

I Don't Want to Say

So this is what I have to say:

I was 5 years-old and my

twin was 5-years old when

I took a golf club from the garage

and smashed her skull.

The blood caught in the cracks

of cement and the fractured bone.

Laughter reverberated in the seconds before

iron rust itched against the sweat of my palms.

The walls around our driveway an echo chamber

a mocking bird warbling the clang of metal.

Ghosts of her tears vacillated in the seconds

later chased me out of the hollow enclosure.

Sunlight pitched through oak leaves

bark calloused the pads of my feet

my breath became stale and the juices

in my stomach gurgled of boredom.

I listened for my name in parents' voices

but I only heard darkness swell around me.

Imagination run wild, flashbacks to

fairytale turned ghost stories

cautioned my legs in

the direction home.

Questions.

The only one I remember:

*Why?*

And honestly

I didn't know.