

Fault in Fault

Evan Girardin
Junior Poetry

The prelude to anguish
Reverberates throughout the house
From the fleeting screech of tires
Emanating from outdoors.

She perches rigid on the couch
Awaiting the inevitable
As the door swings forth
Bringing forth dearest Hell.

A drunkenly fierce swing; a crack
An unsightly new blemish
Adding to a myriad of others obscured,
Each a reminder of past sins.

On the cold wood flooring
Flesh torn and bruised.
Oh how she had done it this time,
Dinner was clearly burned.