

Teenage Parents

The Wonder Years

You climb six lonely sad stairs to your apartment
After another graveyard shift in the cold dull light of morning
. . .
You walked in just in time to catch her as she's leaving
But the schedules and the conflicts kept the roof over our heads.
You said you were strong and naive and
If you were scared, well, I would understand.
I don't think I would have had the guts to handle it.

All we had were hand-me-downs.
And all we had was good will
And you always said it would get better.
"When you're young and you're poor, they hang on your failures."
And you always said it would get better.

We bought our first house at the advent of the 90s
A Cape Cod on a busy street that we swore we'd fix eventually.
Winter of '93, we got by with kerosene
A heater in the living room, we huddled around shivering and me
Trying to get to sleep.
My clothes will smell of smoke for weeks.
Just trying to get to sleep.

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I'm sick of seeing ghosts. I won't be here forever.

My mother wore a sundress on the day that she got married.
They held the wedding in a backyard near the city.
I was just one then, I would never remember it
But I heard the voices and implications
Telling me who I could never be.

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