

FLOUR CHILD

by Alice Lyon

Her child sits at the heart of a flour galaxy, hands dusted star white. Once, Mother would have screamed, shattered the tender air with fury.

Now, she presses her tongue to white teeth and steps into the pantry's hush, where a broom leans like a tired sentinel.

"I was making cookies." The child blinks with endless eyes. "You like cookies."

The flour will not lift, clinging like sin to the floor.

Anger rises, bitter and bright. Mother swallows it whole.

She kneels. She smiles.

"Let me show you how," she says.

What she knows, she will not pass down.

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