

Double-Wide

Chin rubbed shoulders of inescapable callous fingers
Ken heard the squinting chewing tobacco singing "I love you, son"
But,
Feet hover, trying not to stick to laminate in the night
Mother jowls, hands on hips in her simulacra farmhouse kitchen
Grease, viscous, smells the house
Piss stains in the carpet from the dogs go unnoticed
A cat paws at the tumor bulging from her left eye
Behind Ken, a dusty dining room with fine china he doesn't remember
Handed down by Greats he never knew
Brother and Sister see tradition from the dark
The double-wide should have been leaning on its left side
With the weight it carried

Greyhound

Ken sees reflection in Father's iris,
Amalgamated jade wraps and extends
A descendant leaf; ashes congregate
Shaking hands and making business deals in an
office it's enclosed in

The Mother's muscles pinching perfect fourths
Pushing her waste-filled stroller up a hill
With one hand held up high chanting alone
She goes home and curls up in her favorite blanket
where nothing hurts

There was a stranger on the bus one day.
He, dressed in his loose button down grayness,
Made his spine curl back and out in his seat,
Nonchalant like, moaned, aching, his belly, extended forward brightness filled a pop
release

Acrobat

Ken enters the Zoom call, meeting a biweekly face
And begins.

“I was an acrobat in my first memory
Silhouetted; golden hour
Hands clasped together with my
Mommy and Daddy
My arms stretched as they pulled me up
And swung me back in the air
Above the asphalt between them
In my Velcro shoes, secured
She helped me put them on.
And my striped shirt must have gone
On over my newly blonde hair
He helped me put it on.
And we were going to our apartment
In Florida where I would break my leg
Imitating a purple dinosaur on TV
With no one else around
Shag carpet runs underneath,
Pirouette
But I didn't know that just yet.”