

Overlooked

I knew she was mad when
I drove her home from the store
And walked upon her stained carpet
Blanketed with her soiled clothes.

I bought her new groceries,
Threw out the old ones,
Told her I loved her.

I left without
Making a sound.

I knew she was mad when
I drove her to the doctor's
The following day.

He told me her condition had
Worsened,
Suggesting I check her into a hospital,
Increase her medication.

She didn't speak.

She sat motionlessly
In a leather chair,
Staring out the window at a
Naked willow tree.

I knew she was mad when
She broke into a fit of laughter
On the way home.

I walked her to her door,
Unlocked it,
And pushed it open with one hand.

The stench emanating from her apartment
Made me feel faint.

She smiled.

I told her I loved her,
That I would be back to check on her
In the morning.

She nodded,
Kissed my cheek,
And told me I needed to shave.

I knew she was mad when
I returned the next day
And saw her sprawled across the floor.

Empty pill bottles led to her from the door.

I knew she was mad when
I noticed a drawing
She created.

She held it tightly to her chest
As if it was the only thing she possessed.

She drew us as stick figures
With smiling faces,
My arm wrapped around her shoulder.

My father was absent from the picture,
But I could see his name softly written amongst
The scattered grey clouds
Drawn overhead.

I knew I was mad when
I discovered my mother's body
And felt completely numb.