Thanksgiving

I made an oath. My blood under mommy’s fingernails
I never wear the bandages. She says I’ll get infected, infested.
And I tell her I’m not afraid to die anymore. Mommy doesn’t know how to detect my lies

Yesterday we went to the doctor to heal my broken bones
We fought like two children who don’t yet know what it is to burn
I’ve decided ignorance is not bliss, For when mommy throws the daggers
She doesn’t know where they land. But I do.

Oh, don’t grab me so hard,
Your fingers leave breadcrumbs around my arms; I trace them back to you

Don’t slam the door so loud, it echoes through these cardboard walls in our house you call home
And the back of your hand feels hot against my cheek, Mommy.

Have I said too much?
I wasn’t bred in honesty. I breathe in the air of secrecy, drink it like milk!
But mommy doesn’t like when I break diet, so keep it between us.

I made an oath. My blood under mommy’s fingernails
I never wear the bandages—she says it’s my own fault, all the biting,
So I decided I’d let silence fight my battles for me

Mommy fills in the gaps for both of us