

Mom

A biscuit colored floor with little pebbles of kitty litter scattered
A cold, metal radiator collecting dust in the corner
A yellowish gas stove with crumbs stuck in the cracks
Expired cereal boxes in the cabinets
My mother and I have an expiration date as well

January 16th, 2016

It's expired, not edible, I should've thrown it away
I couldn't stop chewing on something that's no good anymore
I know, it's gross, it's bad
But even though it was no good anymore I loved our little expired cereal box in the cabinet

Eventually I had to throw it away
I watched a cereal box compiled with memories fall in the trash can
My floor is no longer a biscuit, and there is no more kitty litter
I left the dusty radiator
And I threw away any left memory of me and my mother's expired cereal box

I stand in my kitchen these days sometimes
In my gigantic food supply
With no dust, crumbs, or kitty litter
My cereal boxes all new, fresh and delicious in a cabinet above my nice electric stove
And yet I still miss my disgusting, expired cereal box and all the crumbs and dust around it