

The Hurting

The Light switch

His fingertips were cold as ice, feeling me back and forth as though it was dark & he was seeking the light.

Innocence

Memories of that day pop up often. Me, I was 6, and her almost 10. Too young to understand what he was doing with his hands.

The Shed

We kept the feeling dismiss from mind, but the memory is sharp. Like the latch used to keep people from seeing what's inside