Some of my things are here.  
She’s designed this house  
to feel like the old home,  
but while our things  
bear the ghosts from the past,  
she forgot the real memories  
are not portable or light,  
forgot I didn’t want them  
anymore.  

She filled this house  
with our doppelgangers.  
She wanted the daughters  
who shared her interests  
and still accepted her beliefs,  
and sons who would still  
wear their purity rings.  
She wanted a husband,  
not a man in the attic.