Downsizing, By Ella Sexton

Gold-white in the sun, big paws in the rock backyard of our little house
We worked so hard for this house, do they know that?
It's small but it's new, it smells like paint, still, and it's ours
After years of not having anything that was.
The rocks are crunching under their feet, they're dodging each other.
It's hot. A hundred. Dry. Cicadas screaming in the neighbors' pine tree.
They fired my dad today.
Told him he wasn't good enough
I was angrier than he was;
my father, he doesn't get angry.
But they don't know that.
That dog loves him more than anyone else
Sits by him on the couch, nose on his leg,
Pleading unnecessarily for the love that he can't help freely giving out, despite.
Despite the food bank childhood, the evictions, the you're-just-not-the-right-fit, the RETURN TO
SENDER on the wedding invitation he sent his own father, the scar down the center of his
chest, the totaled cars, the twenty pounds lost in six weeks, the
we're-just-looking-for-different-skillsets, the promised checks that never arrive in the mail
Despite.
Big company. Big men. Big houses.
Have spent their lives owning everything.
Spent their lives eating the guts out of people like us.
Like him.
But he's chasing the dog in the backyard
Grinning, sun swelling off his black and white hair
Superglued pair of glasses slipping down his nose because of course, he never replaced them
Tinny Fleetwood Mac on the transistor radio because of course, he'll never use his phone
And somehow, I don't care about the CEOs in blood-smeared suits
(Our blood, our blood)
Because they don't know us.
They don't know this.
He wasn't happy there; he saw it coming; and he's moving my mother's sagging camping chair
to run after Casper some more
I don't know, but we'll find a place in the chaos
Somewhere in this ending world we'll find a corner of sunshine and rocks and
golden retrievers and cloudless sky
Sunburn and bug spray
Me and him we're going to spit the blood right back into their faces.