

It's Hard

By Cathy Hammond

I don't remember my childhood memories. They remember me. They sneak up when my friends are reminiscing about carousels and cotton candy and slap me across the face, fist open, eyes angry. They spin me across the gym floor at the Daddy Daughter Dance with someone else's dad and leave me at the kitchen table until I finish my cold, shriveled peas. They slam through my bedroom door busting all the hinges. They break my teeth. They teach me to be quiet. They make me work hard and love hard, often harder than I should, but I'm learning the difference.