

I Have Half a Mind

to run away, half a mind to stay
here with the tweaking squirrels
and the twerking teenager,
with the disjointed boy, and the hungry
man I call husband. Everyone
asks me what the matter is.
I raise my hands, an empty bowl,
shrug my shoulders like laundry.
Does anyone iron anymore? Dust?
I never meant to be who I am.
I had no intention of laughing
so little, of running so fast.

April Salzano