The Misanthrope Confesses

by Gary Hardaway

I murdered my inner child at 7 and neither denied nor confessed the act until now. I remain remorseless.

Children are but people too small and inexperienced to be adults. Any other assessment is sentimental. I bring no flowers for the place

I buried my child-- only seeds of dandelion and Johnson grass, a pocketful of dirt, and fists full of broken glass to keep it hidden.

We murder, not what we despise, but what we can't depend upon or trust.