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Christmas Morning

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Author Bio

Brendan Sheehan is a senior English major and writing minor from Binghamton, NY. He hopes to be working in either the news media, sports journalism or publishing industry next year. His favorite poets are Louis Simpson and Saul Williams and his favorite writers are Ernest Hemingway and Malcolm Gladwell.

Christmas Morning

It was Christmas morning when simple
no longer defined what we were.

It was that day
when "family" became "people."
I never again harbored a selfish thought,
we were all too busy praying for you.
"Fuck you!"

Like city folk in a simple
town the words turned unaware heads. She thought
the door was closed. He thought we were
upstairs. People
say that you can recall the day
that your life changes. It was that day
that it ended and began. Never could you revert, for people
are not pawns, the game can't be re-set. From simple
words come complex men,
and things that were,
are simply that. Don't dwell in thought,
however impossible to resist. "I thought
of that day,
years later, when I turned 16," she said. "They were
Gods to me and you."

But like understanding the Holy Trinity, "simple"
does not suffice. For simple people
are strangers; and the people
we've become are real. No complex thought,
when in a child's mind, can be explained in simple
terms. "One day
at a time," *they* said. "And soon you
will be just like you were."
But is and was are the same as "were"
When you're going on six years old, as people
tend to forget. "Fuck You!"
and "We're Through." "Our Fault?" "Get that thought
out of your head! It'll all be normal again one day."
But normal is not that simple.
You claim to barely remember it now. That you were
far too young. "We're fine people now." But like a simple fact
wrapped in complex thought, I always recall that day.