Discovery

Theresa Keenan
St. John Fisher College

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**Discovery**

He fought his way up the front walk. Stones once used for stepping have buried themselves in the earth.
Six feet of wild leaves tangled and twisted like pitted serpents.
Split-pea green paint craked and peeled like burnt skin.
The stench of a never cleaned house exploded as he slowly pushed open the door.

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The stench of a never cleaned house exploded as he slowly pushed open the door.
Years of cats missing the litter box.
The huge purple stain on the velveteen couch covered the magenta and teal flower pattern that was once so fashionable.
Candle wax: red, orange, yellow, green, blue; his mother's dried dripping on the wall, and the gun, fallen to the floor.

—Theresa Keenan