

The Breaker

by Haley Stone

I am the Breaker
I break things, it's what I do best
My mother bore me to bore you to tears
Years of an unsuccessful marriage made me
Their baby savior they could never savor because
All I do is break things
Years passed, the cribs and the bibs,
I stand in our apartment hallway
The carpet is pink, the lighting dim
And the hole in the wall fresh
My flesh is raised, a sign of what's passed
A hitch in my breath lets me know i'm still breathing
Beating loud in my chest my heart beat unsynchronized
With the muffled mild moans coming from the kitchen
The leather of my jacket cuts cold against me
Like his words, what he said to her
I hear her pleading with me to save her
But I am a breaker
So I ball up a fist and do what I do best
I cannot save her but I'll never let him break her
His jaw catches my fist, the wall his I duck and tuck
And roll out with luck he's gone and gone for good
My hand traces the hole where he broke it—he is a breaker
I move to my mother a heap slumped on the kitchen table
All sloppy and shaken she looks at me with these eyes

Tear filled, fear filled eyes
She's looking at me for any part of her
But I cannot fix her
I have the eyes of my father, and he, we are breakers