Tattoo Removal

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I remember the day your voice shook the walls and you sent us away. You looked at me like the world was on fire, but you were the one who struck the match. I scrambled for my boots as you chased us though the door frame.

Grievances fell to the floor from three pairs of eyes. We drove away with the wind in our faces, but couldn’t push your voice out the window. Even in the stillness of the oncoming night, we still heard the echo of words that could never be erased.

She stared at herself in the mirror and told me that when we cried, it was because something higher than us had been hurt. Watching that tissue collect her tears, I couldn’t imagine that something possessed more pain than I held in my chest. We sat in her car until the silence set in and the sky turned black.