

EMMY.

...everyone thought you died,
everyone in town, everyone who –

except obviously
Torvald, Anne Marie,
my brothers – but I did for a long time –
my brothers told me.

They remembered things that I didn't or couldn't,
and they told me about how you left.
I didn't believe them at first – sounded
like the kind of thing you say to
avoid telling a kid the harder truth,
but Iver said that if I didn't believe them,
that I could go down to the clerk's office
where they keep all the records – birth records, death records –
and he said that if I looked for your death certificate
there wouldn't be one

– and I went to school with a boy whose
father worked in the clerk's office,
and this boy liked me, so I acted like I liked him back,
and got him to let me into the office one night
And I looked through the records,
and there was no death certificate,
and then I knew, that
you weren't dead,
you just left.

Bob and Iver told me that someday maybe you'd come back
and that I should be ready for it, that you would come
and that you would take us with you,
and that you would be a lot more fun to live with than Torvald who –
he's not bad –but fun isn't the word I'd use to describe –

Bob missed you the most.
Bob could draw.
I asked Bob if he would draw a picture of you – He wouldn't.

I've said that it was probably because if he did,
Bob would start crying
and Bob never liked to be seen crying
because he thought crying made his face look fat.

I actually think in a lot of ways
things turned out better because you weren't around.

I think I'm better at life because of it.
I had a lot more responsibility,
I had to deal with some difficult truths about life
at an earlier age than you usually have to deal with those types of things.

I feel bad for the kids who growing up had the usual life.
I feel special.

...because you left, I know nothing about
what a marriage is and what it looks like.
But I do know what the absence of it looks like,
and what I want is the opposite of that.
I want to be held.
I want to be possessed.
I want to be somebody's something –
I can see you cringe when I say what I'm saying.
But that's about you, and it's not about me,
and I'm telling you what I want,
and you may want something different for yourself,
but don't make my wants about your wants

You don't even know me.
You came back here for the first time in 15 years
and you didn't want to see me – the only reason you're even talking
to me is because you want something from me.