

The Serial Killer's Parents, Afterward

Cracking the morning silence with an egg
in the rural town. Cream to lighten
his coffee, his *good morning* make-believe.
Their new name hasn't sunk in,
doesn't feel right in their mouths.

She pretends to plan raised
beds for winter vegetables. Neither
would dream of getting a pet.

Months they've been up asking *Why*
to his diaries, his photos,
until everything's been rubbed dull
in their eyes.

Come spring, she'll hang
a new birdhouse. He'll paint the fence
white to show they belong.