

Dickens Knew About Joy and Sorrow

It was the best of times. It was the worst of times.
Or maybe it was really just the same birthday
celebrated again and again, with the same cake,
the same lasagna, but without the strips of bacon
your mother used to add, and the gooey garlic bread,
the same ritual of opening cards and presents,
the usual gathering of leftovers and hugs of thanks at the end.
Then came the call, the one that changed everything.