~Emptiness

If I showed up early
on biscuit and gravy day
and helped in the kitchen
I could choose the two
biggest biscuits first

Scanning across the shiny pan
white
fluffy
crumbly
crispy edges
piled high

Years drifted by

But
it was always free
for all three of us

Until
that day

One dollar fifteen cents

Pockets empty
I asked the lunch lady

Then, the questions
came at me

'Do your parents make more money?'
No.

'Did your household size change?'

Oh.

It had only been a short time
since my brother...