

Papi Forgets His Passport

By Sylvia Riojas Vaughn

He's eighty, so this
calls into question his memory.
No drunken college kid, he.
Nor suffering from a diabetic coma.
No one conked him on the head.
Not so many years ago, he needed
no such paper to cross into Mexico.
Now the Border Patrol stops and holds him
on the way back into America.
He's eighty, but international criminals
have no age limit.
He's eighty in the era of high-speed information.
A few hours later, Papi returns home,
says hang sus amigos en Matamoros.
A year later, he returns.
His memory is called into question.