

5-4-2018

What They Don't Understand

Christina McCallister

California State University, Monterey Bay

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Recommended Citation

McCallister, Christina (2018) "What They Don't Understand," *In the Ords: CSUMB Literary Arts Journal*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 2 , Article 33.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.csumb.edu/ords/vol1/iss2/33>

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What They Don't Understand

Beer bottles scattered on the table

Their father passed out on the couch

Four kids in the backyard

Not allowed to leave the house.

Their father threw his beer bottles

Narrowly missing their heads

No love ever shown

Just prisoners held captive.

The kids grew up and ran away

Their father's heart and liver failing

As his last baby girl was born

Beer bottles scattered the table.

No more voices raised

Unless it was to sing to her

Beer bottles scattered the table

But nothing was ever thrown.

Her father played with her

Puzzles and Blue's Clues

Singing and Tricycles

Kisses goodnight-- She blinked.

No more beer bottles scattered the table

She walked in grass lined with stone

Flowers clutched to her black dress

Her siblings on both sides.

The kids all grown-- cried out in celebration

Rejoiced to never see him again

Said cheers with a beer

And drank because he couldn't.

The little girl fell to her knees

Placing the flowers on his stone

While her siblings cried for joy

The little girl just cried.