

Sugartown

one seventh of my life since I stepped through this door
my house key still jangles, dead weight on my carabiner
to announce my presence when I enter a room right hip first
I wonder if it will still fit
I wonder if I'll still fit.

The walls are painted the color of our eyes and the hardwood is stained
the color of my brother's hair
Soon to be washed over in a long overdue renovation
The attic was my room is his room now,
June bleeds through the skylights and we wipe sweat off our brow
He likes my new haircut,
I like the records on the wall.

We don't have much to talk about.

The pantry is stuffed to the brim
no space to hide in the dry-rotted monument to teenagehood
where I used to sit with my knees to my chest
and scream at the wall
until my voice ran out
down the stairs into the wet mound of dirt
one day it will be a garden
like the one we had before.

It's funny,
not like a joke
but like a blind dog who stares at the wall
thinking he is watching the clouds.

*Come back again
next time it will be longer,
the words barely reach my ears
my suitcase is full
of skeletons I left behind in my haste
to shed my skin for the last time
come back,
and you'll fit into the notch of my sternum.
Let me sing you lullabies,
let me hold you in my arms like I never let you go
come back again,
please.*