

# The Trip Home

A watery fluid slowly filled around the cusps of her eyes like cold seawater rising behind old round copper rimmed windows of a sinking ship. I glanced to my right, not once taking my peripheral vision away from the dark, slippery road that snaked left and right like a serpent preying through brush. Time had burrowed wrinkles like rivers deep into her forehead and cheeks. I took a second glance and noticed long creased channels filling quickly with a watery fluid that I imagined tasted like table salt. I wanted to lean over and kiss her on the side of her swollen dark rimmed eyes. Not seductively, but comprehendingly. Within the taste of her tears I would sense the flavor of her heartache. And perhaps gain a better understanding of a stronghold that has created an aggregate lump of sadness. A sadness that sits in your throat, causing dysphagia – choking generations upon generations of families with truly good intentions.

“I’ll tell ya,” spoke my mother in a soft murmur as if releasing her final words. “I’ll tell ya.” No three words were more befitting for what precluded that moment. And that’s all she uttered. Through winding roads amongst the darkest of woodland – I navigated us home in silence.