Riding the bus with my brother one day, the sun hit my eye,  
There was something about this sunlight and this moment that jogged my memory,  
I saw a light beaming bright in my eye and heard a voice ask me if I was ok,  
I ran my tongue over my teeth everything was still there,  
I could taste blood,  
I was eight;  
My injuries were as a result of interfering in the nightly battle known as my parents’ marriage,  
This was our life,  
Our parents would fight,  
None of us could sleep,  
My brother, my sister and I lived in hell  
That was until the first of September,  
As if called by a roaster my father rose  
He left for a period of nine days,  
My mother woke us  
Gathered some clothes and dropped us off at our grandmother’s house.  
I never knew where she went and I didn’t care.  
Each time it was the same,  
Our grandmother scooped us up in her arms and told us how happy she was to see us;  
She made us breakfast,  
Her small home smelled of fried potatoes and onions,  
Her yellow wallpaper welcomed us warmly as we ate,  
In her yard we played and life was simple I would fall asleep,  
Listening to laughter and then wake suddenly when it wasn’t there,
My brother smiling played on the clothes line,
My sister could finally sit long enough in peace to read one of her books,
Me I would heal.
My grandmother touched my check and startled I pulled away,
By the fifth day I ran to her begging her to keep me here.
We were children here,
No one hurt us,
No one scared us,
We gathered around her table to eat dinner our sides hurting from laughter,
The only yelling was the joyful ruckus over what television program would watch next,
And when we slept,
The only thing that could keep me from sleeping,
Was the soft tug of the blankets as my grandmother tucked us into bed,
The days went too fast and like a fairytale it came to an abrupt end,
September tenth,
My mother stood on the side walk and I cried to leave our life here,
We all three rode in silence as if we were being driven to the gallows,
Our father sat on the porch waiting,
He hugged and kissed us telling us that he had been under a bed spell,
How things would be different and we were a family
No one laughed or smiled again.
Things always returned to normal not long after,
And stayed the same except for those nine days in September,
I returned to my brother on the bus, laying my head on his shoulder,
Crying it was September.