

## Glue

The house had become gray and hollow since her parents died. Her brother's eyes reflected it. He hadn't been himself since they'd gone, giving up on life, like she wasn't enough to preserve even some small part of him. Despite her anger at his inability to accept that life would move on because that's all life does, she knew she would help him however she could. Even while packing up the boxes that held the essence of everything they had ever known, she didn't allow herself to think about moving out, leaving, starting over, moving on. Her brother was saturated with those thoughts enough for both of them. So, she just focused on pulling what was left of their lives back together. Eventually, she did. She got them a new apartment, secured a job, put food on the table (most of the time), and generally kept them going. Her brother sat, cried, stared, repeat. Though she began to despise him, she still put food on the table every day and made sure he at least made it into bed every night. She hoped no one would blame her when the light left her eyes, and she didn't have it in her to hold him up anymore.