

MOTHERLINESS...

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October skies scrutinize the innocent, while
I walk though a sunny apartment positioned
perfectly along the Merrimack River,
wondering where I stop and this child begins.
At five months old she crawls from room to room on the
wedgewood blue carpeted floor, with persistence,
and my post partum begins to fade.

My father left the Veteran's Hospital earlier today.
We found him walking down Mammoth Road, twenty miles
from his house, speechless, hungry and alone.
My mother dropped him there the day before for being
disobedient. Nothing's changed, I'm afraid. Kathy and I
picked him up and brought him home,
where he was welcomed with forty years of resentment.

The phone rings and Kathy's voice is heavy on the other end.
"Did you hear about Laurie G.?" I don't recognize the name of a
different sister's best friend right away, and then she tells me.
She killed her two kids. Drove them to New Hampshire;
checked into a hotel, and stabbed the six year old
girl and two year old boy to death. She stabbed herself, but lived.
I'll never do that to my kid.

* **KASSIE RUBICO** earned a M.A. in Writing and Literature from Rivier College in 2008. She is an Adjunct Writing Professor and freelance writer for Coolrunning.com. Kassie has been a guest contributor for *The Lowell Sun* and *Chelmsford Independent* and is currently working on a collection of creative nonfiction. When not writing about reality, she is often running from it. Kassie lives in Chelmsford, Mass. with her husband and three daughters.