

Thanksgiving Dinner at our House

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November 25, 2024

I married a woman
Who said our songs
Sounded like screaming.
I brought her into this house.

She held lips tight as
Clenched purse, asked
Why is your mother screaming
Like that?

The cats were purring
TV inside, screaming
The trees shaking
Inside the violent wind.

And we sang with birds.
With the birds?
Birds who were not
Eaten by cats,

Bullets flew also,
Relentless,
The bloody forks.

runner