

Two years after Mom died

The start of a night

The sun dims its rays,
Kitchen lights are off
I'm under my hat, my helmet
Not metal but thread and cloth
Black and red plaid, wool underneath
Felt not seen, of course.
The night to myself
Much like the other ones,
Distant laughing
From the back yard.
A children's soccer game
I haven't played in years,
They told me the best offense
Is a good defense.
Days give way to the night
The only light on
In an empty house
Masks the walls in crimson glow,
Like the paint we rolled to hide the past.
A distorted clock hangs above my head
Struggling to move the hands
It lost track of time years ago
Still, it ticks
Each one slower than the last
Until it's rendered to a paltry twitch.
My hands twitch too,
The paws of a wounded lion
Caged under the single light of moon,
Clawing at a razor's edge
That's been shamefully dulled.

The sun sets, extinguishes the laughter
And the children leave.