

## Kelev

The third worst moment of my life  
was when I was seven and I,  
scared by this new plot line  
and desperate for anything to come between him and I,  
wished that my bedroom door had a lock

The second worst moment of my life  
was when I realized  
that I would be spending the whole rest of my childhood  
wishing this.

Or, if not the whole rest of my childhood,  
then at least the rest of the time  
I was forced to spend calling this house  
my home

And this man  
my family

The worst moment of my life  
was when I realized

Eleven years later

that I wasn't even special in my grief

And that the skinny, easily bruised,  
green-eyed wildfire of a boy  
who grew up eight miles south,  
in a house just off the same loose-gravel road

Spent his whole childhood wishing for the same thing

—*Ruksana Kabealo*