WHEN SHE WAS 7, IT WAS THE FIRST TIME HER MOTHER SCREAMED AT HER DAD IN THE LIVING ROOM ON VALENTINE’S DAY BECAUSE HE FORGOT FLOWERS

Emily Solberg

and the janitor still drops his broom every time I walk by and I never cease to freeze like the glaciers that never stop moving because our earth is its own radiator and we can’t stop it from warming itself since we are unable to show our love to the people who sit around the dinner table and stare at their canned green beans swimming in the juice that fills up the pond on the opposite street from her bedroom window that killed her kid brother because he didn’t know how to hold himself up when the rocks got too heavy to hold in his weak arms, yet he always carried on the beat of the drums that still sit in the basement of my father’s house where the water drips down my arm but up my leg.

and she wears the jeans that turn her hands blue like the monday she can see on her face when he doesn’t come home before eight because the table is set for three but she thinks he’s sitting on the end of another table set for two.