

Mommy

by Adam Sifre

I miss her.

I miss her smile and the tucks and
the goodnight kisses.

I miss laughing with her. And I miss the clean smell
of fresh pajamas and the vanilla from her shampoo.

The thing that looks like her,

I don't miss so much.

Not at all.

It smells stale, feels pale.

It cooks for me and sits by me;

 weighs me with dull eyes.

Mommy has moved on, and this is left.

It breathes, like a person.

But it exhales invisible poison.

One day the house will be filled with it and I'll be gone.

Like her.

I'll be it.

And now it's dark. So dark.

But I can see it.

When you stand alone in the dark. Stand there forever
you see everything for what it is.

Maybe not everything.

But I can see it. Pretending to breathe.

Pretending to sleep.

I can taste it in the air too. But maybe that's imagination.

I can see Daddy's hammer. It's black silver now.

Before he comes home, that will change.

Everything will change. Black and silver change to red.
Everything is stained.
Mommy is still gone.
But it is gone too.
And Daddy will understand.
He will stay.

He will stay with me forever.

