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Home, Again

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Messiah University is a Christian university of the liberal and applied arts and sciences. Our mission is to educate men and women toward maturity of intellect, character and Christian faith in preparation for lives of service, leadership and reconciliation in church and society.

Home, Again

Christina Lamoreux

Re-adjusting. Re-learning to be with family. To mom's slippers outside my door at 7 A.M. like sandpaper wearing down a path in the walnut wood. Morning after morning, in this Frankenstein house, making the same breakfast for different cats year after year. Mom telling dad not to burn the pancakes. Coffee out of a cup that is from 1982, the black flowers never wilted, the rim never chipped. How did it ever make it out without a scratch, through seven children and an Army lifestyle? I guess it's true what my father said they don't make stuff like they used to. I wonder why they kept their wedding photo in a box, underneath the rest, my parents, dressed as hippies, but not for the hell of it, dressed in sincerity, feeding each other cake, my illegitimate eldest brother held by our aunt in the background. Then I am sifting through disorganized-90s-chaos. To find pieces of my family to stick in a scrapbook. Moments we wanted to remember, ones my sister and I forgot. All the fat faces, the braces, and the adolescent self-hatred. The piles of siblings, laughing, bashful grins losing at unfair wrestling matches. The cats, chickens, and spaces in the yard where trees grew up despite the droughts. How I hid the gap in my teeth. How Rachel stood before her spinal surgery. The time Josiah had hair, the side burns, god. Brielle with bangs and stuttered speech. Drew with his bleached skater cut. Cameron barefoot in his own world, before he went out to defend ours. Jesse when he still had teeth. Before I scribbled 'blacksheep' in permanent marker over his face. The mafia. Italian. Polish. French, by name and lovers by translation. How our mortality is glossy and grasped between my fingers. Mom's hair will get thinner, her green eyes will dull. Dad's ears will fade, and he will soon forget. We will all lose our shiny smiles. The magnificent seven, not so magnificent anymore