

Wet marks

- Kirsten Deane

There's nothing left to do here
but stare at the ceiling.
I'm noticing the wet marks
that my father can't afford
to fix right now. His struggles
look delicate above my head.
Parents never carry their worries
like an old scar. Always pretty
and new and never healing.
I haven't been allowed to look
at anything else. My pa says
the world is ending so I spend
my time finding my life in my room.
There's a lot of me in the creeks
in between my wooden floor.
That's where I bruise my knees
and lose parts of my skin.
The boys can see my bones now
but I'm stitching them closed
while the world can't see.