

Enlightened by Jeanne Gulbranson

“Listen to me!” she’d hollered. Like I hadn’t heard her? I couldn’t miss the pots banging when she’d finally made the slop she called supper. How about the sound of her ugly-ass shoes slapping on the tile when she’d get around to cleaning up this dump? Yeah, I listened. I heard her on the phone crying to her mother about the bum she married. I heard the truck tires throw gravel when she peeled out of the driveway. “Listen to this, bitch!” I shouted after her as I popped the tab of my next Bud. I listen plenty.