

You Say

You say, "I'm sorry" because you forgot to send him that email. You say, "I'm sorry" because the dog came back covered in mud and tracked it throughout the house. Because dinner was over-cooked apparently. You say, "I'm sorry" because you don't want to hear your mother's, "I told you so". Because once a month she gives you that *look* when you drop off the kids. You say, "I'm sorry" because you made a choice 10 years ago that good Christian women stand by and you are a good Christian woman, damn it. You say, "I'm sorry" because that is the woman's role according to your Sunday sermons. You say "I'm sorry" because his voice is getting louder, and veins are beginning to surface. Because doors are slamming, and the garage door opens at 1 am. Because you cling to your Bible as if it can save you. You say "I'm sorry" because at night you whisper on the telephone with your sister-in-law as you sniffle and rage and apologize again. Because you spend every day walking among broken glass afraid you'll lose your balance. You say "I'm sorry" because it's easier than having the same fight over again, and again, and again. Because you know that things will never change. Because it's been 10 years and you don't have your own bank account anymore. Because you believe you deserve the separate beds and the soon-to-be estranged son. Because you chose wrong. You say "I'm sorry" because you don't know how else to preserve the ties connecting your family. Because you refuse to see the barbed wire wrapped around them for anything but a thread. Because you spent five dates finding a man able to give you a family home full of kids. Because then, finally, someone would need you and love you like you needed and loved them. You say "I'm sorry" because it's all too much for you to bear. You say "I'm sorry" because there's a gnawing, whimpering thing in you pulling you down, trying to stick your leg in a trap. You say "I'm

sorry” because you desperately wished for a white picket fence, 2.5 kids, and to be surrounded by grandbabies. Because the empty seat at dinner remind you of when you were twelve and your mom avoided your eyes as your dad walked out the door. You know that screaming and fighting for love and family doesn’t keep people together but kissing ass and guilt can.

Word count: 413