

## **Through the Roof**

By J.B. Nicholson Hunt

The memories came down through the roof that night.

Softly.

Slowly blanketing the shingles, covering the whole house.

Dripping through the cracks of that red wall of brick.

In the darkness no one noticed the flowers on the wallpaper becoming slowly darker  
absorbing the reminders of what she couldn't forget.

The way he towered over her that night

leaning close so that she could see nothing else. Skipper's face was hard.

Like a curtain closing slowly

The memories blocked her view of her future. Keeping her secret.