

I Am Pain

On a highway in Florida in the early '80s, a small family of three ended up in a devastating car crash. A man watched his wife bleed to death on the side of the road; his two year old nestled on the grass beside her. When my father tells me this story, I am less than ten, not entirely sure what it means to have had a wife before my mother. Or what it means to have a brother considered only half, not wholly mine. What I am is a child that understands ghosts and how they haunt not only homes, but people, too. What I never ask is whether I would still exist had my brother's mother never died that day. Then I understand that my very existence I owe to my father's deep, bottomless grief. Just as my birth came about from my mother's own excruciating pain. I am pain, I think.