

Weight

Chairs surround  
the table, crowd  
it into  
the corner. Cup-

boards filled with  
cups waiting to be  
filled.

Half of each  
wall is white.

Half  
of each wall is a mess—  
blue, pink, green  
specks clash  
together,

like the cups  
at the table  
that  
ding together.

The clinks and clanks  
reverberate  
through  
the fresh, green  
stem of a  
pink rose standing  
in a lake  
in the  
middle  
of the table.

A fishing line  
plops  
in the lake  
hoping  
to accumulate  
more

weight.

The fish  
sits  
on a cutting  
board, green  
like the  
rose's stem  
sprouting  
new life, to

account for  
the fish  
who could be  
swimming  
in the lake  
that sits  
at the base  
of the vase.

Chop chop.

My mother  
walks  
into the  
scent  
of decay.

The blue,  
pink, and green  
scales  
flicker  
under the light.

My mom holds  
a hand to  
her nose  
as she  
opens the oven.  
Hot air

fills the kitchen.

She tries  
her best to  
ignore the  
smell of death.