

# Shakes

The trailer park shakes when the trains go by  
I can't tell yet if it's a comfort or a curse but  
I always loved the sound of trains in the distance.

You can hear every word of conversation going on next door  
And the other neighbours don't like weed smoke.

The heater grinds. It's so loud it could tear the roof off  
But we've got a washer and dryer so I don't have to go to the  
laundromat anymore.

There's a skylight in the kitchen where sunlight dances onto the  
floor and dazzles the kids who come over  
and the stars twinkle in our eyes when the nights are clear.

Our fence is broken. Pretty badly. Same with the deck. And the stairs  
But the view from here is spectacular  
The river and the mountains  
And the trains that shake the house.

In the back is a mountainside  
The desert type  
Very sandy soil though there are a lot of pines up that way. A lot of  
sage too  
My cat plays out there  
He is quite the hunter so we don't get a lot of mice in the house  
anymore  
There're some garden beds out back too  
Maybe we'll plant in the spring.

My bedroom is quite big now  
It's nice to have a big space to call your own  
Usually I give the kids the biggest room to share  
But not this time.

I wonder if the kids know they're poor  
I wonder if it has dawned on them just yet  
I don't think it has  
I don't think they know how close they live to ruin  
I never did.

That's what a good parent is  
Able to hide the worst of the situation  
and bring out the best

You don't have to be rich to have a good life but it helps I guess.

I don't remember feeling poor  
But I remember my dad working 3 jobs  
And I remember the day I realized that even though I thought all it  
took was hard work to get ahead in life  
it actually takes a garbage bag of weed and a lot of clients  
and after 20 years  
you'll still be in the shit.

But they don't tell you that.

And it's hard to remember when you get older  
that no one ever really did it on the level anyway  
That everything you thought you knew

about how to be an effective adult is just misinformation  
That it really is just one fucked up situation after another in a never-  
ending loop.

But that doesn't mean the world is out to get you  
It just means that's all the world has to offer at this time.

Frankly it's not surprising that no matter how steady I start to feel  
The train still makes the whole house shake.

My dad used to tell me that the sound of the trains used to make him  
cry  
but he didn't know why  
Maybe intergenerational trauma got him  
The way it gets all us imperfect simpletons  
just trying to make it to next pay day.

When the trailer park shakes I wonder  
if my mother had a trailer that shook  
too  
I wonder why we always end up going full circle  
I wonder how it is that no matter how hard we have worked we  
never really make it  
I wonder how at 14 she managed to raise a kid  
And how 11 months later she had 2 to take care of  
How she stuck by this man who knocked up a child  
and had the audacity to call her wife  
I wonder how she went to school and worked and fed us  
Then I realize why I don't need to wonder why she fucked up so  
badly  
None of us talk to her anymore

And one of us is already dead.

My trailer isn't much  
But it's these people who make it a home  
'Cause a house is just a box  
Kind of like a body is for the soul.