

Family Therapy

Silence.

Air scorches
with hostility,
venom lays thicker
than blood.

Shared DNA
pierces layers
of trust, creating
a divide among us.

The guilt they plant
fills my mouth,
apologies strangling
the back of my throat.

I'm sorry—
I couldn't shape myself
to fit your dreams.

I'm sorry—
that love here
comes with a leash.

I'm sorry—
I can't be your
perfect daughter.

Every week,
same script:
empty apologies.