

## The Shroud

What the boy draws happens.  
He sketched an orange this afternoon.  
*Nice still life*, I thought  
until the winter sky  
spawned a vermilion moon.

On his bedside locker this morning,  
a jungle scene. When I saw  
the stems that the geraniums  
sprouted over lunch,  
the glass in my hand smashed on the tiles.

Later, a back leg snapped off my chair  
and I scalded myself with tea. A fist  
of paper in his wastebasket smoothed to reveal  
three tall S's rising from a mug  
on a three-legged seat.

I confiscated every sketch pad and page,  
pencil, crayon and pen in the house.  
Not an hour after, I found him on his knees,  
working a nugget of coal across my best blouse.  
Seeing me, he dropped it onto—a face?

You can't imagine how tightly I grip  
the banister whenever I descend stairs,  
my anxiety at the line of light  
under his bedroom door.  
Truly, I dread the holidays.

*Evan Costigan*