

(Inspired by *The Glass Castle*)

Jeannette Walls

On the move,
for as long as I remember.
Not getting close to kids I meet,
knowing we will move soon.

An artist for a mom,
entrepreneur for a dad.
Taught the ways of the desert.

Jumping from town to town.
Taking an 'adventure'.
Dad calls it.

Stayed with Dad's parents.
jerks, they are.
Believing black people,
Niggers are the demons of the world.

Mom stays irritatingly positive,
Dad, destroying himself.
Leaving this godforsaken town.
Prosper in New York City.
Opportunity around every corner.

Heart-wrenching,
hand clenching.
Dad is dead,
it feels like the end.

