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## On the Rosendale Trestle // The Day I Pulled My Childhood like Sheets from My Bed

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EMILY ZOGBI

# On the Rosendale Trestle

My little brother and I grip the rusty edge  
hauling ourselves up to spit into the creek.  
White gobs of saliva in free fall twist and spin.  
We watch. His sailing straight ahead into the air,  
mine barely making it over the railing,  
both eventually landing with a *plop* in the water.

We are children again. Our mother hovering,  
camera fixed to her eye. *Smile nice,  
this is for the Christmas card.*  
He places his arm around me. We pose.  
By the time the shutter clicks our spit  
has become just another part of the current,  
he has grown another five inches  
and I have to shield my eyes from the sun  
just to see his face.

# The Day I Pulled My Childhood like Sheets from My Bed

I didn't tell my mother  
about the pink flowers I plucked  
from underneath my mattress  
or the holes I found in every corner.

Instead, I snuck past the kitchen into her bedroom,  
sought out the cookie tin tucked underneath her bed  
with all her needles, her spools of thread,  
the piles of un-mended shirts, the photographic lenses  
and never-developed film.

My childhood sounds like my mother's voice  
from up the stairs, tastes like the thread  
between my lips before I push it  
through the eye of another needle,  
smells like developer fluid staining my hands yellow.

The day I pulled my childhood like sheets from my bed;  
I tried to mend the holes myself.  
The thread was the wrong color, the apertures too big,

I pricked my fingers and wiped the blood on my legs  
before more pink flowers could grow.

I folded my childhood the way  
my mother folds a fitted sheet,  
shoved it in her sewing kit, tucked it back under the frame  
where it's always been, behind the piles of shirts,  
beside the dusty camera.