

The 10th May.

Black, Black, Black, my darlings, a tremble on the B's, our outfits too bright today.
Mum's voice bubbling like an extinct volcano that will never erupt but softly threatens.
With the speed of a superhero, I change. I hear the rummaging and mumbling next door.
I knock on the adorned door of unicorns and warning signs of witchy spells on entry.
I hurry my sisters. Mum is a ticking bomb today, the 10th May her kryptonite date.
She sits on the edge of Dad's chair. The plush cushions behind her untouched for weeks.
I enter the room on feet wrapped in cotton wool and squeeze her shoulder.
Noise. It takes her out of her wallowing like an intruder to a seal's secret cove.
I wish I could just click my heels Joe, she whispers, I wish I had ruby red slippers.
The clickity clack on the hall above takes me to the stairs. I place a finger on my lips
And make a shush sound. We leave the house as four, not five. Breaths held like divers.
The garden in bloom, like looking through his kaleidoscope, is a knife to the heart.
The smiling pearl roses, is he watching as we walk? The bittersweet scent as we pass.
The onyx cars are lined up like dominoes. Inkwell suited men open doors on grand cars.
Like the tap of a wizard's wand I feel a spell of sorrow as we enter the dark interiors.