

Kiel M. Gregory

LOVE(?)

My mother, caressed with her lover's closed fist,
imprinting his desire on
her cheeks,
her legs,
her face.
Her feet,
unable to hold her up to the weight
of my father's yearning
arcing through the air,
crashing down on her head,
showing her how deeply
and wholly he cares.

I am the child,
a baby who cries at
the top step.
My father, eyes lit in brown and red,
seemingly flying like an angel with
all the scorching hate burning in his face.
The distance closing,
I am scooped up from the landing,
and tossed down the stairs to lie next to
my mother, so fully loved into
still unconsciousness.

We're both lucky to live today,
but we never speak of the past;
both trying desperately to figure out
the right way to show love,
the right way to be loved,
the right way to know love,
and be free of the old love.