



2021

A Haze

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Recommended Citation

Petersen, Abigail (2021) "A Haze," *Floodwall Magazine*: Vol. 2: Iss. 1, Article 34.
Available at: <https://commons.und.edu/floodwall-magazine/vol2/iss1/34>

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A Haze

Scooter, Caesar, Kenneth, and Dawn
all died when I believed they'd live forever.
Cancer swept through our house; a
bad dream that washed the sheets in
unshed tears and hung them to dry on the quiet line.
I walked through classes like a
shadow and nobody noticed my grades slip
or me stop talking.

Scooter, Caesar, Kenneth, and Dawn
all died before I could properly say goodbye,
a haunting task to someone so young
but
my mother taught us to comfort the dying.
Nobody deserves to die alone.
So we kept those two in the house.
Watched them stop eating and
eventually stop walking
until the vet came and I watched their soul
go home.

Scooter, Caesar, Kenneth, and Dawn
all died before my teens.
The latter two fought hard at the end,
a circle of family guarding them
from the reaper as the meds kicked in.
I remember my grandfather singing in Swedish
and asking about his parents in a dying haze.

Scooter, Caesar, Kenneth, and Dawn
all died.

About Abigail Petersen

Abigail Petersen is a freshman at UND studying to get a major in Criminal Justice and a minor in Sociology. She enjoys writing poetry, writing fantasy, and reading young adult novels. Her inspiration comes from her dogs, job, and various D&D campaigns.

