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Untitled

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Hide and Go Seek

Craig McKinzie

We usually play on Saturdays,
but tonight is Monday.
I'm four years old and I hate to play.
I want to do anything but play
our gruesome game.

It's starts the same way it
always does.
They stand together in the corner
and I begin to count
the blows, my eyes closed.

I can only count to 10,
So I go to 10 over and over again.
As I count I silently plead
It's Monday.
We only play on Saturday.
My four year old mind can
not comprehend
such a rule to be broken.

I'm on my way to 10 again
when it stops.
I keep my eyes closed,
He may break the rules but
I never do. I never ever peek.
That would be cheating.

And away we go.
As he lets her go she runs.
No dignity left for those who have to
hide.
Out the front door his boots take him.
This is how the game goes.
But we're only supposed to play
on Saturday.

I count to 10 again.
Now I get to seek.
I follow her dark grisly trail
Where can I find her?
The perfect red hand print on
my mother's white wall answers
back to me.

Her face is crushed
and so is my heart.
We share a grotesque smile.
Tonight is Monday and yet we play
when we only play on Saturday.

