Coming Home to Alcoholism

You haven’t been back in a while and you forget the white paint slathered around the house, Over her toothy smile, dissolved into the wine. White is the color that tricksters wear Your mother stands before you as your bullet proof dress drops to the front porch Then you remember that white has sat in your body forever like forgotten milk

Your nostrils sting as you walk into the house. Your skin gone green and foreign Against the white walls. The sun glares through the sheer curtains All your emotions cling to your bones Even the dust tries to hide

Dinner time is the worst The insects become restless under the varnished floorboards The food is passed around with pleases and thank-yous, a mélange of grotesque and farm-fresh Your stomach is empty and desperate. The snow outside gets heavier and heavier You look out the window and you see a black sheep limping away from the house Staining its path a red, so red, It must be true