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Shatterproof

I wake up to the sound of breaking glass.  
As I enter my living room, I see the remains of my  
desktop lamp littering the floor  
and my cat playfully batting at the shattered pieces.  
I remember being awakened by the sound of  
breaking glass when I was six years old.  
I remember wandering into my parents’ kitchen,  
rubbing the sleep from my eyes.  
I remember seeing the remains of a plate being  
swept into a dustpan  
by my mother’s hunched over silhouette.  
I remember her tears and I remember her voice  
telling me to go back to bed,  
telling me that everything was okay.  
I pat my cat on the head and I tell her that  
everything is okay.  
Then, I go back to bed,  
leaving the mess for the morning.