

Family Ties

Charlotte Youngman

I want to preserve
every life until the earth folds back
into itself and we rewire the universe,
place brand-new bulbs to glow
where lights have gone missing.

I want to swallow everything whole,

carry it down and carry it through,
across the mountains
that split my home state from yours,
cradle the thought of missing you
in the palms of my hands and sit quietly,
let it pass through the smoke that distorts our faces.

I have been angry since the winter of 2013,
begging my body to forgive and forget,

we are all just trying to survive.

And his glasses frames are cracked,
sitting lonely next to the meds he takes to be happy
and I sink under the ocean of blankets
in the dorm bed that I do not pay for
and watch the news
because people *are* dying,
buried under rubble and broken bodies in sewer drains,
and I am writing about them
from a safe distance
and yet,
I am complaining about the severed
ties of a
family who still
loves me.