

Amy M. Alvarez

# Sometimes

My mother is divorcing ~~my stepfather~~ her husband. It's been 36 years since she divorced ~~her first husband~~ my father. I am the only child to emerge from my mother and father's relationship. My ~~mother's two other children~~ ~~my half siblings~~ will have each other to process this experience with their father. In college I used to tell myself that home was wherever ~~my bed sheets and suitcase lay~~. Now I tell myself that home is where my husband ~~and cats~~ ~~are~~ is. We have been married a dozen years. Sometimes I am tremendously happy in my marriage. Sometimes I am unhappy. Sometimes I threaten divorce in my unhappiness. Whenever I make these threats I feel regret. I know how manipulative it is to threaten. I have a house and am married to a person I love but I still strain for an unreachable idea of home. My very cells are afraid of what happens when I cling to what seems like a sure thing for too long.

wanderer lay your  
head on pine needle pillows  
make the stars your roof

Amy M. Alvarez's poems have appeared in Sugar House Review, Rattle, The New Guard Review, and elsewhere. She is an alumna of the Stonecoast MFA program at the University of Southern Maine and teaches at West Virginia University. Visit [amymalvarez.com](http://amymalvarez.com).