



Wiggling Injury and Ricking Death

The bloody knuckles of "too dry, too tender, not good enough"
Arch over these insignificant flecks of 17 years of darkness.
I taste defeat tenderized in the air around me
The emotional reign from my mother and the intolerable ache of my dad's drinking
Like a piece of meat, just two wafts of older than you want it to be
but I cannot be processed or preserved by
the salty way in which your eyes meat the floor.
The depression that caused my sister to drop out of college
was rooted in her relationship with my mother.
My dad, unexpectedly dying,
I couldn't tell mom about the pain of the emotional abuse
Or the confusion of mourning a father who failed us with his drinking.
My own despair is fresher, more flavored,
not older, but aged, good enough to stand upon my bloody knuckles
for the first time, I directly challenged mom's order
because he wouldn't have wanted us to suffer like he had to.
wafting a wave of triumph,
she didn't like it, but we didn't stay.
these flecks of darkness process remnants of the past
into ripe specks of the future.

-Camilla Tecsy

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