A Condemnation

by Emily Sparkles

I won't read between

the lines

when

the lines

I'm daily given are half truths

I will take what you say

as true

when

the truth

suits me as well as it suits you

I heard you yelling at him, you know
you didn't know I was home yet but I was
I was grabbing a package off the front steps
steps away from you when he opened the car door to yell
to yell "mama!" with joy in his heart
with joy in his voice and you yelled "WHAT"
what it was, was more than a yell it was a howl, a bass tone shriek, a
condemnation

I saw you flip a switch when you saw me there

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me, there, I heard you change your tone
you changed your tone, and that's just the thing

What if I hadn't been there
What if he had really been scared?
Do you really think that would have justified your bellowing?
Do you really think that scaring him is fixing anything?
Do you really think you can keep me if you don't like him?
He is our son.

He is our son.