

Not Enough

He was playing in the sand, a haze of thick smoke laying over him. With a shovel in his hand, he turned to me and asked, “Mom, why didn’t you do more?”

I felt the next Great War creeping up my neck and I wasn’t ready for goodbyes.

We’ve known this for years, but we ignored the truth even while it stared us in the eyes.

How can I explain to you the reason why, we watched as the world burned?

Maybe we should leave here and find somewhere new. And one day, if things change, you can return.

My son, I tried to make them see. But the system we were born into takes more time to be undone.

We inherited this curse; I wish I could help you understand. But for now, please play in the sand. Enjoy every day while you still can.

-Erin Blondeau