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Family Ties

by Paul Hunter

She looked in the mirror and her mother stared back.
She recognised the sunken eyes, half healed nose and chipped tooth.
Your family is never in your past,
You carry it around with you everywhere

It had been ten years since her mother had died.
Her body broken, her spirit extinguished,
By the brutal bullying bastard that was her father.
Then it was her turn.

He'd never manage on his own.
He needed someone to cook, to clean and to control.
She'd been dragged back by 'duty' and sibling pressure,
'It will all be yours one day and he can't live forever'.

The cottage became her cage and he became her keeper.
Imprisoned in her family home by tortuous family ties.
The cottage would be left to her,
But at what cost to her body and soul?