

# **Ink**

*Sloane Martin*

I don't like visiting  
my grandparents' house  
it makes me sad, not in a  
depressed way  
in a sad way  
the plastic sherbet buckets full of  
cashew and pistachio and peanut shells  
the burnt green rug  
worn down to its  
stiff white woven base  
the lines of ants marching across the porcelain sinks  
disturbingly similar to lettering on paper  
and the smell  
a cold, wet, mildewing, mothball smell  
it reminds me of sicknesses  
and my aunt's house after she died  
at night, I try to sleep in my mother's old bed  
and listen to the wind  
in the empty suburban streets  
when I was little, I thought that the wind was a girl crying  
and I would wake my parents up  
I wanted to save her