
Support Group Share, September 2020
Georgey Elaine

I am always packing to leave him. Forever scraping my fingertips over shiny bits of gemstone and silver; jewelry, jewels, and pants. Every time I turn around there is still something left to pack.

In my dreams he hides outside the door, smacking on stinking mint gum. I beat him back with a broom. He flings my hard work across the floor of my childhood bedroom with a tomato red face.

In my dreams my younger siblings help me pack scraps of paper into plastic shopping bags. In the real world everyone blames me for ruining Christmas by leaving my abuser.