

thumbing through the Jesus book

by Erica Hoskins Mullenix

We're on our way out, my brother and me, to the graveyard. We sit and watch the markers, read the stones, wonder about who's buried alongside them. Thinking about nothing in particular or maybe about our mom, we never share, just think to ourselves how things should have worked out different. Where we would have been if not left behind in the street like two wet dogs.

The cemetery's caretaker brings us bread and sometimes juice boxes. Like we're little kids, but it's all he has, and he knows we're hungry. Once, he brought us a book with Jesus on the cover, and my brother tucked the book between a clutch of flowers and the headstone of Mary Margaret, daughter, sister, 1996—2000. We thought she'd like to have something to look at while she waited.

