CD ESKILSON

Heredity

Nobody told the stories as they happened:
    every blood dance, panic pulling bodies

past the chorus of a prayer. Omitted how
    each relative unraveled without re-spool.

Alone I’ve traced the wires inside walls
    out through the fields, found a lunatic

substation. Found Uncle smashing taillights, Grandma
    traipsing through ERs. Learned what current

frenzies lineage. Nobody told me knowing
    would do little—I’d still end up a house, falling.