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## Serum

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# Serum

by Anne Silver

I hear my parents asleep  
in the next room  
spoons in love.  
That's a lie.  
They're dead  
and have no graves.  
That's a lie.  
My heart is their tomb.  
I sleep, hear nothing.  
That's a lie.  
I'm awake every night.  
That's a lie.  
I sleep in quick chapters  
a child again,  
listen to my parents sleep  
across the hall  
switchblades in twin beds.  
That's a lie.  
My body is in flames.  
I don't nap.  
Lie.  
The medicine boils  
then pitches  
me through the night.  
I stay awake  
guarding my ponytail  
from my brother's blade.  
Lie.  
I have no hair,  
not even a lash.

