

Light That Fractures, by Marcy Weydemuller

Ana squealed with glee at her three uncles and grandpa. “Mmmamama” she hollered to Geena.

Geena felt the punch deep into her stomach. Ana had never said that before and Gaby wasn’t here to hear it. Her eyes filled with tears. Poppa reached over taking her hands into his. They felt like sandpaper compared to Ana’s.

“It’s okay Geena. Don’t you see? You are her mother and she knows it. This is a new year, a new beginning.”

She took a gulping breath and nodded. She was Ana’s mom. She had raised her for six months now and according to the legal papers and her love that welled up every moment with Ana but somehow it still never seemed real until right now. Geena completely broke down. “I’m sorry,” she said between tears. “I’ve been trying not to be sad today.”