

Guilt

To my dearest son, Matthew,
You lied about sending the thank-you notes
for your graduation gifts.
I know because I found them
in the bottom drawer of your night table
still addressed in my handwriting
itching to be sent.
What kind of lazy good-for-nothing
would leave those notes to rot
in the bottom drawer of his night table,
while I, his worried mother, have been checking the
mail
compulsively
hoping to receive my thank-you note, which was
"lost in the mail" five months ago?
You lied,
and you continue to lie,
every day of your miserable life.
Shame on you.