

# *Nights When Father Jived with Demon Rum*

MADELYN GARNER

Dogs yelped. Mother spat blood. Which explains

the slamming of doors, clawing through back room windows,

thrashing like wild brown trout over neighbors' hedges.

One foot rode the curb; the other pedaled us down the street.

Out of breath, we folded like school notes into night's deep pockets.

Waited for no one to call us home.

Overhead the moon swelled into a heavy fist.