too many regrets  
that have to be saved for future conversations.

*Holly Day has taught writing classes at the Loft Literary Center in Minneapolis, Minnesota, since 2000. Her poetry has recently appeared in Tampa Review, SLAB, and Gargoyle, and her published books include Walking Twin Cities, Music Theory for Dummies, and Ugly Girl.*