

The Quiet Rearrangement

Your passing marked a silent shift,
a rearrangement of the family frame—
like furniture moved in the dark,
familiar paths now strange.
I took a role unasked for.

Nothing but echoes remain.
Your roguish howling,
stories shared at midnight:
now just whispers in empty rooms;
absent notifications.

Each year, a twisted celebration,
a date that cuts both ways,
carves into the past, bleeds
into the present. In your departure,
 I was reborn,
an eldest sprung from sorrow.

You taught me to take no shit,
your hands steady on my shoulders.
Now I walk alone, learning
to see without you. Aging

into this mantle, the weight
of my own reflection changes.
I grow into the space you fled,
but never quite fit.