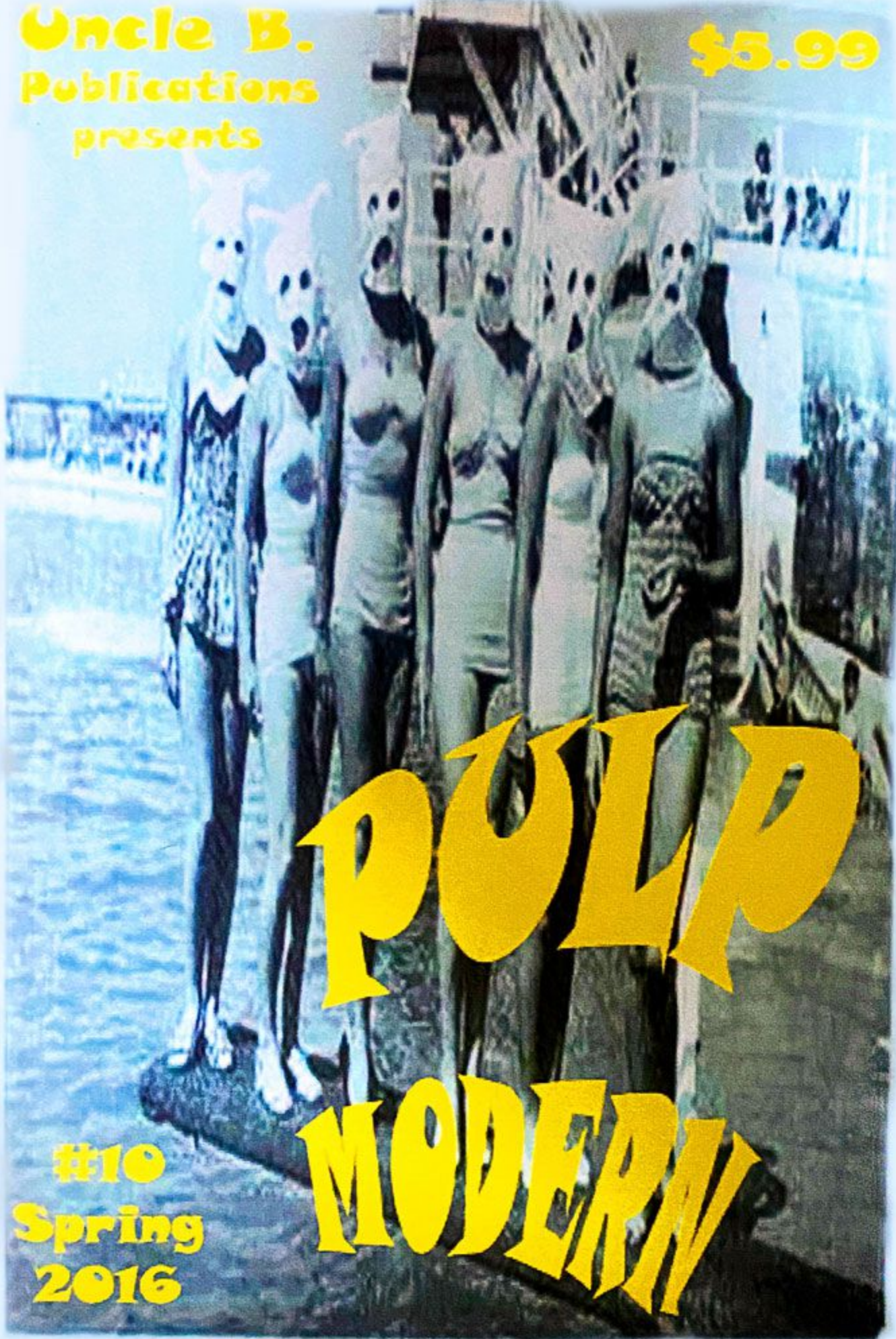


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SAFEKEEPING

Leon Marks

The mother killed my dad. That was a fact, according to my younger sister Mia, who not only had convinced me of the mother's crime, but had insisted I call her *the* mother, not *my* mother, and certainly not *our* mother.

Having pulled up fifty feet from dad's grave, Mia and I sat in the rental car, the engine off, each waiting for the other to make the first move. Dad was actually buried miles away in Mountain View Cemetery, but this Colonial-style house, where Mia and I had come of age and dad had faded away, between his hemorrhagic stroke three years ago and his death four weeks later, felt more like his grave; his farewell in a sealed body bag was the prevailing image of my forty-year-old mind. This was the house to which Mia had refused to return since, despite the changes I'd begun to sense over the phone: the mother's voice had become steadily calmer, her thoughts less self-centered, until finally I was able to convince Mia, who called her only on obligatory holidays, rolling her eyes the whole time, to make the trip west with me.

All our lives, the mother had collected, purchased, stored, organized, created and fabricated things. Some of these things she'd called art, others crafts. She had split the basement with dad; one side for his tools and wines, the other for her art studio and craft table. This arrangement worked quite peaceably between them, but any appeals for underground space by Mia or me—for a treadmill, a pool table—went unaccommodated. The mother also had her backyard shed, which stocked supplies for her terrariums and thanksgiving wreaths and hand-painted bookends. She sold these creations at fairs, but not nearly enough of them. The remainders accumulated in boxes and those boxes over time encroached on my father's turf until one day he relinquished his rights to the basement altogether.

The mother had attended sculpture classes, but otherwise had no college or career to speak of. Arts and crafts, Mia long ago surmised, had become her way of *making for* and *giving to* the world. Once Mia and I became old enough to make friends

and make decisions, the mother needed to find new things to control. These projects became her new children. It would have been easy to dismiss her as bored or insipid, except that she became fiercely protective of her *business* (God forbid we called it a "hobby") whenever threatened, like when dad asked her to cool it on the credit cards, or denied her request for a second shed. In fact, under threat she became exacting and overconfident and cold. Even *crafty*, Mia once joked.

Our house had always bulged with affection and love, but increasingly dad and the mother battled over frivolous things like storage and space. As teenagers, Mia and I listened through the floor as dad shouted at the mother, asserting that his salary as an anthropology professor barely accommodated the basic needs of a family of four, let alone the mother's compulsive shopping and crafting and selling at a loss. Her response to his plea for simplicity? *We need a bigger house.* Mia said this was the moment dad began to die. When he gave up on her, and, therefore, on himself. Both Mia and I went on to start careers and families on the east coast. Mia first, then me a year later. The mother's self-involvement had all but guaranteed Mia's relocation. And therefore mine. Despite being younger, Mia had somehow, maybe through sheer will and tenacity, become an outsize influence on my life.

The truth was lately I'd been feeling extremely guilty, and Mia, whose impetuous resistance to the mother was growing irksome, considered me weaker for it. But what kind of son doesn't visit a mother for almost three years? Leaves her alone with her grief? Unexposed to her grandchildren? I knew she was a strong woman, content with her independence, but that was no excuse for denying her the consolation of family. Not that she had ever invited me to come out. Still, it seemed a safe assumption that a mother's home welcomes her son at any time and for any reason.

Last year, Mia had shouted the words over the phone. It was Christmas, and she and Mark and the kids had come for dinner. I called Grandma, and after my five minutes, the phone was passed around the table, to the just-washed-for-the-tenth-time hands of my wife Jen, then the tiny hands of my Jake, then the ampler hands of Brett, Jr., then to each of Mia's toddlers, then to Mark, who had to pry the phone into his wife's

hand, mouthing his insistence, until my sister exhaled into the receiver and said, "Merry Christmas." Not even sixty seconds later, Mia's voice was uncomfortably loud, her face crimson, and her remarks condescending. Finally, we were all doomed to hear her final statement before hanging up: "Yes, mother, that would have been nice, but you should have thought about that before you fucking polished him off!"

Mia wasn't proud of that moment, but she didn't regret it. For me, that little scene accelerated the months-long thaw that had been idling in my heart. So, I decided to plan the trip. It took me another three months to suggest it to Mia, who reacted with less violence than I'd expected. My sister's swings between despair and rage had become a dependable part of both of our lives. Reason had never been her strength. So it had been assigned to me.

Still, here in the car, I was feeling less reasonable and more nervous. Not from seeing the mother after three years, but because I was expecting an awful scene with Mia, despite her promises. I patted her knee and said, "This is good." And then, "Ready?" Before she could answer, an old lady stepped onto the side stoop from the kitchen. She wore a gray sweatshirt and boxy jeans, her hair was tied in a sloppy bun, and a wide smile shined on her face. She bounced toward us, waving at us to get out of the car, so we did.

"Hi," I said, stooping to hug her. She felt shorter than last time. And she smelled of potent body odor, presumably from working in the garden or studio and losing track of time. Still, showering for our visit would have been nice.

"I'm so, so happy you're both here," the mother said, then immediately clutched Mia's shoulders for an embrace, kissing her cheek. Mia was visibly surprised; she even hugged her back.

"How have you been?" she asked eagerly. Mia shrugged, but not to dismiss her. Neither of us had expected such an easy, pleasant welcome. "I'm sorry I didn't have time to clean," the mother said. "The house is a mess."

She took my hand and led me to the side of the house and then around back. Mia followed, swatting away a honey bee. The yard and flower gardens were a bit anorexic, but still presentable. The shed looked neat and freshly painted on the

outside; I wondered if its interior still whirled and raged with craft supplies. Papers, fabrics, glues, fasteners, doll heads, pine cones, ribbons, bulbs, balls. Like inmates on death row. "You won't believe the blueberries this year."

She was right. It was a massive harvest. The bushes, each nine or ten feet tall, occupied rows and were canopied with bright blue bulbs, each dangling limply, begging to be set free. Mia and I wasted no time filling our mouths as fast as our hands could go. The constant breeze from the hills brought me right home.

"At least I mowed the lawn for you," the mother said, then laughed. Her body was strong and healthy, even tomboyish. At barely five feet, she looked muscular, agile, light on her feet, everything a son wants in a seventy-nine-year-old mother. Above the neck, however, she looked frailer. Her face was bloodless, her wrinkles plentiful. Her eye brows were slighter, almost faded away. Her face had a joyful, even wise expression, but it was floating on a small world of hurt underneath.

"How'd you keep the birds away?" Mia asked.

"This nice man at the hardware store recommended a spray, and of course I was very suspicious, as I'm sure you would have been, but doggone it, you know what? It worked!" She joined in our feast, smiling at me through the boughs. When we'd had our fill, I sighed deeply, contentedly. I took the mother's shoulder, leaned in to peck her cheek, and said, "I'm so glad to be here, and I'm sorry." It was a kind of blanket apology. She dabbed my stomach.

"You know, last year I sold at least ten pounds of these little guys at the farmer's market. The one in Berkeley Square? Why had I never thought of that? Another income stream is real nice at my age." She beamed and laughed and otherwise glowed with a joy I couldn't remember.

Now I wanted to go inside—the house, *my* house was calling me—so I walked toward the side door and reached down to straighten the welcome mat, as I'd done obsessively while growing up, and heard the mother snicker.

"Oh, it's such a mess inside," she said, as Mia stretched forward to open the door for me.

That's when the stench pounded us.

My sister gasped behind me as I stepped inside. If we'd

been entering a slaughterhouse or public outhouse, it still would have been a shock. When my nose couldn't take it anymore, my eyes took over, assaulted by mountains of clutter. Trash, really. The mother had cleared a narrow path from the door to the kitchen table, which was invisible beneath sacks and boxes and expired fruit and empty cans of Fancy Feast, except for a tiny area with just enough space for the mother's laminated Seven Wonders of the World place mat (I'd made it in third grade). I turned to see that Mia's face had gone white. Her hand cupped her nose and mouth, and she looked like she was about to cry.

"Oh goodness, Brett, let me clear off the table so we can sit down," the mother said, scooting past me and sliding trash a few inches across the table until it had nowhere else to go. "I told you it was a mess in here," the mother said. She slapped the back of her hand against her forehead and looked up at the ceiling. "I need to organize all this stuff. I need to weed out. Good Lord."

I walked past the kitchen table and into the foyer, also crammed with rubbish. I stepped on an empty pie plate, scattering a family of mice that had been scratching at remainders of crust. I peeked into the formal dining room, but was blocked from entering. The cherry dining table was gone, buried in what to me were piles of trash, but what did the mother see?

The stench became harsher as I climbed over stacks of magazines and pots and pans and canned goods in the foyer. I heard scuffling next to my feet. The stairs to the second floor had been kept passable, even if dusted with cat litter; evidently, the mother still slept upstairs. I heard something alive up there, but it quickly became the din of television conversation. The same background noise from our phone calls.

As I made my way upstairs, something gripped my leg. When I looked down, I saw it had merely arched its back against me. It was a black and white cat, and it was purring as if staking its territory in a house where the mother was an unwelcome intruder. A second cat sprang down the stairs, and the two felines boxed before prancing away. One of them leapt onto a mountain of trash in the dining room, which crumbled slightly under its feet like a minor landslide.

I was alone in dead center of the house. The mother hovered in the kitchen and Mia was gone. I assumed she'd locked herself in the car.

Upstairs, only my old bedroom and the mother's bedroom (in which *Law & Order* cops were interviewing a suspect) were accessible. The other side of the hallway, including Mia's old bedroom, was impenetrable, blocked by heaps of leaking trash bags, bicycles, board games, stuffed animals, blankets, quilts, linens, ceramics, bones, cleaning products (ironic), and one giant bird cage (empty, thank God). I pivoted toward my bedroom and stepped in feces. Feline, I hoped.

My bedroom door was open, but entry was blocked by luggage. As if roped off in a museum, I studied the effects of the past three years from the doorway. My bed was invisible, smothered by piles of beads, necklaces, bracelets, clothes, more clothes, more linens, and dolls, but mostly by an unidentifiable film that signified rot. I breathed through my nose by accident and almost vomited. Inside the mother's bedroom, the *Law & Order* images were three feet from her pillow, alive inside an old-fashioned TV resting on a plastic garbage pail turned upside down to serve as a nightstand. Aside from all the overstuffed garbage bags, there were hundreds of dresses and slacks and blouses, some hanging from makeshift coat racks, but most draped and flopped and stretched across the terrain of trash.

As I stepped toward the mother's bed, the stench became less putrid, so I quickly became terrified that it was now a permanent feature of my brain. I sat on the bed, half of which (my father's half) was covered with food cartons and candy wrappers and snack bags; the bed had become her dining room. When I sat down, the first thing I noticed were tiny chocolate sprinkles, like the ones on top of ice cream cones, only these had come out of a mouse's ass. She was sleeping on mouse feces. I wasn't shocked by this, nor by anything anymore, so I just sat, stared ahead, and noticed the shoes. All the shoes. The doors to the walk-in closet were open, buckled, permanently disfigured by the heavy stacks of trash that had devoured them. Inside, the closet was packed floor to ceiling with clothes, and especially with shoes, which overspread the piles like progressive acne. High heels and sneakers and slippers. My

father's loafers.

My childhood home smelled like death, so the air outside was life.

Mia and the mother sat on the picnic table in the backyard near the blueberry bushes, which now seemed slightly battered and naked after our earlier rape. The women weren't speaking. Mia had her face in her hands, and the mother was staring at the house as if confused or ashamed.

"God," I said, and the syllable came out with tears, which were neither intended nor expected.

The mother looked at me, smiling defensively, as if to help me feel better about our house and our lives.

"I know," she said. She knows *what*?

"What have you done?" I said it without intending melodrama. Mia showed her face now. It was pale and angry; I would have preferred tears.

"I need to get organized," the mother said. "I've gotten so behind since your father passed, Brett. I've let the house go. I know."

"Behind? The house is a landfill. It's only been three years, how could you have—"

"I know," she said. "I know it's taken a bad turn. I don't know why—"

Now she hid her face. She wasn't crying, but looked extremely embarrassed.

"There's piss and shit everywhere," I shouted. "You're sleeping in mouse shit! What the hell is this? It's a sickness," I said, pointing to the house. "You need help."

The truth was I needed help too.

She grabbed my shoulder as if I were the only one who would ever, ever understand. "I let it get out of control. I know it's a problem. A big problem. Brett, Brett, please don't be disappointed."

"It's toxic, mother," said Mia out of nowhere. "How have you not gotten sick? We need to throw out everything! Absolutely everything!"

"*Not* everything," the mother countered, immediately angry, maybe because it was Mia. "I need to weed through and

organize—"

"Are you fucking insane?" Mia said. "This isn't about getting organized. Mother, you're living in a cesspool of filth and disease! You're living worse than most animals do. How could you let it get this far? Why didn't you tell us?" As if Mia would have answered the phone.

"I know," the mother said, with hand gestures like begging. "Things went too far."

"What do you mean by that?" I pressed gently.

"I just wanted to hold onto a couple of things," she said, her eyes frozen.

"We're calling a trash company," I said. "I'll have a dumpster here first thing."

"And a hotel," Mia said. "We need a hotel. I'm not sleeping anywhere near—"

"Yes, a hotel," I said, annoyed by my sister's reversal to infantile, self-centered behavior.

"No!" the mother cried. "No hotel. You'll stay here. We'll clear out your bedrooms. We'll make them all nice. Mia, your fish tank—"

"What?!" Mia shouted. "Mother, your house is infested. You cannot stay here! You certainly can't sleep here. We'll get a hotel and the three of us—"

"No! I'm not going anywhere, and neither are the two of you. You've avoided this house for three years, but now you can't stand to stay here for even one night? That's just awful. A really awful way to treat me."

"It's not like that," I said. "It's unsanitary and unsafe. We'll all get sick. Is that what you want?" My words were controlled and rational, as always, but the guilt was like a rage in my head. I wanted to lash out, to wield an ax at the house. And at Mia. But mostly at myself.

"I'm not sick," she said.

The mother refused to come with us to the Sheraton. I tried to force her, but she collapsed onto the grass in protest, so I retreated to the car and started the engine, thinking one more night couldn't possibly kill her. Then she stood up and brushed herself off as if she had just been gardening. She waved goodbye as we pulled away, and said, wide-eyed, "Blueberry pancakes for breakfast!"

The car ride was silent as death. Neither Mia nor I uttered a word. What could words do? In the Sheraton lobby, we checked in quietly and rolled our suitcases down the hallway to our adjoining rooms. I swiped my card key, comforted by the electronic click, but heard no such relief from Mia. I turned to see her forehead against her door. Her shoulders were shaking and a moment later she was sobbing. I swiveled her into an embrace. It was all I could do. I felt tears coming behind my eyes, but they never sprouted. I relaxed, caressed the back of my sister's head, opened myself to emotions, but none came.

That night I was able to reach a 24-hour waste management service and reserved a Dumpster for delivery first thing in the morning. I didn't sleep, not even for a few minutes. At one point I heard my sister crying through the wall. Then I heard what sounded like a shouting match, no doubt directed at the invisible mother. The pendulum had swung again.

We refused the mother's pancakes the next morning. The stench had destroyed any itch of hunger, and anyway, who knew what virus had found its way into the pan or the batter? Instead, Mia and I donned our face masks and work gloves, which we'd procured in town, and commenced our attack. We thrust our hands into the piles and began pulling them apart. The mother didn't protest, but monitored carefully, nervously, like a sentry shifting her eyes from me to Mia and back.

I stormed a pile of ceramic plates, glasses, tablecloths, place mats, empty cans. Removal of the top layer revealed the sliminess below. My mask intercepted the smell, but it had to be urine, and I hoped it wasn't human. I hauled the contents of my arms toward the side door, but the mother blocked my path. "That's one of my good tablecloths," she said.

"It's not good anymore," I said. "Your cats have pissed on it and it's covered with mold."

"Take the rest, but leave me that tablecloth. It just needs washing."

Her chest was heaving and her hands shaking, so I let her pull the tablecloth from my arms, like a magician pulling a

handkerchief. My sister met me at the dumpster, carrying a black garbage bag full of rotten food. She was scowling and looked exhausted already.

By late morning, the dumpster's floor was covered. An illusion of progress. We'd merely skimmed the surface, exposing more filth beneath, and hadn't even gone beyond the kitchen.

The mother didn't let up. She inspected every haul, arguing the usefulness of almost every item, more than once driven to tears. We gave in to some entreaties, more out of shock than compassion. She had saved every piece of junk mail, lined up tidily inside cardboard boxes, future snowflake decorations. She had saved every metal can which had once housed her lunch—soup, vegetables, peaches, tuna—because she planned to make mobiles and garden sculptures. She'd saved thousands of magazines so she could find an article or recipe later.

I climbed over the trash blockade and settled in the dining room for a change of scenery. A giant brass chandelier, which I hadn't seen before, lay crippled on the floor, its remaining arms draped with one-piece swimsuits and bathing caps. Behind the chandelier sat hills of fake furs and coats, which I proceeded to trudge across and heave aside until I unearthed, with a quick jump back, the husk of a raccoon. It had fashioned its death bed in the train of a wedding gown.

A shrill cry burst in the kitchen. I climbed over the walls of junk to look around the corner. "What is it?"

Mia was crouched down with old newspapers in her hand. I followed her stare to the remains of a cat, mostly bone but the black fur of its tail remarkably intact. The mother sighed from behind the kitchen counter as if she recognized the body.

"Christ!" Mia said. She stood and threw the newspapers to the floor. She stepped out to the foyer and led me out of the mother's sight.

"I can't be here, Brett. Who knows what I'll bring home and infect my kids with?" I refrained from telling her about the raccoon. "These masks are worthless. We need to leave. We need the guys with hazmat suits."

I hardened at these words. Mia was swinging from sadness back to rage. She had to steady herself against a metal filing cabinet.

"She's clearly unhinged, and you and I aren't equipped to handle this. She needs a fucking army of shrinks. You can stay in denial if you want, but I can't. She's destroyed our home! How could she cover our memories in this filth? Can you imagine what dad would say? He called her a pack rat."

Mia laughed loud. "A pack rat!"

Then I noticed the four rubber wheels, still sturdy enough to bear the main carriage. It was pink, but dirty like everything else, and stood quietly in the farthest corner of the dining room by itself. It was a baby stroller. My stomach sank, having recognized something even before my mind did. Mia's stare followed mine until she saw it too. We didn't speak, but we could hear the mother's sneezing from the kitchen. I stomped on the pile in front of me and stepped into the dining room, my sister following reluctantly but closely. I shoved aside coats and furs and the raccoon carcass, trudging my way to the stroller. My sister stared at the ceiling and rested her shaking fingers on my forearm.

I hesitated to look down. It was just a stroller. Why a pang of terror? The stench had seemingly eaten away at our nerves. We'd become irrational. She'd picked up a baby stroller at a flea market, that's all. She'll use its wheels for a project someday.

When I looked down, the tiny skull was wearing a knit cap, to keep it from catching a chill. Its tiny bones were laid out restfully, like a final nap. Patches of dried flesh clung to bones. The stroller's mattress liner was shriveled and filthy, caked with the long-expired fluids of death. Just inches from the skull sat a bright blue rattle. I'd seen it before. In my own baby pictures. My stomach, sinking even deeper, sensed the stroller as my past and my future. My mind understood it as neither. As an older woman feeling inexplicable pain.

The scream was loud, but brief, as if Mia had quickly lost her breath. I turned to her wide frozen eyes and heard the gasps from inside her mask. The mother appeared in the door of the dining room. She nodded, like she'd known it was just a matter of time. She looked pained, but not guilty and not remorseful.

"The poor thing, he didn't make it," she said.

"When?" I said, speaking for both Mia and me. "Who?"

"He was all alone in the parking lot. Totally abandoned! Can you believe that?" Her nodding gave way to something involuntary, something like convulsions.

"You stole a baby?" Mia had regained control of her voice. "You stole a fucking baby? And you let it die in the next room?" Angry tears had exploded from her eyes and would drip onto her mask at any moment. "You murdered a child and left him to rot!"

I tried to hush Mia, which I knew was a mistake. She jabbed her finger at my face.

"We're calling the police," she said to herself, then turned to me. "We have to call the police and report this! Now!"

"No, Mia, they'll take him away," the mother said.

"Of course they will because he's dead!" Mia said, stomping over piles to confront the mother. "They'll take you out of here too! You stole someone's child and left it to die. In your own home! Did you ever think to feed him or clean him? Did he die in his own waste?"

"He had nowhere else to go," the mother said. "Don't you understand he'd been abandoned? I have this big house and I was all alone and it seemed like the right—"

"Call the police!" Mia shouted to me without turning from the mother, shoving me to the front of a sudden and perverse war.

"No police, Mia, please!" the mother cried. Her face was red and wet now. "We can clean up ourselves. I won't fight you anymore. You can throw out anything you want! I promise." The mother fell to her knees and stared up at Mia, pleading, then made eye contact with me. "You can throw out everything. I know I don't need it anymore. I can do without it."

She grabbed an old jar and tossed it over her shoulder, as if the gesture represented her freedom. "Brett!" she said, like a call for help. I'd rescued her from Mia throughout our teens and twenties, an emotional reflex I'd tried, and failed, to suppress more than once.

Mia turned to me, and her eyes said it all. I hadn't called the police. I hadn't even moved. We were no longer on the same side. My levelheadedness had finally neutered me, rendered me entirely unhelpful. Mia glared. She'd given up on me. It was final.

Without another word, Mia shoved the mother aside and trudged toward the kitchen. Toward the phone. The mother fell to one side, into a stack of paint cans, and a cry of pain popped from her mouth. Several gallons hadn't been closed tight, which cut short Mia's escape plan when her foot landed in a puddle of white. Her leg slid forward and her spine twisted sideways until the house pulled her body to its floorboards, cracking her head against the corner of the metal filing cabinet. She lay motionless.

The mother turned to me, her eyes lakes of fear, then back to her daughter's body. I scrambled over the heaps to reach Mia, and arrived to see the puncture in her temple. The mother stared up at me, the whites of her eyes almost glowing with intensity. She shook her head uncontrollably, a frail old lady shuddering in her golden years, and I felt myself crouching down and resting my hands not on Mia, but on my mother, who let her ashen face fall against my chest, her cries rolling against my sweatshirt.

My mother.

Her crying and my heart's beating became one and the same. I pulled her tighter, and tried to recall, or at least imagine, my first breaths of life. My first moment. It might have been just like this. Maybe I'd rescued my mother then too.

Through my mother's dirty gray hair I saw my little sister. Still and asleep. Some kind of hope remained in me, until I noticed the puddle of paint changing color, the crimson stream from Mia's head trickling onto the floor and making pink out of the white pool. My mother was an artist, so I knew she beheld it too.

Aside from sobbing, the house stood silent. My mind became silent too, like its switch had finally been flipped.

"We should call an ambulance," I said, unsure it was audible until my mother, pleading silently, set her glassy gaze on mine. Her brittle, dying face counseled me not to call 911. She exhaled deeply and rotated to plant her hands on the floor. She lifted herself up with grunts of pain; I sprang to help her, but she didn't need me. She took one step forward, favoring the hurt leg. She limped past Mia's body, her tears gone. Before she disappeared into the kitchen, she sighed.

She said: "This house is a mess."

It was as if someone high above were pulling my muscles on strings. I no longer had control of my body, but found myself floating upstairs. My sneakers touched the floor, and even crunched against cat litter, but I didn't feel anything. Not really. My body knew instinctively how to swivel and where to step.

Upstairs, I passed my mother's bedroom and listened for the TV characters, but they were gone. The second I reached my old bedroom door, I wanted to curl up and fall asleep. I knocked over boxes, kicked a wheelchair, heaved impossibly heavy suitcases across the room, all to clear my path to the rotting mattress, maybe my original childhood mattress, but I couldn't tell for sure through the dirt and urine stains and mountains of necklaces and beads. I rested one knee on the mattress, then the other knee, then slid myself across the bed, shoving clothes and beads and bugs onto the floor, and turned onto my back. I noticed the ceiling for the first time. Water stains had ravaged one corner, and a dozen or so spiders danced for me.

I imagined my mother calling me from downstairs (*Brett, bacon's ready!*) and my father swinging the weed whacker just below my bedroom window and Mia jabbering on the phone down the hall, in her bedroom, behind slammed doors. I took my mask off. I feared the stench would make me retch, but it wasn't so bad. I inhaled an enormous volume of air through my mouth, let it out, and then (the real test!) another volume of air through my nose. It didn't bother me. Maybe I was already dead.

I scooped handfuls of my mother's beads and let them fall across my thighs and hips and chest. I draped necklaces across my feet, my stomach, my face. I wrapped myself until I could no longer see the ceiling, then thrust my arms into the piles at my sides. I was hidden now. I was part of the mattress, part of this room and this house, which had lived and died. I would sleep here. We would all sleep here, and the shiny blueberries would keep singing from their paradise outside.

