

# Someday

Pulling up to the small white house with the long driveway and weeping willow tree in the front yard.

Hopping out of the car, making a run for the porch, then the front door.

Feeling free like nothing can hurt me anymore, but when I step inside chaos burns in my eyes.

About 5 guys standing around my brother with lighters in their hands threatening that if he couldn't stop peeing the bed at night they'd burn his privates off with the lighters.

Like candle light turning into wax, except it wasn't such a pretty sight as that.

The memories rewind in my head like a DVR, leaving scars.

But bad memories aren't the only memories I have, I have good memories too.

Like riding my bike, or should I say, my little tike, or taking flight to the soothing sound of the ice cream truck, ordering double fudge chocolate in a cup.

I would always say it was better that way.

But that was when I was 5, now I'm 15 having dreams about those things. Trying to wake up to stop the pain.

But my body won't let me. I lay in my sleep, trembling.

But as I wake up I realize that after 5 there are no more dreams to have because I stopped pulling up to the small house with the long driveway and weeping willow tree in the front yard.

His choice, not mine. And now I sit here and daydream, thinking what's worse: Being with him and experiencing the things I did or being away from him.

Wanting even just a birthday card or Christmas present for the last 10 years, and missing his hugs and kisses.

A few years ago he messaged me on Facebook saying something like "Daddy's still here."

I looked around with tears in my eyes before writing back, asking myself "Should I be prepared?"

Prepared for him to walk in and out again, like a door mat. See, that's the problem with him, he's always a mystery that doesn't make sense to me.

Do you really love me or are you playing games with me? Mind games.

Like those Rubix cubes that you don't get clues to. You helped make me, create me, now it's like you don't even speak the same language as me. Spanish, maybe? Well I took four years of that and I can tell you that reembolso means refund.

Is that what you want? A refund for me?

Or am I just a rebound like what you see in basketball on TV? You take care of somebody that's not even your own son better than you do me.

And I hope you don't leave that child aiming hopelessly shooting for you because if so that just means you bit off more than you can chew.

And I hope you know that burns fire in me, but I guess I'll see what the future brings for you and me and your other son I've never even seen.

But for now goodbye. But in the non forever way because I hope to see you again someday.

- AV