

Suburbia
Laura Galbreath

Stale encumbrance of the morning, coffee envelops the kitchen. The black blood transfusion to the graveled body. Dish shards whisper, taunts of the night before. The stove cold with discontent. Drawers never shut, too much to say. The walls still whimper as mold bleeds through the paint. A dog pauses, his nostrils acerbated by the fury that echoes through the day. The front porch unvisited by wind or sun, afraid they too will be imprisoned. No one noticed, no one heard-the house cry.