

Mother's Skeleton

AUDREY DOIRE

I was sixteen when she
told me I wasn't her first.
She had shared her body
with another seven years
before me.

It was on one of those
days when her tongue
was quicker than her
mind, telling me of the
brother I'll never know.

Brother.
That word hung in the
beer-drenched air, waiting
for me to grab it. But I
didn't dare. I pet the dog
instead.

Eyes glazed I watched
her lips continue to move
but couldn't hear their
sound. Tears had flooded
my eardrums.

The dog licked my face
and tilted his head to one
side, looking as though
he too knew everything
had changed.