

9.28.18

there used to be an iron-shaped burn on the floor  
and two pictures on the wall where there should have been three

toys that spent years gathering dust behind cabinet doors  
packed into garbage bags and slung into the trunk of my mother's car

I'll miss the orange tree that smells like California  
that we complained made a mess but I always secretly loved

my old ladybug house still clings to the back fence  
despite my dad's best efforts

and there are fingerprints on the doorframes  
from sliding around corners playing games

I linger and stare at the blank beige walls  
the skeleton of my childhood

because truthfully, it's not the house  
or the trees or the toys

that I'll miss  
but the family that lived in its walls and pictures

that no longer exists