
Trailer Trash: Track One
Kaylee Kriese

I was ripened in the freckle
constellations of my mother's
shoulders.

Rusted nails that had buried
themselves in my father's
feet.

Dollar menu days when
happy meals couldn't be
afforded.

Gravel roads writhing with
scraped knees & spinning bicycle
tires.

Fearless mud pie makers,
with perpetually dirty
fingernails.

Cheeks ballooning with
air, poised for birthday
wishes.

My brother and I, grounded,
kicking the screen free,
shimmying out the
window.

Mosquito scarred, dreamcicle-
stached, my blonde-streaked
tresses choking with
smoke.

A twisted expression
when "I hate you,"
was something I thought I
meant.

Lake mucked in knee-high
grasses, breathless with
yearning.

Small hands, mirroring my
mother's, as she pieced me

back together when I
sobbed.

Pocketing my heart from
where I'd cupped it in my
hands.

I was ripened in the heart-ache
of tomorrow, the arthritic a-frames
of houses heavy with
hope.

These tender freedoms,
ephemeral, these things I choose to
remember.