

AUNT CHLOE
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Unreliable Narrator

Time denies it ever happened.
Sleepwalks taking down portraits in the hall.
Taps me out to tell me I never faced perpetual night
in a hand-painted sky.

Morning recites The Law like new mercies:
There is a [] for this and a [] for that.
Makes a long story short. Colonizes my experience
with colloquialisms like *hurt people hurt people*.

Now fifteen years is two words worth nothing
but tears burned in the carpet. God's own breath
wiped soft my brow, renovated the room.

I start where my spirit won't live
without the first, without the last
name written in gold.