The Day My Father Found Out Where We Lived

When he barged in, my mother dropped her glass of wine.

It almost looked like she had been shot –

her shirt was stained red and her face was empty.

He rushed towards me and my mother grabbed a knife.

He stopped.

I think we need to talk, he whispered.

She raises the volume of the TV and redirects my attention.

They start arguing and he grabs a mug and chucks it at the screen.

I hide behind the sofa and start crying.

Using his body as a cement wall, he prevents her from running to me.

She grips the knife and stabs his thigh.

He falls to the ground and yells,

I close my eyes and sing.

*The wonderful thing about Tiggers*

*Is Tiggers are wonderful things*

*Their tops are made out of rubber*

*Their bottoms are made out of springs*

*They’re bouncy, trouncy, flouncy, pouncy*

*Fun, fun, fun, fun, fun*

*But the most wonderful thing about Tiggers*

*Is I’m the only one;*

*I’m the only one.*