

Will to My Children

Poetry • Hanna King

To the rain,

I leave a single penny and all that I do not have.

To my own,

I give you everything my mother gave me and everything I stole from her and hoped she wouldn't miss.

I give you my mirrors, obscured but unrotted, and the yellow kettle you pulled off the stovetop over your head.

I gave you myself at the wall between me and I, and a map back to the foundation.

I leave you to everything I am not.

To the earth,

I give you pain.

I'm sorry, darling. We were always made to bear it.

I give you the white paint and the rose wallpaper underneath and the yellow striped paper underneath that and the gypsum board at our core.

4 blue mugs and their matching ceramic plates.

The frothy pink you chose for me.

The rest I will to my grave.