

Study of Disbelief

Sometimes, the son wishes his mother would have shot herself, so he could write something pretty about birds scattering from eaves, leaving empty nests, so he could imagine their broomstick wings beating dust from the sky. Sometimes, the son wishes it would have been raining, instead of warm and temperate. Sometimes, the son is glad she filled herself up like a gumball machine, technicolored pill after pill. Sometimes, he wishes he had a roll of quarters when he found her sleeping. He would have deposited the silver on her tongue like a communion wafer and twisted it down her throat, collecting all the pills that emptied from her bellybutton. Sometimes, the son wishes he would have known his mother was not going to wake up when he found her. Instead, the son tip-toed out of her room, out of the house, while letting watermelon collect on his tongue as he blew and popped pink bubbles, filling the street with a bang.