

Ink

Sloane Martin

I don't like visiting
my grandparents' house
it makes me sad, not in a
depressed way
in a sad way
the plastic sherbet buckets full of
cashew and pistachio and peanut shells
the burnt green rug
worn down to its
stiff white woven base
the lines of ants marching across the porcelain sinks
disturbingly similar to lettering on paper
and the smell
a cold, wet, mildewing, mothball smell
it reminds me of sicknesses
and my aunt's house after she died
at night, I try to sleep in my mother's old bed
and listen to the wind
in the empty suburban streets
when I was little, I thought that the wind was a girl crying
and I would wake my parents up
I wanted to save her