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Silence

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Silence

Annika J. Bruce

I remember the car's silence.
The only sound was the AC hitting
My face as cold as it was outside.
I tried to make myself
Warm with whatever jacket
I had found that morning. "You would just grow
Out of them," he always said.
In the cold, I sat trying
To find some music of the past,
Before the divorce, in this silence.
What if I opened my mouth?
Broke the sil-

No.

I could not ask him to
Turn off the AC, could not ask
Why we had to be silent
While others sang and talked
On their way home. Could not ask
Why he did not live with
Mommy anymore and who was this
Other woman kissing him.
I sit in the back seat with my lips sealed.