

Raised By
Aven Mergen

I was raised by chattering
around the dinner table and
“Get your own food. It's not my
fault if you starve,” kind of family.

I was raised by dirty boots, hay
covered clothes, “Get back
up in the saddle and try it again,”
kind of parents.

I was raised by, “Hey, Miss Perfectionist,
come over here and organize this
for me,” kind of family.

Sitting around the fire, sipping
tea or coffee, wrapped a cozy blanket,
that, “Hey, you should get your book
and read,” kind of dad.

I was raised by enduring fights
and wishing I could have that time
back, those, “Are you sure you want
to leave?” kind of sisters.

I was raised by endless nights
blasting country music while
trying to do homework, “Turn
that music down, your brother is trying
to sleep,” kind of parents.

I was raised by long, cold
nights huddled up in my sister's bed the
“Just one more episode. We know them all
by heart,” kind of sister.

I was raised by family.

