

Crystal

By Zaraely Adams

Crystal was the kidnapper.
She didn't take me,
but everything surrounding the good,
including my childhood.

She stole my mom from her spot on the chair,
a dip in the seat where she would do nothing but stare.
She stole the soul right out of my dad,
and that turned him screaming mad.

She stole my spoons, turned them black.
Stole our food right off the rack.
Gone were my clothes right from my drawers.
Stripped my house right down to the core.

She stole my young, happy life;
dumped it in an alley, killed by a knife.
No more memories were made,
and the happiness in our house decayed.

All that remained was her residue,
and all the bills on the counter that were due.
Yes, Crystal stole it all, even what was in our trashes,
She left our house an old pile of ashes.