

## The Serial Killer's Parents, Afterward

Cracking the morning silence with an egg  
in the rural town. Cream to lighten  
his coffee, his *good morning* make-believe.  
Their new name hasn't sunk in,  
doesn't feel right in their mouths.

She pretends to plan raised  
beds for winter vegetables. Neither  
would dream of getting a pet.

Months they've been up asking *Why*  
to his diaries, his photos,  
until everything's been rubbed dull  
in their eyes.

Come spring, she'll hang  
a new birdhouse. He'll paint the fence  
white to show they belong.