

Intruders

The spring morning my mother
scurried away to receive the call
regarding my father's biopsy result
was the same moment I noticed it
as I stood there eavesdropping from the kitchen.
It was a typical house ant. Size of an ellipsis.
Foraging alone on the surface
of my parents' granite countertop.
And while her voice wrestled
with words like options and treatments
in the other room, I watched
as this tiny intruder advanced ahead
eventually disappearing inside a broken tile
from the kitchen backsplash.
It was then she quickly hung up the phone.
Walking back. Carrying weight
with each step. As we both got ready
to share news about things
quietly invading our house.