

{ Untitled }

I can't call to mind if she made breakfast for me.

I recall her sleeping a lot.

Sleep is a form of absence. *

I was marred by the void like a child who does not learn language.

I have no recollection of my dad beating her.

Why would I think he did?

The wrong was present in the house like a demon

waiting to overcome his prey.

I was alone in a dangerous land;

Like traveling young and unwed through a land full of men

silently lying in wait for their chance.

Don't worry,

I can tell the story without saying what happened.

I still think about how when I was a child,

I entered stage right,

surrounded by darkness

one spotlight shining on me

not knowing my lines

making it up as I went.

How I never knew her touch.

Today, I think about her struggles.

All she had were her bootstraps.

And yes, did she use them.