

Load Bearing Wall

Piper Morehouse

I have dreamed about my mother's death
Not out of malicious or with contempt
Just an eventuality
I have planned the flowers
And the cost
I have done this for them all
My mother my brother even my father once
Petrified I have lain in my bed
Imagining the darkness of death
Because there is a disease curling through my family
It grows and festers and takes
In that dead night it takes from each of us
And in the light of day we turn on each other
There is a twinkle in my mother's eye she must have stolen from my brother
My father's tone is so soft as he speaks with my voice
I do not tell them what I have lost
I have enough to give
And now that they no longer take what I have to offer
I give it to those I love hoping they will love me back
I will tear off each part of me for them until they only thing left is resentment