

A Typical Sunday Afternoon

On the kitchen floor, the niece is crying.
“I don’t wanna go home.
I don’t want to go with my mommy.”
Hiccups punctuate each word,
Dragging the cry through a tender heart.

At the doorway, the mother is hissing.
“She doesn’t want you here.
Hurry up; mommy wants to leave!”
Venom infects each word,
Piercing the child’s heart with pointed fangs.

In the middle, the aunt is watching.
I will always want you.
You are loved more than you know.
Love hardens each word,
Fueling the urge to stab the mother’s heart.

If only there was one in her chest.